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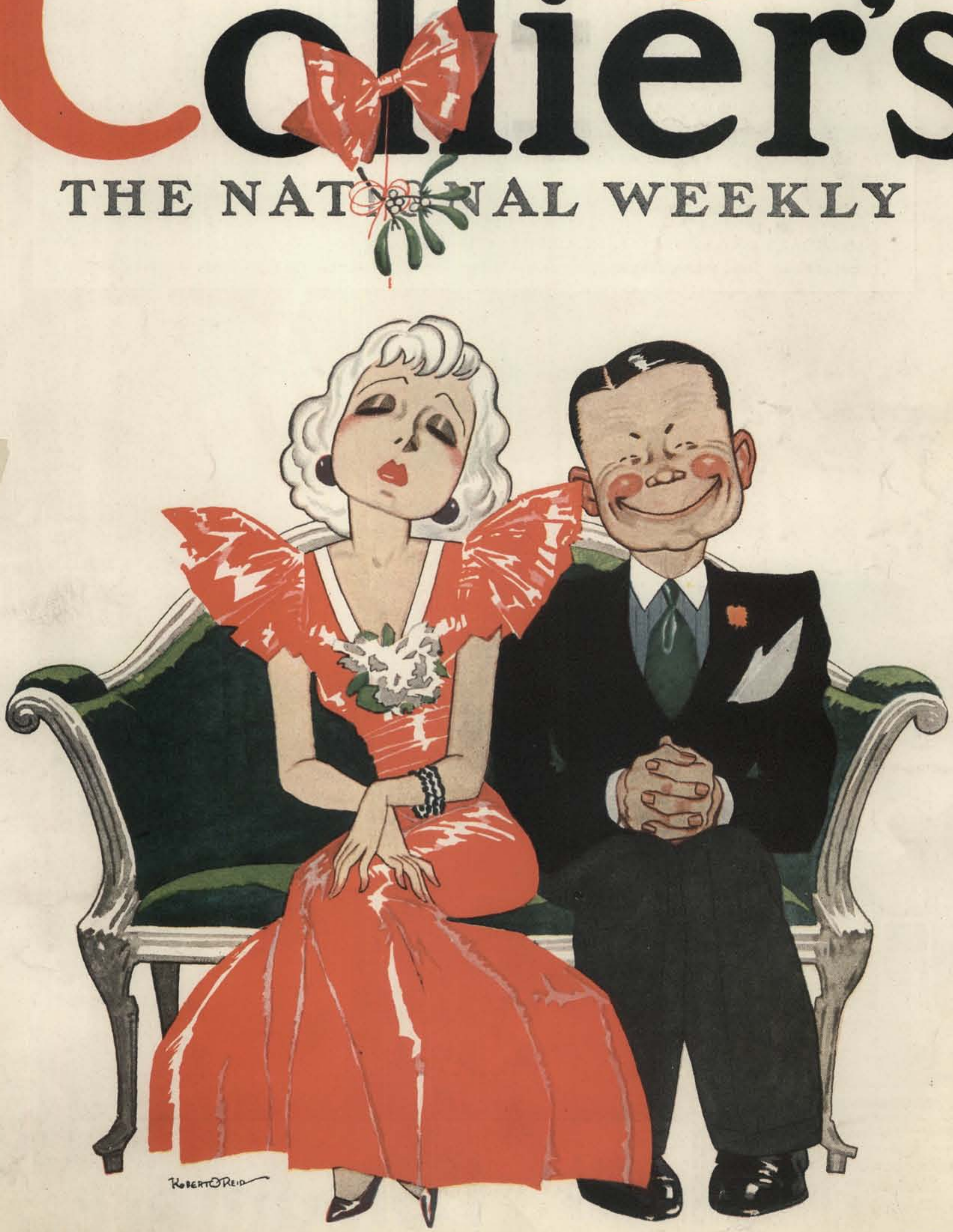
December 28, 1935

5¢ a copy

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Merry Christmas to you, too!

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Ec. 28, 1935

THE SPIRIT OF OLD KENTUCKY

NEW HOLIDAY CHEER

Revives Old Holiday Memories

Here's a formula that revives and improves the old *Tom & Jerry, gay with memories of happy holidays of long ago. The smooth elixir you should use is Glenmore—a very fine Kentucky Straight Whiskey—now 16 months old.

Glenmore modernizes the Tom & Jerry—intensifies its magic effect on tongue and nostril.

★ Beat the whites of a dozen eggs to a stiff froth; then add one level teaspoon of sugar for each egg. Beat yolks till smooth and stir into whites. Add just a pinch of baking soda. (Add more sugar, to taste, if desired, when serving).

Now, to serve—fill Tom & Jerry mug ½ full of batter. Then, *very slowly*, pour in one or more jiggers of Glenmore, stirring constantly to avoid curdling. Add a dash of Jamaica rum if desired. Fill mug (slowly) with boiling water, stirring as you pour. Top it off with grated nutmeg.

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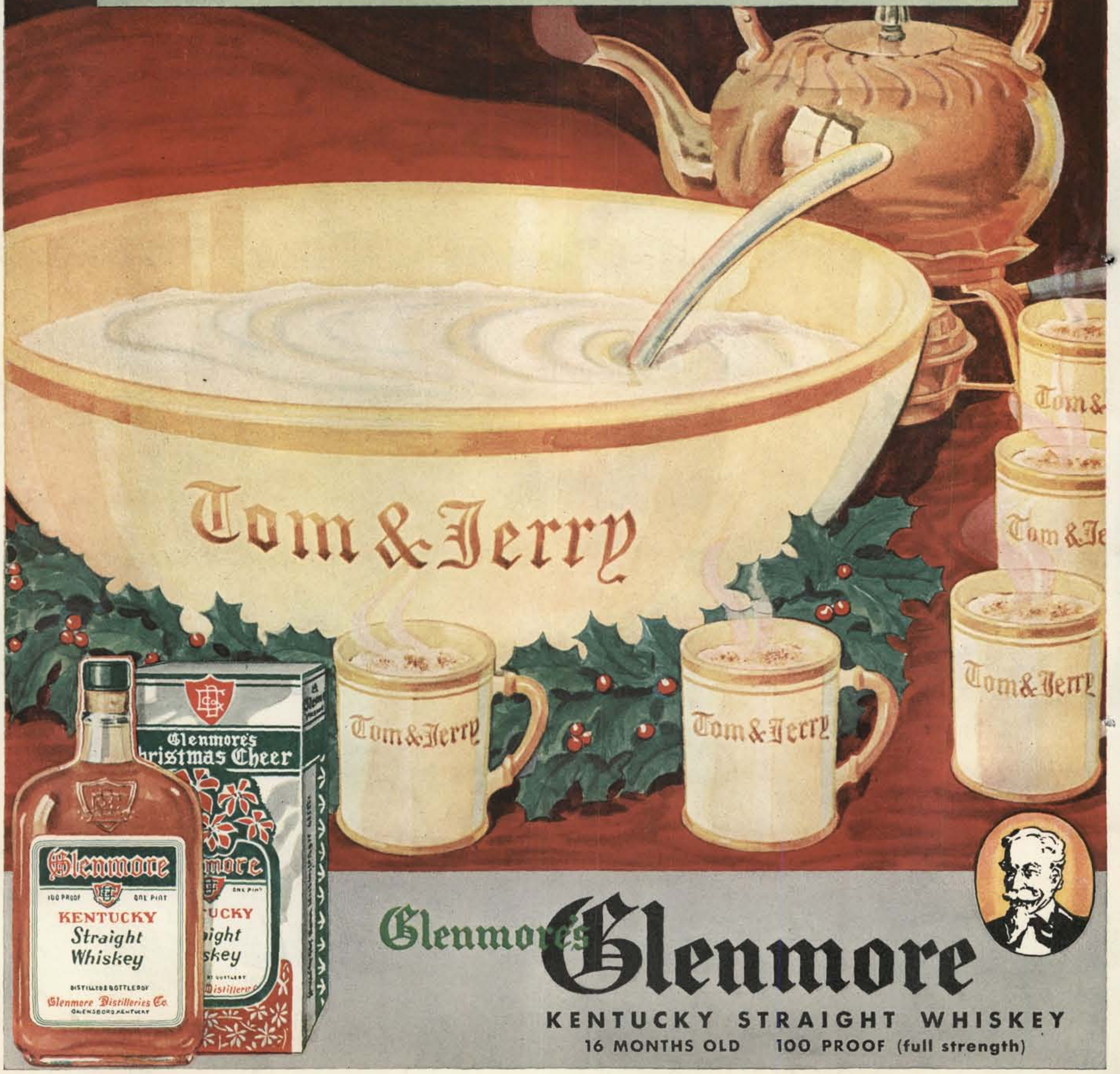
Distillers of Kentucky Tavern, Glenmore, Two Naturals, Mint Springs—STRAIGHT WHISKIES; Old Thompson, Tom Hardy—BLENDS OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES


Tom & Jerry
Tom & Jerry
Tom & Jerry
Tom & Jerry
Glenmore's
Glenmore
100 PROOF
ONE PINT
KENTUCKY
Straight
Whiskey
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
Glenmore Distilleries Co.
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY

16 MONTHS OLD 100 PROOF (full strength)

This Christmas THE THING TO DO . . . give *Whitman's* CHOCOLATES

Your Whitman dealer has your favorite packages—fresh, direct from Whitman's—richly decorated for Christmas gift-giving at no extra cost. HE WILL PARCEL POST YOUR DISTANT SENDINGS.

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Sampler . . . $1.50

A world-famous assortment of favorite fruits, nuts, marshmallows, caramels, nougat, creams, crunchy centers and solid chocolates . . . a rich gift box . . . 17-oz. . . . $1.50. Also 2, 3, 5 lbs.

Fairhill Package
Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

Fairhill $1.00

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Cloisonné . . $5.00

Assorted favorites—nougat, marshmallow, creams, nuts, caramels, fudge, crisp and chewy centers—in a beautiful metal box. 3½ lbs . . . $5.00

Loveliness . . $1.50

Chocolate covered nuts, liquid cherries and pineapple, fruit caramels, nut caramels, almond dates, creams and marshmallows, in a convenient metal box. 1 lb. . . . $1.50

Prestige . . $2.00

Strong and useful metal chest, filled with small, dainty, expensive hand-made Whitman's Chocolates. 1 lb. . . . $2.00. Also 2 and 3 lb. sizes.

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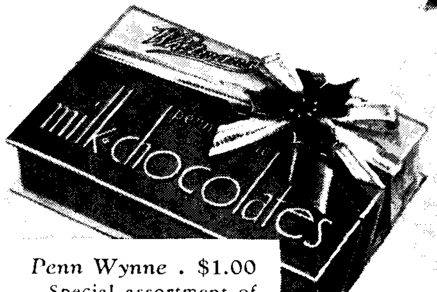
A romantic package of money bags of chocolate, "*pieces of eight*", nuggets and other choice Whitman's Chocolates. 1 lb. . . . $1.50—2 lbs. . . . $3.00

Fruits & Nuts . $1.00

A select company of favorite nut and fruit centers, with coating of Whitman's delicious chocolate. A handsome gift package. 1 lb. . . . $1.00—2 lbs. . . . $2.00



Penn Wynne . $1.00

Special assortment of Whitman's delicious milk chocolates—nuts, caramels, nougat, marshmallows, crisp centers, creams and specialties. 1 lb. . . . $1.00—2 lbs. . . . $2.00

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Whitman's newest package of nut centers, fudge, caramels, nougat, date combinations, crunchy centers—a delightful assortment. 1 lb. . . . $1.00

Bon Bons & Chocolates $1.00

Favorite bon bons—hand-made and fork-dipped—and choice center chocolates. A beautiful gift box. 1 lb. . . . $1.00—2 lbs. . . . $2.00

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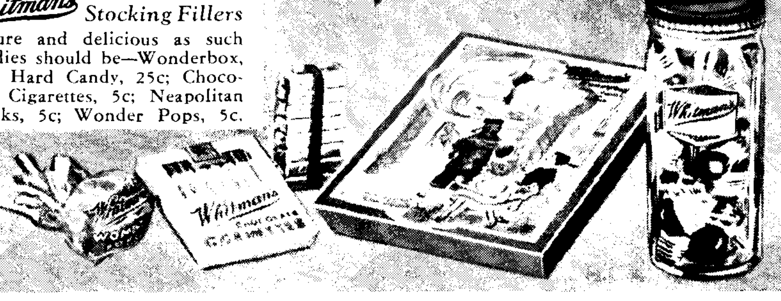
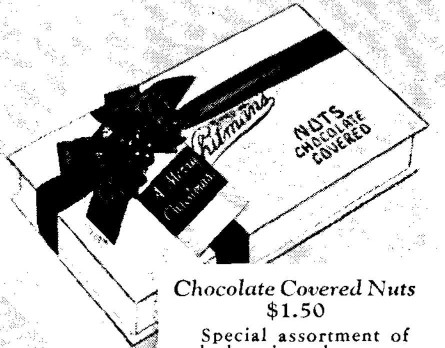
Chocolate covered nuts, marshmallows, fruits, caramels, creams, nougat, fudge and crisp centers. A smart rich package. 1 lb. . . . $1.25—2 lbs. . . . $2.50

Whitman's Stocking Fillers

Pure and delicious as such candies should be—Wonderbox, 25c; Hard Candy, 25c; Chocolate Cigarettes, 5c; Neapolitan Bricks, 5c; Wonder Pops, 5c.





Chocolate Covered Nuts $1.50

Special assortment of whole chocolate nut meats, crisp and delicious, with Whitman's delicious chocolate coatings. 1 lb. . . . $1.50—2 lbs. . . . $3.00

Gift Suggestions Save time . . . check the Whitman's packages you want from this list . . . give to your dealer.

Sampler
Fairhill
Prestige
Cloisonné
Fruits & Nuts
Penn Wynne
Pleasure Island
Nut and Chewy Centers
Bon Bons & Chocolates
Loveliness
Glamour
Chocolate Cov'd Nuts
Wonderbox
Hard Candy
Neapolitans
Wonder Pops

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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T. R. YBARRA *Foreign News*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

"SON," said Hank Bloss, "no man is worth more than nine thousand dollars a year. If he takes more, he's stealing it." That's Hank, plain as an old shoe. He had just been offered a movie contract and had insisted on cutting the salary in half. No airs about Hank. Just an American.

But Hank had a family. It's harder than all get-out to be plain and simple and American when you're a movie star and have a family. The growth of a beautiful legend is described in Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story. It's "Positively Genius."

WE HAVE thought of the Indians for so long as a vanishing race that it's a little startling to discover that the Navajos have increased in recent years from five to fifty thousand. They have refused to get hot and bothered about the white man and have discovered that they can make out very well by good-naturedly ignoring him. They are an industrious and thrifty people. You will enjoy knowing them. "Meet the Navajos"—Quentin Reynolds furnishes the introduction.

MISS DANTON was a two-hundred-word girl. She could turn that many words a minute into shorthand hieroglyphics. Of course she would be wasted in an ordinary office. So she taught shorthand. One day she woke up to the fact that she was serving behind the lines, helping others get up front where the excitement was. That was the beginning of "Safari in Manhattan," a highly romantic story by Matt Taylor.

HAVE you ever had a cold? If not, you're lucky. The cost of colds to the average person is fifteen dollars a year—in drugs, doctors' fees and wasted time. And that leaves out the damage to your personal charm. Something ought to be done about it. In "Don't Catch Cold" Helen M. Reed brings you the last word in prevention and cure by specialists on the subject.

OUR favorite member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Constable Barradine, unravels another knotty problem through the judicious use of "Frozen Evidence" and restores a worthy young man to the waiting arms of Jennie Bell.

IN "WILD Waters" Will F. Jenkins, author of "The Skipper," tells the enthralling story of a night of heroism in the grip of the flood.

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, Kyle Crichton, Ernest Haycox, Shepard Barclay, George Creel and others put you in the right frame of mind for the New Year. Prost!

This Week

●

December 28, 1935

Cover by Robert O. Reid

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
On the Nose. Science comes to grips with a temperamental horse. Page 7

KATHLEEN McLAUGHLIN and AVERY STRAKOSCH
Glamor to Music. Veloz and Yolanda. Page 10

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Kill or Cure, by E. P. Ehrich. Page 11

W. B. COURTNEY
There's Always Finland. Our faithful debtor. Page 12

LAURA Z. HOBSON
Play Something Simple. An amateur impresario falls in love. Page 14

MICHAEL FOSTER
The Bishop of the Sea. Christmas in Crucifixion Bay. Page 16

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE and ETHEL PETTIT ROCHE
Callingham's Girl, Part II. The mystery of the missing bride. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Relax in Reno. Frontier town. Page 20

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Perfectly priceless. Page 22

ERNEST HAYCOX
Trail Smoke, Part VI. In grim earnest. Page 23

SHEPARD BARCLAY
Contract Labor. When trumps go wrong. Page 26

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL
China Venture. The love story of a Yankee trader. Page 30

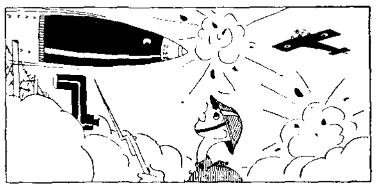
WINSTON CHURCHILL
You Get It in Black and White. The future of communications. Page 32

EDITORIAL
Peace Will Prevail. Page 54

●

Any Week

MR. ALBERT F. KNORP of San Francisco, California, reads Collier's. But he didn't go to pieces when he read Rud Rennie's short short story for Armistice Day, "Made in Germany." "If that's the way you're going to act," says he, "listen to my experience. At just eleven seconds before eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11, 1918, I dodged a shell which had, on its rotating band, the number 2,282,566. I caught the number as the shell drifted over my head. In a flash or twinkling I realized that this number was the sum of my age, plus the amount of money I had in my pocket plus my serial number. Imagine my surprise. Mr. Rennie's story brought it all back, all too, too vividly."



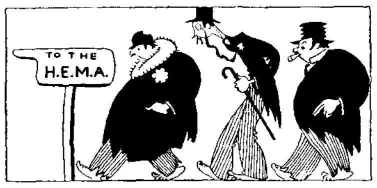
THE calm serenity of Cabot, Arkansas, got a reverberating kick in the shorts a few days ago, reports Mrs. P. R. Sheaffer of that usually blissful hamlet. "Our town," writes she, "is big enough that a new car or two stopping at a neighbor's, causes no excitement at all. But yesterday *six* shiny sedans swooped up at once, disgorging nineteen purposeful persons at a house where bridge parties are unknown. But it turned out all right. The family had applied for relief and the visitors were shock troops of supervisors, investigators and case workers assigned to look into the eligibility of the applicants. They had to go in in relays. We tried to interest the relief authorities in another family—a widow and several hungry kids. They told us the curtailment of operating forces had caused a shortage of field workers. We're wondering about the size of the army that would have invaded the first applicant had there been no curtailment."

AND Mr. James B. Beers of Portland, Maine, also senses something cockeyed in the national picture. "I'm not asking much," says he, "but maybe you can tell me what's biting our leading and loudest Republican cymbal slammers. A few weeks ago they were crying their eyes out because, they said, President Roosevelt was not creating foreign trade. And now that he has made a swell trade treaty with Canada the same weepers are telling us that the man is trying to ruin the country by doing business with another nation. Maybe it's me, but there's no doubt somebody's screwy."

YET every now and then the truth prevails. For example we were returning to our hotel in Minneapolis after having seen the University of Minnesota football team ruin one of its opponents. We were pretty wrought up about it, too, but we were thoroughly mollified when someone handed us a statement from Dad Connell. Mr. Connell sells newspapers and magazines at the University Union. He said that while business was recovering, he had seen some rather poor years. "Students," he said, "didn't have any money to spend. But when they do buy magazines they seem to prefer Collier's and the Reader's Digest."

MR. E. J. LENZING of Baltimore, Maryland, tells us about a young Negro who was working on a W. P. A. road job under a white gang boss who seemed to be a bit afraid that everybody within hearing wouldn't know who and what he was. He stormed up and down the road bellowing mass and individual instructions. One afternoon the young Negro looked up and with a magnificent and disarming smile said: "Cap'n, suh, is we to understand that you is the boss of this here job?"

"OF COURSE," writes Mrs. A. A. Whipple of Springfield, Missouri, "Mr. Harry Hopkins may be right when he says 'They'd Rather Work,' but fate is often against them. Take, for example, the contractor who was anxious to get his culverts poured before bad weather set in. He was quite put out one day when his crew didn't show up. But later on he learned that since the road at the other end of the gravel was muddy, the boys, having to come that way to work, flipped a coin to see whether they ought to get their shoes soiled. It came up heads. So what could the poor boys do?"



FROM Nashville, Tennessee, Mr. George Fashion reports that he'd like to be the head of the HEMA, which is the Helpless Ex-Millionaires Administration. "The poor have been used to being poor so long that they're used to it, but very few of us know the suffering of the rich who have lost their all. So I've invented the HEMA and will gladly turn it over to the government if they'll let me run it. Good idea?"

AND fashionable, too.

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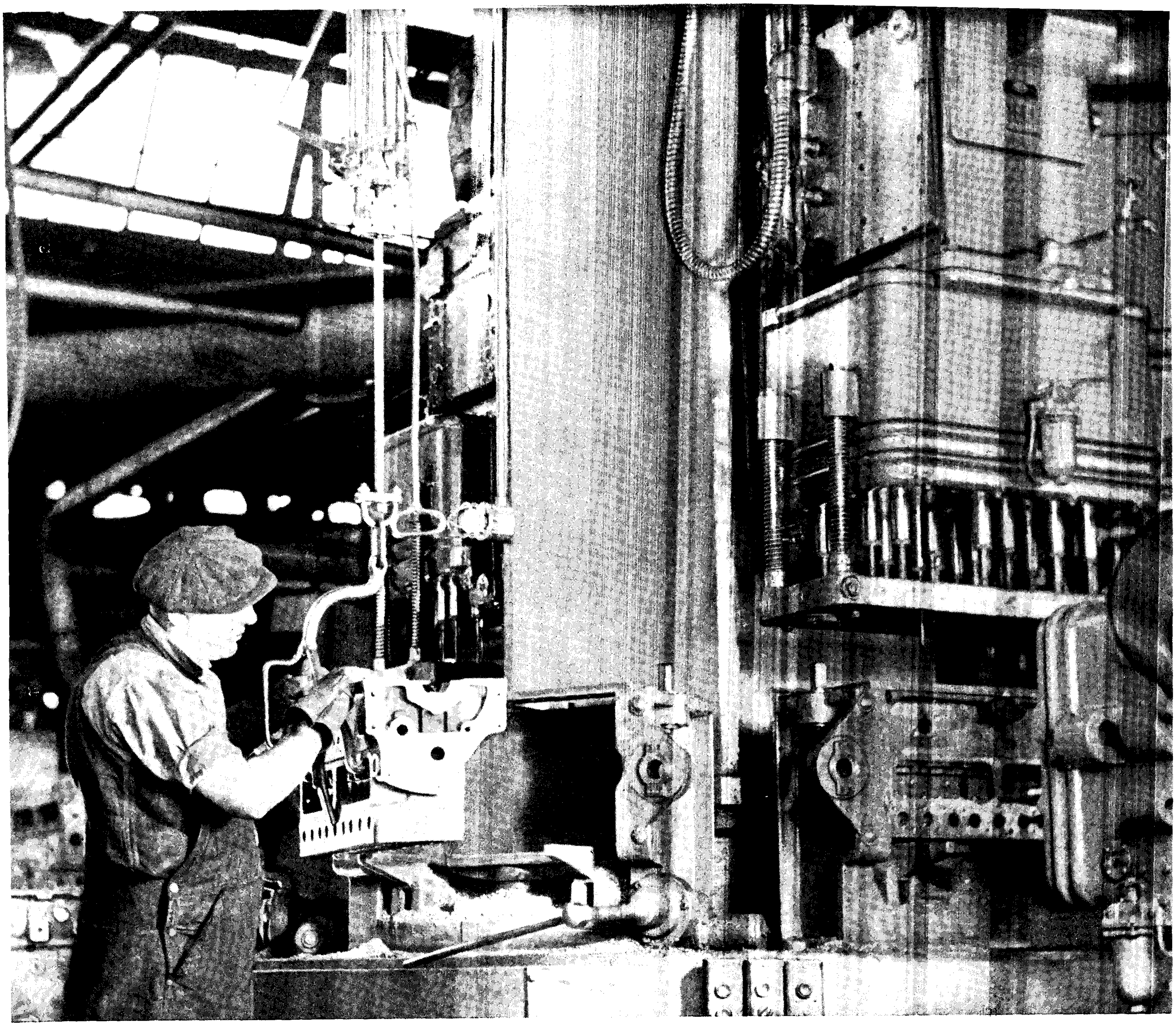

"Granddaddy of 'em All"

IT WEIGHS sixteen tons . . . but it's as precise and sensitive as a watchmaker's drill.

Biting down through the tough cast-iron, this big machine bores 132 important holes in six Plymouth engine blocks at a time.

And every hole is accurate to less than the thickness of a baby's eyelash . . . because if even one of those 132 drill-spindles got that far out of alignment, nerve-like electric controls would stop the whole huge machine instantly.

Such perfect precision helps produce brilliant performance and the proved ability to stand up that make Plymouth deservedly famous.

That's why this one mountain of a machine (this picture shows only part of it) . . . this "granddaddy of 'em all" . . . is worth many tens of thousands of dollars. With all the thousands of modern machines and the countless fine tools that equip Plymouth's great main plant in Detroit, the investment runs into tens of *millions* of dollars.

It's an investment that pays Plymouth owners rich dividends. Because it makes possible Plymouth engineering . . . Plymouth's exceptional precision workmanship . . . Plymouth's thoroughgoing quality . . . at a price that millions can afford.

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Official Chrysler Motors
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6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.

1. Start with your unpaid balance.
2. Then add insurance cost . . . at conference rates.
3. Then multiply by 6% — for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

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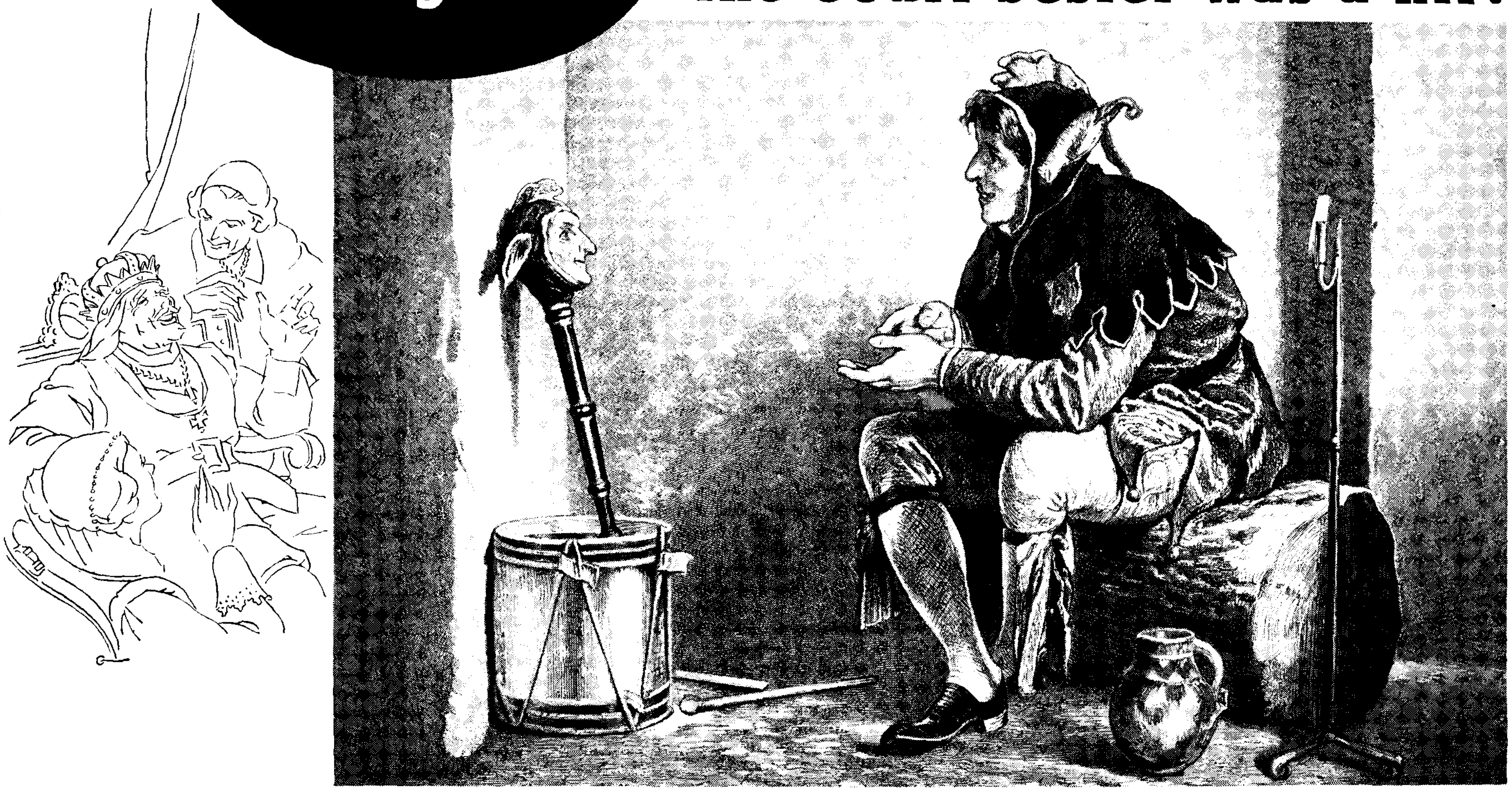
NO OTHER CHARGES

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

If the King laughed . . the Court Jester was a hit!



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Today Radio Comedians must amuse millions!

THE Royal Jester in the medieval court played to an audience of one. If his quips stirred the monarch to mirth, the Jester feared no competition.

Today's radio comedians . . . tread a harder path. Unless they win laughs in a million homes . . . their careers are short-lived.

To hear the comedians . . . and other artists at their best . . . hear their programs with a 1936 Philco 116X. Through Philco High-Fidelity every subtle change of tone . . . every quick aside . . . reaches you as if the artists were right in your living room! For the first time, you hear the overtones that give character and individuality to the human voice. You enjoy the same experience when you tune-in a great orchestra. Philco High-Fidelity brings the full musical range and the overtones of every instrument in all their richness and beauty!

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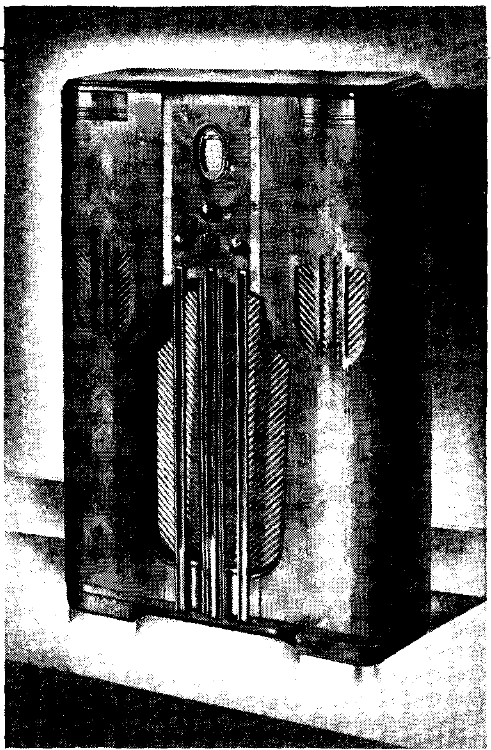

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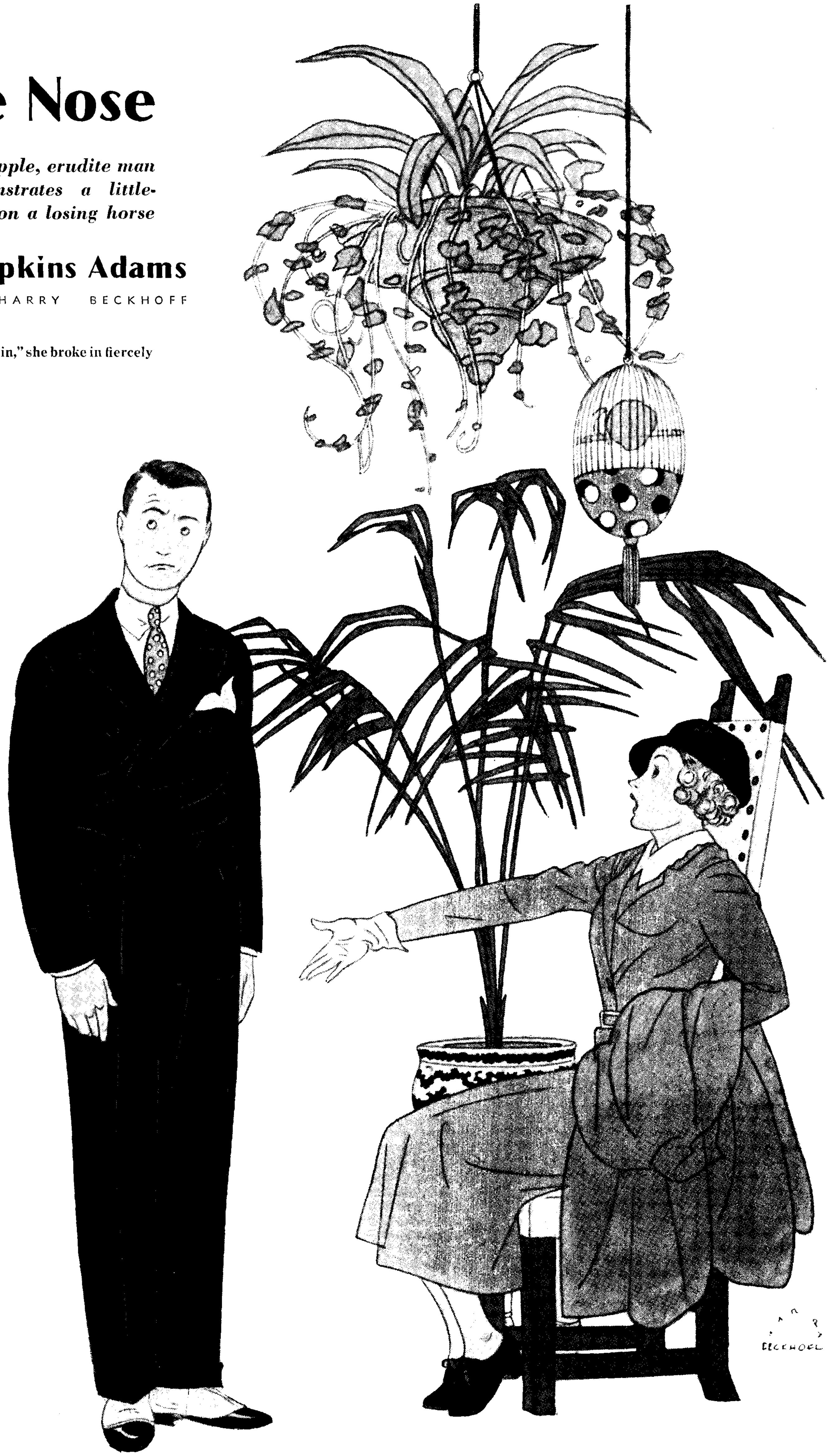
On the Nose

Wherein Horatio Sipple, erudite man of science, demonstrates a little-known way to win on a losing horse

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



"I never want to see you again," she broke in fiercely

DR. HORATIO SIPPLE entered the empty observation car and selected the end chair. Sitting down, he unfolded an evening paper. With this spread upon his knees, he mechanically wielded the quill which had thoughtfully been presented to him as an after-dinner token.

"Pickin' 'em, Buddy?"

Dr. Sipple hastily lowered the toothpick. He could not see wherein his minor dental operations were any concern of this soft-footed stranger whose approach had startled him, and he attempted to convey as much by a severe and self-respecting scowl. Undismayed, the newcomer reiterated:

"Pickin' 'em, old sport? The ponies, what I mean." He tapped the printed sheet with a bony forefinger.

Following the gesture, the physician perceived that the medical convention report in which he had been engrossed was incongruously sandwiched into the racing news.

"Er, no," he said. "No. In fact, no." At the same time he smiled amiably, for he was essentially a friendly person and would have liked to be more so had he possessed the worldly faculty.

"Because if you was, I could give you a hot one."

"A hot one?" echoed the other vaguely.

"A hot tip. Money in your pants, what I mean."

"That is very kind of you, I am sure," said Dr. Sipple, scrutinizing the origin of this generous offer with interest.

A SHORT, meager, weather-worn little man he was, bright with diamonds and close-buttoned into a checked suit.

"Hippocrayts in the third," said he.

"Hippo—?" repeated the doctor inquiringly.

"Crayts," confirmed the begemmed stranger.

"You don't by any chance mean Hippocrates?"

"Hip-o-krah-teeze?" essayed the other dubiously. "Well, I reckon it's all the same to the books."

"Not at all. Not at all. Quite otherwise," replied Dr. Sipple with spirit. Here he was upon his own ground.

"The odds'll be just as sweet, what I mean. In the third."

Dr. Sipple felt it his duty to correct a presumptive error. "If you are attributing Hippocrates to the third century, Mister—er—"

"I ain't. And cut out the Mister, pal. Barney is what they all call me. Old Barney."

"Thank you. As for Hippocrates, as you are doubtless aware, he was a Grecian philosopher and scientist, flourishing in the fourth and fifth centuries, B. C., and known, perhaps without sufficient warranty, as the Father of Medicine."

Barney shook his withered head. "Not the same. This one's a hoss."

A pleased smile illumined the young, though austere Sipple lineaments. "Now, that *is* odd and interesting and, I may add, appropriate. Hippocrates is Greek for strong horse."

"You're tellin' me!" ejaculated the edified Barney. "Them Greeks sure know their onions. He's a strong hoss, all right. He'll push the rest of that bunch through the rails and walk in backwards."

"Backward? Really?" inquired Dr. Sipple with widening eyes. "Is that customary? I am not familiar with such contests, having never attended a horse race."

OLD BARNEY addressed a noiseless invocation to high heaven. As his eyes were lowered, they concentrated upon the doorway. He voiced his appeal in that direction.

"Boss, this bird has never seen a hoss race. Whaddayah know!"

The new arrival considered the proposition with large, grave eyes. "Oh?" said she in a noncommittal tone.

The occupant of the chair, rising hastily, regarded her with something like stupefaction. She was young and slender and dressed with trim severity, except for an impudent small hat. Her expression was both alert and composed and the general effect of her appearance upon the man in front of it was one of bewilderment.

"Meet my boss, Doc," said Old Barney, with a circulatory gleam of his right hand.

"Mrs. Verrill," she supplied hastily, with a faint stress on the title.

Dr. Sipple's heart began to sing strange songs. "And I," he said, "am Horatio Sipple."

"Has Barney been giving you tips?" she inquired, glancing at the newspaper in his hand.

"Hippocrayts — krah-teeze, what I mean, in the third," confirmed the aged sportsman.

"Do you regard Mr. Barney's prognosis as presumptively reliable, Mrs. Verrill?"

"Talks Greek like a banana peddler," observed the admiring Barney.

"By no means. Not at all," disclaimed the physician. "I merely offered the commonplace information that Hippocrates means strong horse."

"Hippocrates is a good enough bet," she said carelessly. "Why don't you come and see him run?"

"Attend a horse race?"

"I don't see how it can hurt you. Particularly as Barney and I shall be there to look after you."

Again that dazzling smile. It resolved all hesitancies for the doctor. "In that case I shall certainly be there."

THE Wednesday afternoon section of the Tri-State Medical Congress looked in vain for Dr. Horatio Sipple to open the discussion on Epileptiform Seizures and their Sequelae. Present in spirit he may have been, but his bodily entity was undergoing something not unlike an epileptiform seizure of its own as a horse named Bombast won the first event at the Marrowfield track. Dr. Sipple had two dollars on Bombast at odds of three-to-one.

"Extremely gratifying," he commented to his two acquaintances of the train. "Would it be advisable to re-wager the amount on Pale Hands?"

"That skate?" deprecated Barney. "Where-ja get *him?*"

"One of my medical confrères assures me that he will win."

"Yeah? And what does he know about it?"

"Dr. Miles Staton," returned Dr. Sipple with conviction, "enjoys an international reputation as an authority on poliomyelitis."

"Never heard of that one. But this Pale Hands is a laugh, what I mean."

"I understood my colleague to indicate that it was a horse."

"Barney means that Pale Hands can't win," interposed Mrs. Verrill. "I shouldn't bet much on him if I were you."

"There's only one hoss in that race," asserted the oracle.

"That should simplify the betting," said the physician innocently, "though it can hardly contribute to the competitive interest."

"What I mean, Cæsar's Ghost's the only entry's got a chance," growled the expert. "Pale Hands? Pale Hands' name'll be Cold Feet. What I mean, he'll run all right till challenged, then he'll lay down and die."

Dr. Sipple studied the horse, as the entries came out, for evidence of morbidity. "He doesn't look ill," he ventured.

"Watch him," said Barney. "They're off!"

At once Pale Hands took the lead, opening up a space between himself and the rest of the field. But at the three-quarters mark, when two other horses moved up on him, he faltered and quit.

"What'd I tell you!" crowed Barney as Cæsar's Ghost nosed his way to the finish. "Am I a sucker, or did I steer you right, what I mean?"

With his opinion of Barney's acumen vastly enhanced, Dr. Sipple addressed him in tones of respect:

"You still hold to the theory that Hippocrates will win?"

"Nothin' to it. Stick a five on for me, pal."

"Please do nothing of the sort," interposed Barney's boss, ineffectually attempting to wither the tipster with a look. "Use your own money, Barney."

"I'm savin' it for you-know-what," retorted the old man.

MRS. VERRILL took him to one side for a conference. Left to his own devices for the moment, the tyro made his way to the betting ring where, with some trepidation, he laid a modest wager, thought of Barney's professionally assured advices, made another not so modest, recalled the bright eyes of Barney's boss, and dreamily made several others. The odds sank.

Rather to his amateur backer's disappointment, Hippocrates failed to push his competitors through the rails. Nor did he walk in backward. But he ran a creditable race, coming in first by a length. Upon collecting, the winner found Barney hovering expectantly at his elbow.

"Did you get it down?" he asked with hoarse urgency. "How about that five, what I mean?"

Dr. Sipple counted him out an accurate fifty dollars. "I ventured also to lay a small wager for Mrs. Verrill," he diffidently remarked.

"Oh-oh!" commented Barney in an inimitable singsong.

"I fail to catch the significance of that remark," stated Dr. Sipple coldly.

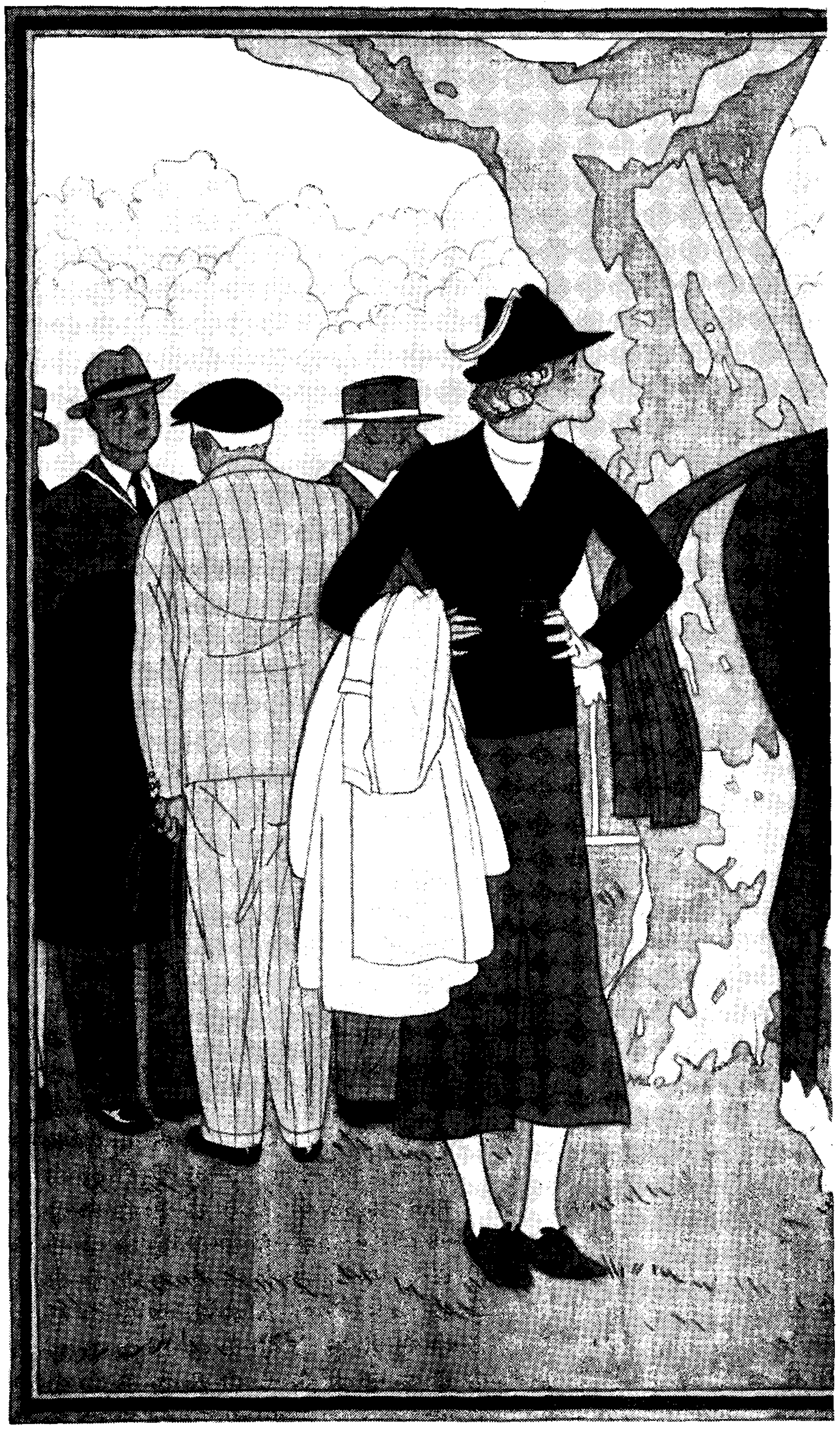
"Lay off it, young feller-me-lad. She ain't that kind. What I mean, she'd take the money and shove it in your ear."

"Oh, dear me!" said Dr. Sipple, much depressed. "I should so have liked to indicate my appreciation."

"Yeah?" Barney gave the matter prolonged consideration. "You might ask her to dinner," he suggested.

Bright hope illumined his companion's countenance. "Would she go, do you think, Mr. Barney? With me?"

"She might. You never can tell. Women are queer that way, what I mean."



With extreme and not unattractive diffidence Dr. Sipple extended his invitation. After a brief scrutiny the girl—he involuntarily shrank from the thought of her as a married woman—accepted in terms which seemed even to his inexperience unusual.

"I don't dine alone with men. Not on circuit. But I will with you. Sometime maybe I'll tell you why. Call for me at seven."

"There is to be an extremely interesting session of the medical convention this evening," he ventured. "Possibly you would further honor me by attending it?"

MRS. VERRILL laughed aloud. "All right," she said.

"And Mr. Barney?"

"Not me," said that gentleman hastily. "What I mean, I got another date."

Still in his sober blacks from head to foot, Dr. Sipple was thrilled by the vision which advanced to greet him across the lobby. He had hardly recovered full command of faculties and speech when they were seated in the restaurant.

"Well," she teased, looking up at him across the table, "here we are, a couple of strangers from lands far apart. What are you going to talk to me about?"

Desperately he groped. What was a suitable topic of conversation for a lovely young woman, whom one hardly knew? The first subject on the evening's program came opportunely to his mind.

"Ulcers," he said.

She gave this due and judicial consideration. "No," she decided. "I couldn't keep up my end. Don't know enough about the subject. Tell me, did you win anything more today?"

"Oh, yes. On Hippocrates. Thanks to you and Mr. Barney. I am convinced that with two such experts to advise one, horse-race betting might be listed among the gainful occupations."

"Hippocrates opened at ten-to-one. That's doing very nicely for a beginner. You should have got back twenty-two dollars for your two."

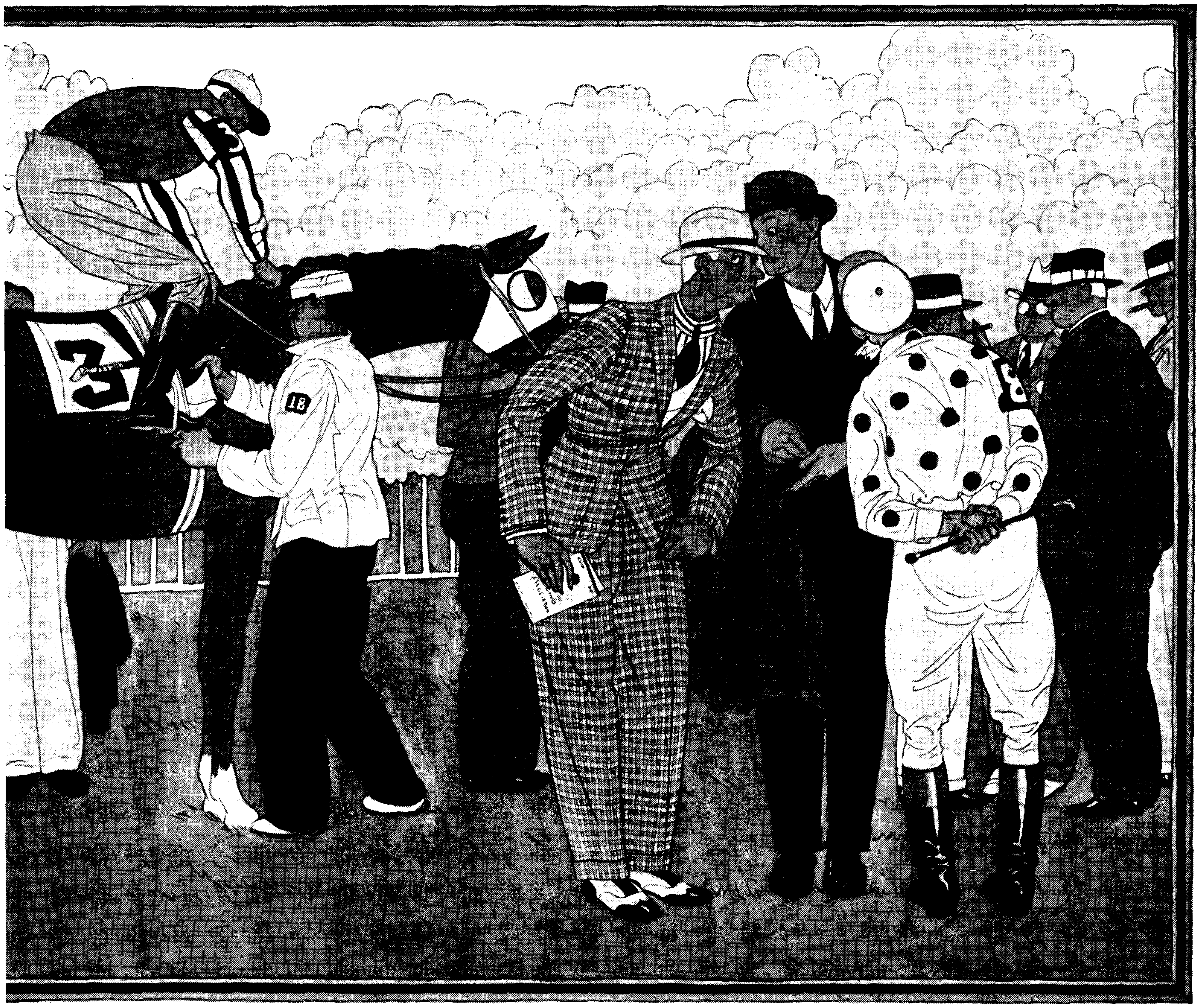
"The fact is, I wagered more."

"Yes? That's good. Much more?" she inquired with polite interest.

"Two-fifty," said he. "That is, not two-fifty. Two hundred and fifty."

She straightened up. "You laid two hundred and fifty? On the nose? I mean, straight? To win?"

He looked perplexed. "Why, certainly, to win. I was not aware that people bet on a horse to lose."



While they were conferring, Alma Verrill appeared. "What's this all about?" she demanded

"It must have been you that drove the odds down. At that, you should have cashed in more than two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand, two hundred and sixty dollars," he said.

She leaned forward to him.

"Quit it and go home. Go home now. By the next train."

Dr. Sipple looked pained. "I do not wish to go home. I wish to remain here. Where you are," he added.

"It's a sucker's game."

"But, my dear Mrs. Verrill, I did win," he pointed out.

"Yes. For once. Boob's—I mean beginner's luck."

"But with the benefit of Mr. Barney's advice and yours—"

"I'm giving you the best advice I ever gave in my life. Go home."

"Do I understand that Mr. Barney—"

"Just a lucky hunch."

"Then he does not win invariably? Surely those diamonds are costly."

"Listen to me, Dr. Sipple," said she with enchanting earnestness. "Sometimes Barney wins. Then he buys diamonds. All racing people do that. They're easy to cash in. Other times Barney loses, and sometimes he doesn't eat."

He stared at her in dismay. "And you?"

"Never mind me. Now, Barney knows horses. For anyone who doesn't it's slow suicide. If you won't go home, promise me not to bet more than two dollars on any race while you're here."

"Very well." He sighed over golden opportunities thus capriciously snatched from him. "Mr. Barney said that tomorrow he had a sure thing—"

"Yes; I know. In the fifth. Septronella."

HE CONSULTED his notebook. "That is the name. You concur in his opinion?"

"Septronella belongs to me. She's a two-year-old. A sweet filly when she wants to run. But nobody can tell when she is going to feel like running. We've made expenses so far, because I've picked up a few bets for place and to show. That means second and third place," she explained. "Barney can't be persuaded to lay a bet except to win. 'On the nose,' he always says, and when I try to argue with him, he has one unvarying answer, presented with all the force of religious conviction. 'You can't do better'n win,' he always says."

The tyro considered this, frowning. "Cannot do better than win? I confess myself unable to perceive the relevancy."

"Relevancy isn't Barney's strong point. But he's got lots of others. He's an old darling. Father left him to me along with the wreckage of the stable and the family fortunes."

"And you travel about from track to track?"

"With Barney. And the horses. This time it's only Septronella. She's a darling, too. I love her. But as a moneymaker—if she were only a little more reliable! As soon as we're through with this Coffee and Cakes circuit, we're going to head for the Big Apple where the stakes run bigger and the odds are easier." Catching the expression of bewilderment on his face, she interpreted, "The Big Apple is the main circuit. Saratoga and Narragansett and all that."

"Saratoga? Why, that's quite near me," said he with animation. "I might easily—er—run over and see Septronella race." Never before had Horatio Sipple reckoned one hundred and thirty-odd miles as being near him. "I fear it is time that we were starting for the symposium, Mrs. Verrill."

Expecting to be bored at the meeting, Alma Verrill found herself definitely interested, not so much in the subjects under discussion as by the personalities present. Her companion had sloughed off his deprecating and tentative manner and presented a positive, not to say arrogant front. Young though he was, and among specialists of national note—even his guest's ignorance recognized some of the names—he was listened to with attention, even with deference. It is a just barely tenable theory that Dr. Horatio Sipple was showing off a bit for the benefit of the lady. And not in vain. She was impressed.

Back at the hotel, after the close, his humility was again in evidence.

"Am I going to see you tomorrow, Mrs. Verrill?" he asked diffidently.

She took a resolution. "Sit down for a moment." He sat. "Don't call me Mrs. Verrill."

"Not married?" He gaped at her.

"No. I call myself that on the circuit, for protection. It isn't so simple for a girl to trail around with this racing bunch, even with Barney for a chaperon."

"I don't think I understand," said he slowly.

"You wouldn't," she smiled. "That's why one needn't be on one's guard with you. But don't lie awake trying to figure it out. Good night. Look me up at the track tomorrow."

(Continued on page 42)

SHE wasn't dancing. On all sides couples were applauding for an encore, but she stood motionless, alone. Then the music began again. He dashed across the floor toward her.

Before Frank Veloz saw Yolanda Casazza that night he took it for granted that any pretty girl who looked sixteen and frequented a dance club could dance. Especially a girl with tiny feet and fine, slender legs—legs couldn't fool you in 1926, with short skirts in vogue. Without benefit of introduction, for no such formality was necessary in the New York Collegiate Club on West 64th Street, young Veloz put his arm about her and started to waltz. But everything went wrong. He stopped abruptly.

"Say, what are you trying to do—lead me?" She didn't reply, but turned away. Then he saw her face had gone crimson in its frame of short black hair. More kindly he began, "Why didn't you tell me you can't dance? Why—" Her eyes blinked fast to keep back the tears. A flash of plaid skirt, a lopsided beret, she was gone.

That was nine years ago. Today, they are the renowned Veloz and Yolanda, much sought-after ballroom dancers on Broadway, in Hollywood, Chicago, London and Paris. Their sophisticated grace, their suave, original and spectacular dancing command top salary. The Vernon Castles at an extravagant war-era peak received $2,500 a week. Last summer in Chicago, Veloz and Yolanda doubled that. When they are billed at a night club, reservations for tables are booked five weeks in advance.

What happened? Well, dancing or no dancing, the night Veloz first saw Yolanda he fell in love with her. He smiles reminiscently as he admits he might not have put his feeling toward this strange girl in so many words, then. But the moment she disappeared he missed her; he couldn't identify her because no one had ever seen her before; he felt depressed, lost. Wondering about her, he recalled that at sixteen he couldn't dance, either.

An older brother, Lou, is responsible for Frank Veloz's early yen to dance. In Washington, where the Veloz family lived (the father was attached to the Spanish Embassy), Lou was in demand socially. Frank at sixteen felt certain that Lou's popularity was due to his dancing. He asked his brother to teach him, too. In reply he received scathing "old brother" looks and was told to run away and play.

"When we moved to New York I went to business college," Veloz told me recently. "I used to pass dance halls on the way to school, dying to go in, but I was a pretty shy boy. I can remember how I finally almost crept into these places. Dance? Not I! Once a hostess tried to drag me from the side lines onto the floor. I was frightened stiff, couldn't move.

The Secret of Good Dancing

"You see, dancing was a mysterious achievement to me. I wanted to find out what made the wheels go 'round, that is, why some people danced so easily, were so satisfying to watch. Why others, pretty, slender girls, too, were so terribly awkward. When I figured out that all good dancers seldom if ever go off balance, I thought I had made a big discovery. I didn't know then that we all have a center of gravity for every move we make, that some people are—well, always a little off center, I guess. After that, when the family thought me asleep I would be balancing myself in my room in all sorts of fantastic dancing figures—using a chair as partner—trying to attain perfect balance!"

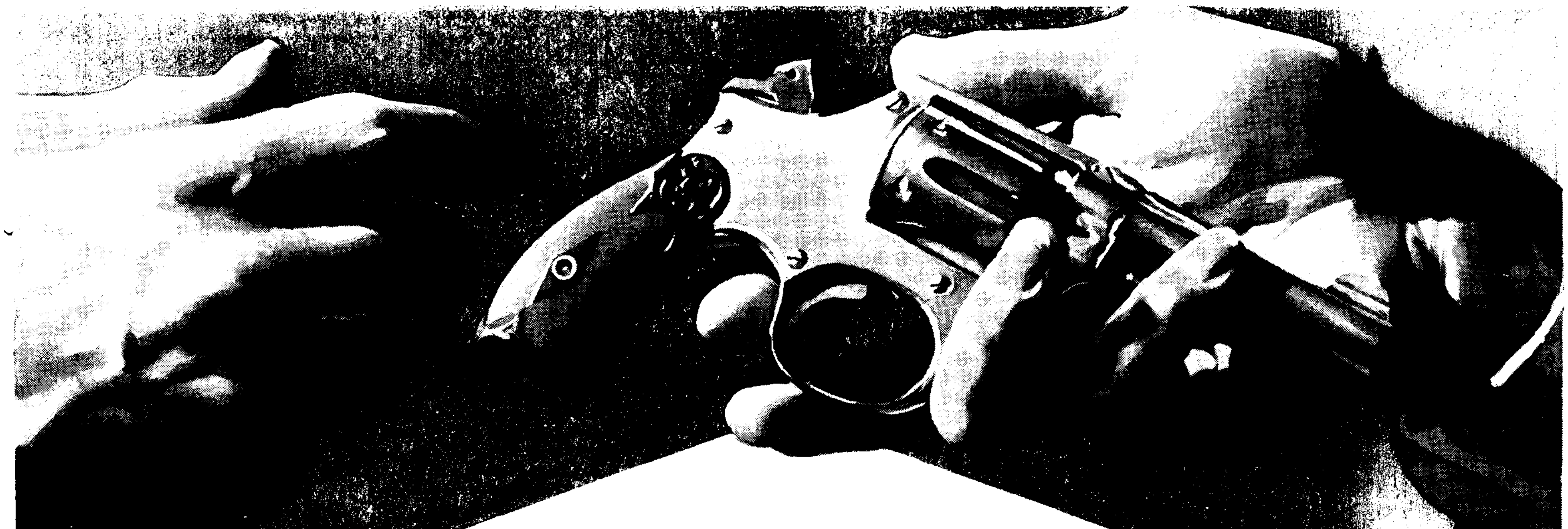
Unlike Veloz, Yolanda felt no desire to take up dancing. It was stuffy indoor business. When her five sisters and one brother invited their friends to the Casazza parlor in Greenwich Village and tuned in on dance music, she deliberately went out to roller skate. If you lived near Washington Square ten years ago, you probably passed her many a time flying over the sidewalks. There was no doubt in her mind about perfect balance. In her early teens her friends at Washington Irving High School began to go to one another's houses and sometimes to a public place to dance. Yolanda didn't go; she didn't dare accept invitations. For three years she was afraid even to try to dance for fear she would be laughed at or, even worse, become a wallflower. The night she met Veloz she had gone to the dance club with several girls, quite against her will, and really to placate her family, who called her antisocial. But if she hadn't cared at all about dancing before that night, now she hated it.

A Desperate Measure

At sixteen Yolanda already gave promise of that sleek, panther-like beauty which distinguishes her so completely from all other ballroom dancers. But whenever she became interested in a nice boy he turned out to be a potential Nijinski. The moment he found she couldn't dance he retreated. Less attractive girls were having a wonderful time while she stayed home alone. Only in desperation did she voluntarily take up dancing. First, she shyly learned steps from her sisters. Next, from their boy friends. Then her own young men returned. No, she didn't suddenly develop into a marvelous dancer to surprise her friends and shorten this story, but in six months she was pretty good at a waltz or even a tango. So it need hardly surprise you to be told that the second time Veloz saw her she was dancing quietly, already with a hint of that delicate precision that gives such beauty to her dancing today. Unexpectedly this happened at a sorority party a year after their first meeting.

Now she was dancing. There were plenty of partners, too. She eluded Veloz in the traditional Latin manner until he wanted to kill every man jack on the floor. Finally she found herself in his arms, whirling about in an amazed manner at first, soon wondering, she now confesses, how she could ever again be content to dance with anyone except

(Continued on page 53)



Kill or Cure

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Edward Price Ehrich

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

". . . and the final score is—"

THE game was finished and so was a quart. Tommy snapped off the radio, whistled at Basil and held out his hand. Basil put a hundred dollars in it and grumbled: "You heard this game before, some place, Tommy."

The four men sat silent a minute. Basil's living-room, lined with shelves crammed with his textbooks on psychoanalysis, was blue and fuzzy with cigarette smoke and the odor of good Scotch whisky. Then Tommy: "It's funny—about life."

"Wonderful." Stephen spoke patronizingly. He owned a million-dollar chain of magazines. "Tommy wins a hundred dollars and right away thinks it's funny about life. What, little man?"

They were all about the same age, forty, but Tommy always seemed much younger.

"Oh, football and liquor and women and lots of dough," Tommy said. "The cross section of our lives is so futile it's funny."

The fourth man, Myron, banged his glass on the table so hard it swiveled them around. "Oh, go right on!" he said, white with rage. "You think it's funny about life, Tommy? Maybe, if you were in my position you wouldn't think so!"

Basil, his friend and his doctor, eyed him curiously.

"Well, for the love of—" Tommy said. "What brought that on?"

"Don't think I'm whining," Myron said. "I took my own course and I'm at the end of it. It doesn't have to concern you at all. I'd hate to disturb your feeling of security!"

Basil went to the pantry and came back with a new bottle. Stephen took the bottle, opened it and tried to be offhand. "Calm down, Myron. Here's a new baby come to our house. Have a drink. Forget it."

"Forget it? Do you think it's that simple? Listen. I've been working on my navy invention for twenty *years*. Do you know what it would mean if they took it? A hundred thousand dollars down and more money later than I've ever seen. They've deliberately encouraged me for the past eight years. I submitted it for a final decision and last week I got a letter saying they'd decide within the next eighteen months!"

"Seems pretty good," Stephen said.

"Pretty good? What am I going to do for eighteen months? I can't get by that long. My mail is so full of collection letters from lawyers I'm afraid to get it *in the morning*!"

Stephen said stiffly, "You know you can call on us."

"I've done that," Myron said. "I owe you all money and if this goes wrong I'll never be able to pay you. Can I borrow another hundred thousand? On what?"

"Anybody with the will to live can hang on eighteen months, Myron."

Myron looked at Basil, his psychoanalysist, defiantly.

"I haven't got the will to live. But I haven't got the will to die, either. I have no insurance. If I didn't have a wife and two children I'd—"

He stopped and Basil said, "You wouldn't do it, Myron."

"No?" Myron said. "Do you really think I wouldn't?"

Basil said slowly, "You might try it. But you'd let your hand slip at the last second. Or turn the jet off. Does that answer you?"

MYRON'S face was white. "Would you bet on that, Basil? Would you bet me enough so that if I—did it—my family would be taken care of?"

"You're drunk," Stephen said.

"You're asking me to murder you," Basil said. "However, on the cold idea of your own destruction—I doubt very much that you'd even take a gamble, if it were purely a matter of chance."

"Don't be an ass, Basil," Tommy said. "How about that Princeton score?"

Basil went on: "Suppose, Myron, I hand you a revolver that holds six cartridges, but with only one in it. You don't know whether it's in the firing chamber or not, and I don't, either. Would you bet me you'd hold it to your head and pull the trigger?"

Tommy said, "What's the matter with you guys?"

Nobody heard him because Myron said quietly, "How much would you bet me, Basil?"

"Suppose, leaving Tommy out of it, Stephen and I together bet you a hundred thousand dollars? You could put your invention up against it. Would that be enough?"

"That would be quite enough, Basil."

Basil looked at Stephen, asking him. Stephen thought: "Basil is his doctor. He knows he won't do it." Out loud he said, "You can count me in, Basil."

Tommy said, "Have *you* gone nuts, too?"

Basil's expression became cold and a little contemptuous and Tommy instinctively moved away from him. "Write a couple of notes, Myron. That bullet might be in the chamber."

"Sure," Tommy said. "Write them in verse. No sense in being stilted about these things."

"Cut it out, Tommy!" Stephen's voice was sharp. "This is nothing to kid about. You're out of it, anyway."

"Chisel that little fact on my tombstone," Tommy said. "I want the world to know."

Myron went to the desk and wrote swiftly. Basil went into the other room and they could hear his pen. He came back with two papers just as Myron finished.

BASIL went to the desk and a drawer thudded open and closed. When he straightened up the bright nickel of a .32 flashed in one hand, and he held an unopened box of cartridges in the other.

Tommy's eyes were wide as Basil, under a lamp, broke the revolver and showed them it was empty. He ripped open the box of cartridges, holding them out to Myron. Myron took one, glanced at the snub lead bullet, and handed it to Basil. The doctor slipped the cartridge into the cylinder and held the gun behind his back. Everybody watched him closely except Myron. He didn't seem to care.

Basil said, "Tommy—stand behind me and watch. You're neutral."

"Neutral—!" Tommy choked on the word, and took his handkerchief from his breast pocket, blotting his forehead. But he did not move and Stephen stepped around behind Basil. Basil's hand struck the cylinder sharply. The metal whirled, and before it stopped Basil slammed the cylinder home. The click was perfectly audible.

Unconsciously the three men stepped back, leaving Myron standing, white and alone, under the glare of the tall floor lamp. Basil's thumb drew back the hammer and he shifted the gun, holding it by the barrel. He extended his arm and Myron extended his but there were still a few inches between them. They looked at each other steadily, each curiously unwilling to move, and then Basil stepped forward and the gun was in Myron's hand. Basil moved back, and there was a broad grin on his face—fixed, permanent—to Tommy's eyes it was a grin that would never come off. He suddenly loathed Basil.

Myron did not look at the gun. He moved his arm up into position slowly, but with no hesitation. The end of the barrel was squarely at his temple. The three men watched the finger on the trigger.

There it was. The least movement as the muscles contracted, and the sharp *click* as the hammer fell on an empty chamber.

A change in Myron's expression tore his features apart. Blood surging up to his head pounded color into his face. He dropped the gun on the floor, felt for the door behind him, opened it and stumbled into the hall.

Basil was still grinning as Tommy's fist crashed into his face, knocking him into the radio and then to his knees. Tommy's face was working against the tears in his eyes and his voice was high-pitched: "You're a swell psychologist—aren't you? You nearly murdered him! *You* didn't know where that bullet was! But you were sure he wouldn't do it, weren't you?"

BASIL, without getting up, wiped the blood from his mouth. "On the contrary, Tommy, I was sure he'd do it. But I didn't know where the bullet was—you're quite right. Break the gun open and we'll find out."

Stephen leaned over and picked up the gun.

"You're a couple of murderers!" Tommy was shaking. "You—"

His eyes on Stephen, he suddenly stopped talking. Stephen had broken the gun and the exposed cylinder was visible. The bullet was *directly under the hammer*. They looked at Basil, who took the gun from Stephen, slipped the cartridge out and tossed it to Tommy.

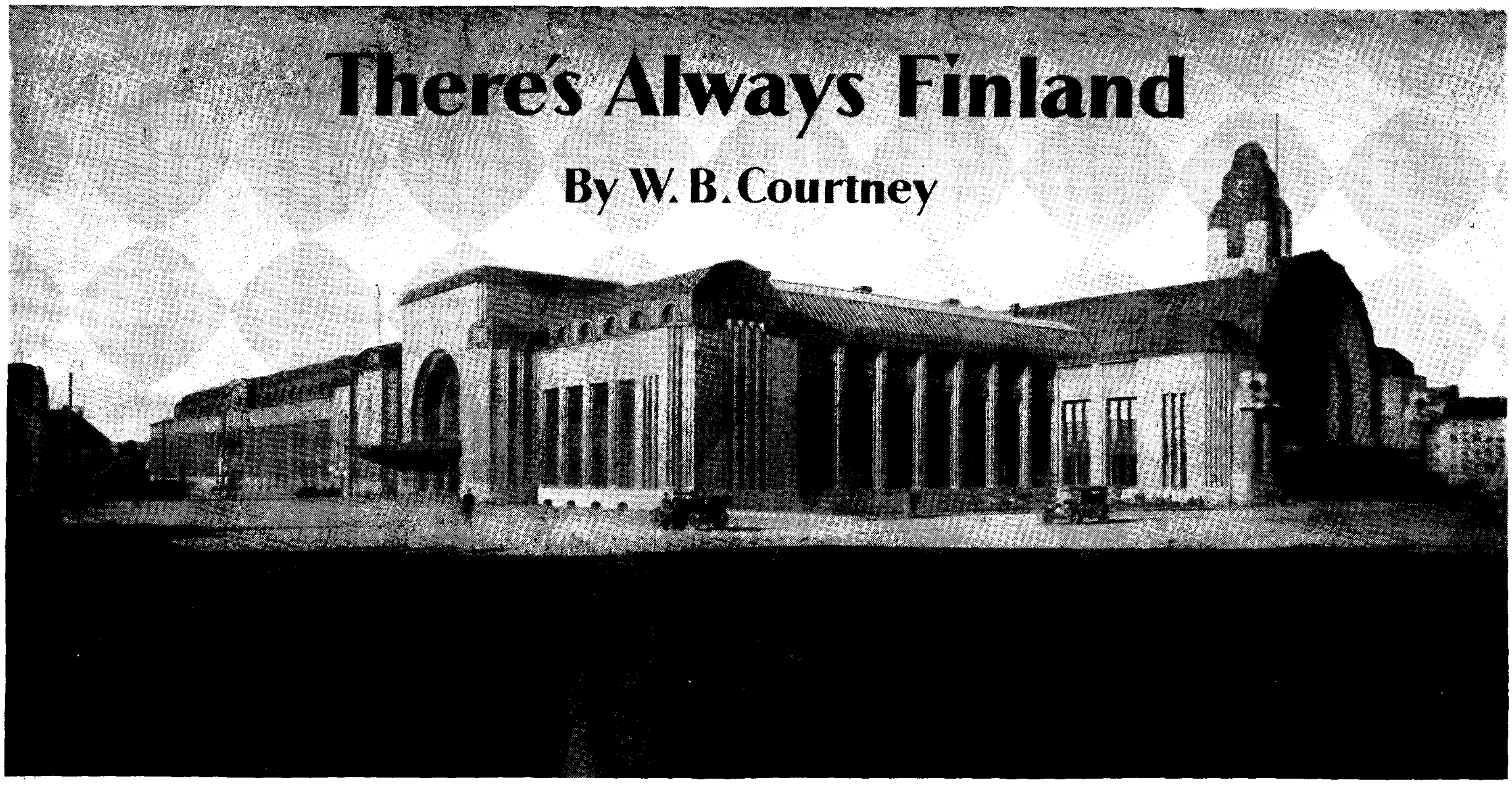
"He won't have to kill himself, with a hundred thousand dollars," he said. The grin was back on his face.

"What is this?" Tommy said hoarsely.

"You've done a lot of hunting, Tommy," Basil said. His lip was bleeding again and he patted it. "Take a look at the bullet. You ought to know you can't fire a rim-fire cartridge from a center-fire gun—"

There's Always Finland

By W. B. Courtney



The gateway to Finland and the architectural pride of the nation—the railroad station at Helsinki

If it has ever occurred to you to wonder why Finland goes on paying us her war debt while larger and wealthier neighbors renege, here is the answer. Finland is very full of athletes, smörgåsbord and moral fortitude—probably developed in the Finnish baths. You'll see why

THE blond Amazon who clouted me with fragrant birch twigs and scrubbed from my body with yellow soap and a horse brush the little skin that had not already been curled off by live steam best revealed the bone-and-marrow honesty, the plain and simple integrity, which have made the very name Finland echo like the clink of a true coin in the minds of even those Americans whose knowledge of that far country does not go beyond dried salt herring and Paavo Nurmi. One afternoon in Helsinki, wearied from rounds of ministries and bureaus, institutions and offices, I had surrendered my limbs and modesty to the old Finnish custom of the "sauna," or steam bath. Elsewhere, for days, I had listened to explanations of what remains an international economic marvel to Washington and to us taxpayers alike: Finland's unfailing promptness with payments of interest and principal on her debt to the United States. Explanations always in the stiff manner of northmen; hedged with formality when given by officials, excusably laced with honey by industrialists, and lent highfalutin embroidery by patriots.

But here in the sauna, through jolly old Maija rang the voice of Finland's common man: Finland undressed, Finland in kitchens and pubs and classrooms. Maija (pronounced mye-yah, although it means nothing worse than Mary) had no eyebrows and her lashes were scant and fair; while her little eyes, in color and form, made you think of almonds imbedded in a cake top. Her arms were fat and laundry-white—and strong, I can tell you. A single rubber garment fought back her peasant bust and hips; and she gave off the sudsy odors of a Monday cellar. Between groans I managed to ask her views of the debt; and she told me:

"We have say to pay, no? So what we do?"

Persons whose advantages in life, whose stations were far above Maija's, had used better grammar without achieving such precise and mellifluous English in telling me the same thing; had rationalized profoundly, without attaining such cogent logic. I stared at Maija through vapors and soap bubbles and by their magic she was transformed momentarily into a vision of Coolidge, the embodiment of the American commoner; and from the fuzzy hot tile walls came an echo of his classic, "They hired the money, didn't they?" Maija, bless her sexless candor, had unwittingly explained something to me; the chip on the mental shoulder of her average countryman, which had puzzled me through a week of visits and talks.

The Penalty of Honesty

Now I suddenly perceived that Finland—gray country by a cold northern sea; in area, quite as large as Germany or California, and twice as large as New England plus a couple of New Jerseys; in population, less than half as great as New York City, or about the same as Chicago—alone of the family of nations is faced with the strange necessity of apologizing for its honesty. Whereas great European powers were excusing their failure to meet war debt payments due the United States, this little brother was growing a bit tired of excusing the fact that it honorably paid up. Understanding, I laughed; and Maija turned me over and slapped me with the wood back of the heavy brush and complained, "See now, how can I wash you, fat one, while you shake all over like pudding?"

Then I told Maija about a night last spring when I had been in a theater in Washington and heard a fine lot of applause when the newsreel showed the Finnish ambassador to the United States handing over a debt check to a State Department official. Maija was not much impressed; neither was any other Finn to whom I described the incident. I gathered they would much rather you said you like the fishing and outdoor life in Finland—virgin ponds of trout, fierce torrents glinting with salmon and—no license fees if you fish *pour le sport*. This may be naïve of the Finns, but it is not a pose; for the plain truth is that it had never occurred to Finland not to pay.

In defaulting nations time and again last summer people acridly told me:"Oh, Finland's debt is small compared with ours!" But when you look into Finland's trade position and developed wealth you must see that any debt is a large and onerous burden to her; indeed, if you have any skill with figures you can probably work out proof—as a young diplomat did for me in one of our Scandinavian legations, that Finland's debt to the United States is relatively as great as France's or Italy's.

France does not pay us; but you ought to see what nice forts she has on her eastern frontier. In England early in September I learned that Italy had already paid more than three million dollars in Suez fees to cover troop ships. That is far in excess of the installment she owed the United States on June 15th last. Recently she has, of course, speeded up war transportation; and as the canal tolls are one of the least of her military expenditures it is reasonable to believe she has poured into East Africa double or treble the thirty-odd million her defaults now amount to. Yet Italy has cried "too poor" and has never gone beyond token payments with regard to her two-billion-dollar pledge to the United States.

It Can't Be the Climate

Nor can Finland's exceptional financial conduct be attributed wholly to racial traits. The Estonians, across the Gulf, are blood kin of the Finns. Estonia's defaults on her United States debt now amount to about two million dollars, of her total funded indebtedness of thirteen million odd. It is, obviously, something more than breed, and something more than inherited honesty, that sets Finland brightly apart in a shabby fellowship of European nations. Moreover, I don't care how successful you may be with your paint and harness shop in Tacoma, there are lessons for you in thrift and efficiency and management in Finland. Although poor, it is slumless; Helsinki, its capital and largest city, has not one dirty street, one slatternly courtyard. New York, our principal city, houses *one-fourth of its inhabitants* in slums under conditions of pitiful squalor. Finland, although "going," has no extremes of riches or poverty, and it is one of the three only countries in the world that balanced their budgets in the last fiscal year. Great Britain and the Dominican Republic are the others.

Finland is remote; more than a bit off the track. Once you have reached it, however, you will lose all sense of distance and more than likely find a gently nostalgic resemblance to your own Minnesota or Maine or Idaho. The qualities you seek in people and in country will not pop forthwith into your eyes and mind. The Finns are hard to know; reserved, almost forbidding, like the pewter skies of their long winters. Likewise, their forests and cities and lakes do not comprise a tourist's paradise, so much as a wanderer's delight. It is not for those who barge in moodlessly; either you hate it and depart forever within three days, or you have a difficult time leaving at all. It took your experienced reporter almost a week to learn about the Orient Express; and on that night six Finns, including a national hero, slept on and under his bed. We shall come to that.

The Way to Finland

Meanwhile, we are on our way into Finland.

You can go by air if you have a mind to; leaving the main line between Russia and West Europe at Tallinn (formerly Reval) in Estonia, and flying thence for thirty minutes across the Gulf of Finland into Helsinki. Or you can fly across the northern Baltic from Stockholm, and see the uncounted Aland Islands shimmering in the morning haze like torn green silks on a glass counter. You can go by ship direct from the United States, or from Hull in England; also from several Baltic ports. The night and day voyage from Stockholm is particularly fine in the season of the white nights. Perhaps there will be a crowd of young Finnish students aboard, and they will gather on the after deck as your ship casts off from a Skeppsbronn wharf and backs into the Nordstream and stand rigidly at attention to sing an old and profoundly sad northland song of farewell.

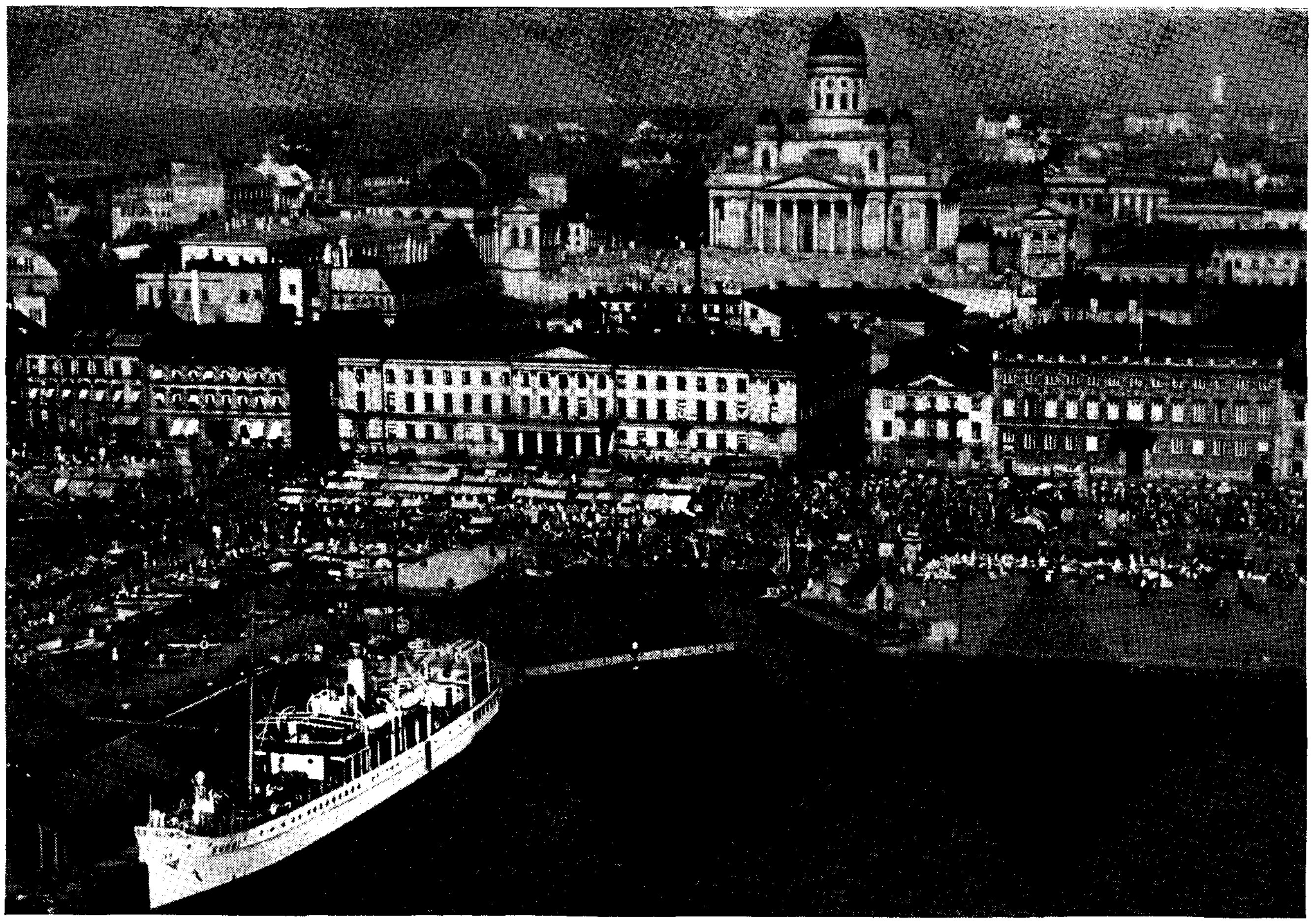
Later, in the mysteriously blended twilight and dawn of the summer midnight they will gather on deck again. Relaxed now, by aquavit and smörgåsbord, by good food and wine, by companionship, they will sing—but still in a manner that will make you reach for your hanky. Like those of most people who have fought through hopeless centuries for independence, the folk songs of the Finns are plaintive, troubled, low-pitched with elusive melancholy. Remember this night and these pensive songs, for they make up your first important clue to the history and character and temperament of the Finns.

Helsinki's Gateway

So much for journeying by air or water. If I had a choice, I should prefer to arrive in Finland by train from the Russian frontier, just at nightfall when the four green round lamps held in pairs on either side of the Helsinki station entrance by stone goliaths restore a measure of light to the cobbled square. Eliel Saarinen, Finnish architectural genius, whose imprints are upon Helsinki quite as thickly as Sir Christopher Wren's are upon London, conceived this depot. Saarinen now teaches in a school near Detroit, Michigan. His terminal is not the largest nor busiest in the world; but I don't know where you might find one so handsome, so chastely elegant. It is as renowned for beauty throughout Northern Europe as the famous Stadthuset, or Town Hall, of Stockholm. Helsinki's "rautatieasema"—as the simple Finnish language has it—is of native granite; and so pridefully kept by the Finns that you might set your lunch on any part of its floor with less offense to your health than to your good manners.

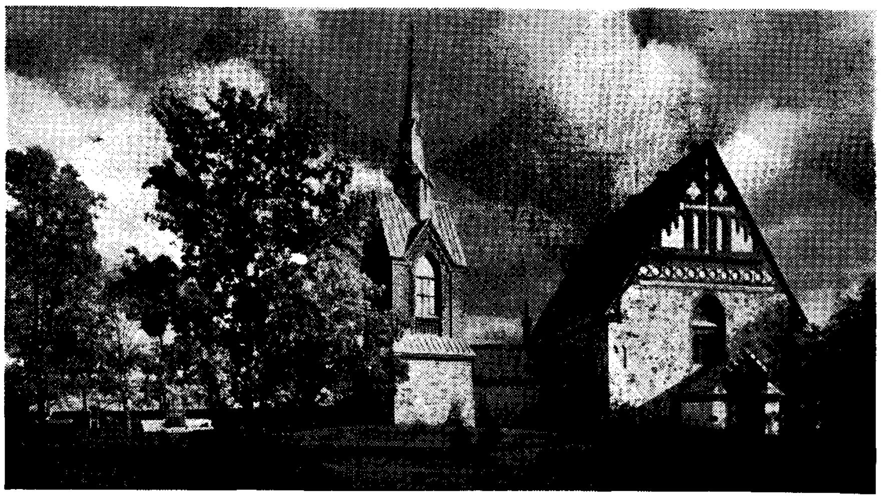
It is the most inspiring gateway into Finland because when you pass through it, virtually your first steps are upon ground hallowed in the Finnish struggle for liberty. Here, in the bitter January of 1917, the icy cobblestones were briefly

(Continued on page 46)



PHOTOGRAPHS © BY SUOMEN-MATKAT

Helsinki, above, shows distinct traces of Russian architecture. Photograph shows the waterfront and the marketplace



Rural churches are spots of beauty throughout Finland

Finnish youngsters develop some of the fortitude which is a national characteristic in the sauna, or steam bath. At the right, a street-car conductress

Play Something Simple

By Laura Z. Hobson

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

The splendid results obtained by Tim Millard by launching a lady on a career. A musical story in which every note is perfect

MAYBE she wasn't the most beautiful thing in the whole world, but Tim Millard didn't feel like being heckled about it.

An acute sensation of discomfort arose somewhere in the guilt region, for he suddenly remembered Margot. Suddenly wasn't really the way to remember your fiancée, he supposed, especially when she was only a train trip away waiting for you. Come to think of it, that was the way he seemed mostly to remember Margot. Suddenly. Ever since that highball night six weeks ago when they got engaged. . . .

He looked across at the girl at his table.

It was really none of his doing. He had told the steward he wanted a small table, alone.

"Yes, Mr. Millard," he had replied.

Tim had ignored him. He had ordered and felt acutely bored. Blizzards that grounded Palm Beach planes bored him. Palm Beach trains bored him. Obsequious dining-car stewards that remembered all the right people from winter to winter bored him.

He gave himself morosely over to the wintry landscape snapping past. Dreary trip. Not a soul he knew on the whole train. Not a decent book to read. Nothing by way of light entertainment and a floor show but the portable phonograph he was obligingly lugging down to Carrie for her new boat. All aboard the lugger. Married sisters were definitely a nuisance. Especially when they had art in their henna like Carrie. Imagine, just imagine, wanting a bunch of Beethoven and Brahms on a yacht under a southern moon.

Well, he was the handy young brother you long-distanced and asked to stagger south under a lot of Old Masters. Why hadn't he at least been bright enough to buy a stack of new dance records for this foul trip?

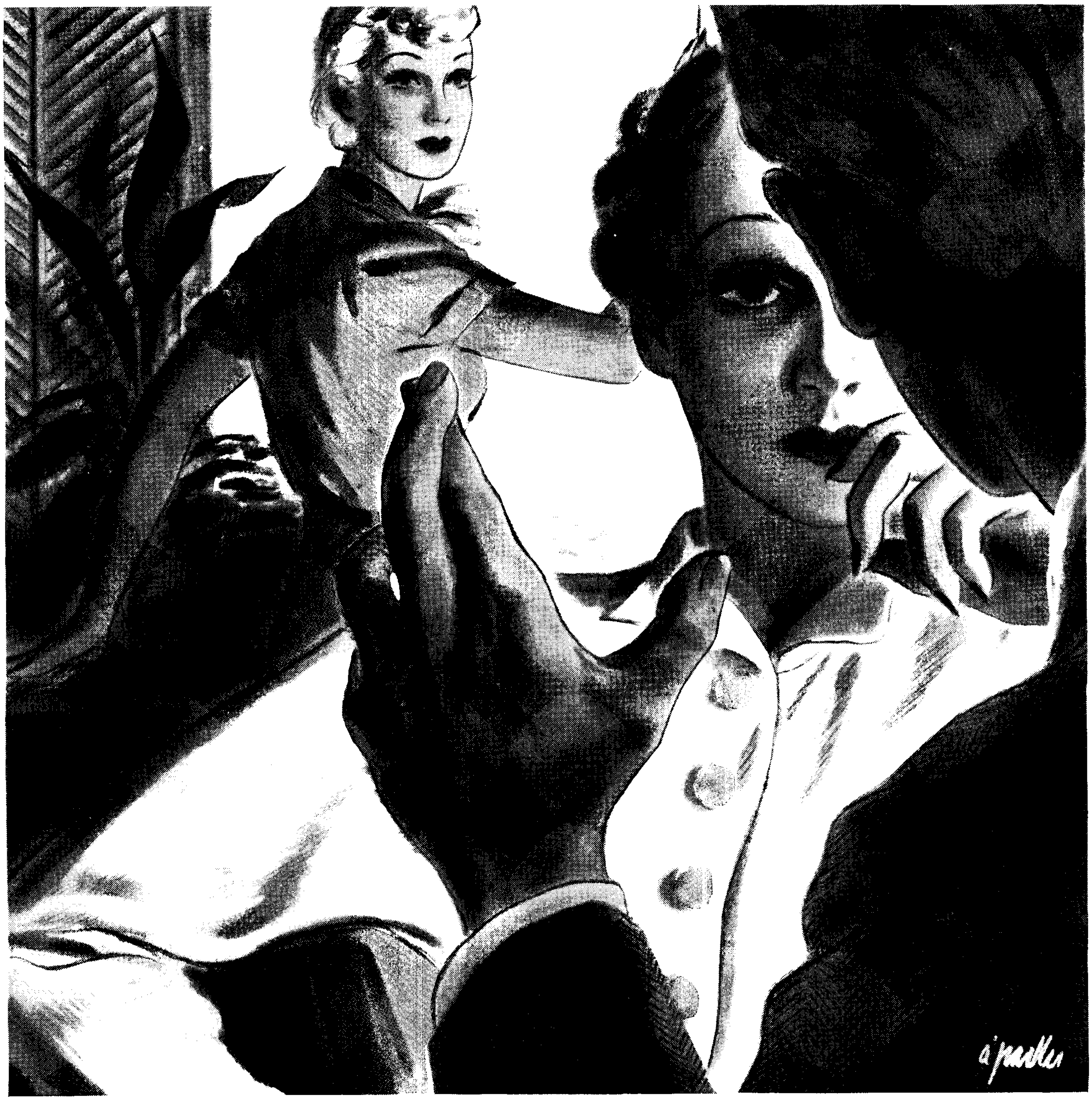
He shot an unfriendly look at the steward, approaching all a-smile.

Just behind him was the girl.

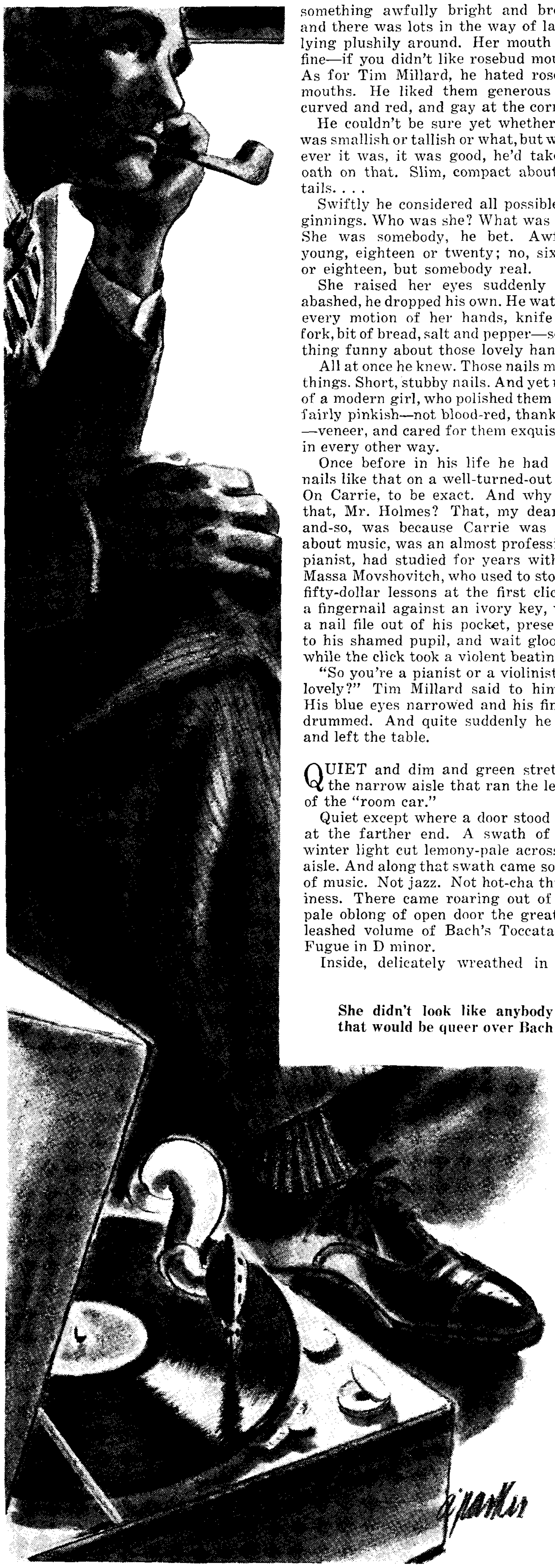
She was looking about uncertainly. The steward stopped at Tim's table, pulled out the empty chair. . . .

Tim forgot the oily fellow, and stared at her. Maybe she wasn't the most beautiful thing in the world, but he didn't feel like arguing about it. He told himself at once that this was one knockout. Lovely, not in the brittle enameled kind of way that Margot—

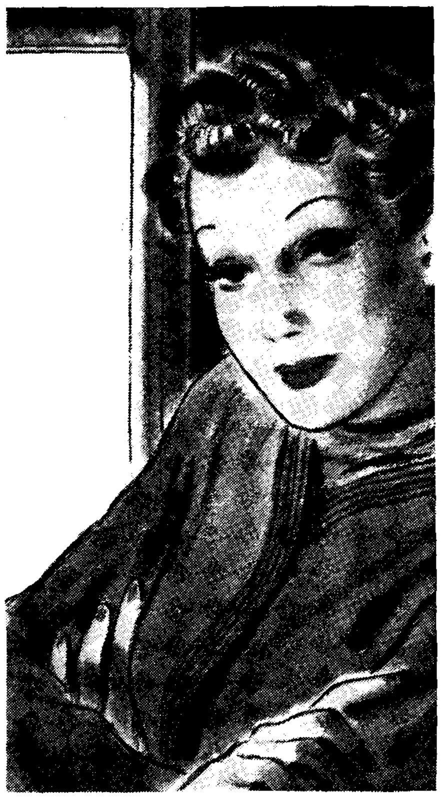
He liked her hair, for one thing. It wasn't blond or raven black, or red; it was good old-fashioned chestnut, and curly as hell. Her eyes were her own business, so far, but he'd had a flash of



"Listen, now, be a sport, sweet, and no monkey business either," he said. "She thinks I'm like that"



She didn't look like anybody that would be queer over Bach



something awfully bright and brown, and there was lots in the way of lashes lying plushily around. Her mouth was fine—if you didn't like rosebud mouths. As for Tim Millard, he hated rosebud mouths. He liked them generous and curved and red, and gay at the corners.

He couldn't be sure yet whether she was smallish or tallish or what, but whatever it was, it was good, he'd take an oath on that. Slim, compact about details. . . .

Swiftly he considered all possible beginnings. Who was she? What was she? She was somebody, he bet. Awfully young, eighteen or twenty; no, sixteen or eighteen, but somebody real.

She raised her eyes suddenly and, abashed, he dropped his own. He watched every motion of her hands, knife and fork, bit of bread, salt and pepper—something funny about those lovely hands—

All at once he knew. Those nails meant things. Short, stubby nails. And yet nails of a modern girl, who polished them with fairly pinkish—not blood-red, thank you—veneer, and cared for them exquisitely in every other way.

Once before in his life he had seen nails like that on a well-turned-out girl. On Carrie, to be exact. And why was that, Mr. Holmes? That, my dear so-and-so, was because Carrie was nuts about music, was an almost professional pianist, had studied for years with old Massa Movshovitch, who used to stop his fifty-dollar lessons at the first click of a fingernail against an ivory key, whip a nail file out of his pocket, present it to his shamed pupil, and wait gloomily while the click took a violent beating.

"So you're a pianist or a violinist, my lovely?" Tim Millard said to himself. His blue eyes narrowed and his fingers drummed. And quite suddenly he rose and left the table.

QUIET and dim and green stretched the narrow aisle that ran the length of the "room car."

Quiet except where a door stood open at the farther end. A swath of thin winter light cut lemony-pale across the aisle. And along that swath came sounds of music. Not jazz. Not hot-cha throatiness. There came roaring out of that pale oblong of open door the great unleashed volume of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

Inside, delicately wreathed in blue smoke from a black pipe, his legs stretched out for miles ahead of him, his fair head back against the cushioned rest, his eyes nearly closed, Tim Millard watched the aisle like a hawk.

A music-loving hawk. For on his face was the look of the Music Lover—that peculiar, suffocating look of ecstasy.

The proper passer-by was a long time arriving. Finally through his slitted eyes he saw her step past the open door. Saw the satisfactory start she gave when her ears took in the music that smote them.

SHE stopped short; stared at him, incredulous—at the phonograph, whooping up andantes or something from the floor at his feet. At the stack of symphony albums on the rack over his head. Then at the ecstatic listening face.

Tim suddenly opened his eyes. She flushed, started off.

"If you'd like to hear it, please stay."

The music leaped to a thundering crescendo and Tim to his feet.

"Come on in—you like music?"

"Heavens. I—I was sort of wondering who in the name of the average citizen rides around the country playing Bach!"

She smiled. Tim's heart stopped. So did the record.

"It's magnificent, isn't it?" he said possessively. "It's the—er—"

He hung over the record, changing it, and cursed the quantities of nonessential reading matter they put on the things. He finally started it on the other side and turned back toward his guest.

"It's Bach's Toccata and Fugue," he said dreamily, "you know—the Philadelphia's playing it—you sit over there."

Wordless, she obeyed him. The music started again.

"But that side's the beginning of it," she said. "You like it backwards?"

"The beginning—yes, of course. I thought you'd like to hear the start of it."

She nodded gratefully at his thoughtfulness. Tim smiled. "You caught yourself in time that time, dope," he said sternly to himself, "but watch it or else!"

There was nothing threatening for the space of the whole record, anyway, he thought, and again gave himself over to musical ecstasy. If it were only Paul Whiteman, now, or Fred Waring, or, that new Lord Ottley, he thought wistfully. She didn't even look like anybody that would be queer over Bach—if this stuff didn't sound like scales and chords for little Willy to practice, he'd eat his oboe. She didn't look especially wild about it, either; merely sat there quietly, looking attentive.

Maybe that was the way to look, not all goofy the way he was doing. He wiped the look of ecstasy off his face.

The record was closing, he knew that much by watching the needle. Once she looked over at him and smiled, and he knew, unmistakably, that whatever torture of boredom lay ahead in the musical life he was diving into, it would all be worth it.

"Want more now?" he said. "There's a whole album—" His arm waved familiarly at the open album, its remaining leaves each yielding a little shiny black arc of record.

"Whole album? The Toccata's only one record."

For an instant Tim wavered, then he smiled easily. This was one of the easier ones.

"I just meant, a whole album of gorgeous stuff," he said graciously, "not to speak of six others over your head."

She twisted around to see them.

"Do you always carry that many with you when you travel? Or is just a symphony or two usually enough?"

Tim laughed.

"I'm a phonograph salesman on my beat," he said. "What are you?"

"Me—oh, I'm nothing," she answered. "I see," he said politely. There was a moment of silence. "My name's Timothy—that is, Tim Millard," he offered, "and would you like more music?"

"Mine's kind of a silly name," she answered. "I'd love it. After all, that's why I—"

"Yes, I know. Tell you what. You tell me your silly name and then I'll play you the—er—the—well, you can look them all over yourself and pick what you'd like to hear."

"It's Francesca Devriot," she said, "and isn't that something!" It wasn't a question, merely a patient comment.

"Francesca Devriot," he repeated slowly. "It's a swell name, what's the matter with it?"

"Oh, it sounds like a concert pianist or something awful like that."

"And the catch is, that's just precisely what you are."

SHE stared. She gaped. She said, "What?" Tim waved a hand largely.

"I know all about it. Studying the piano, going to have a big debut, famous career, prima donna life."

"How'd you ever—"

Tim shrugged. "I catch on—gifted that way. Think nothing of it."

"And you can't stand girls with careers, of course?"

"Of course," he said pleasantly, and they both laughed tremendously. "When do you start being one of those things?"

"When—and if, you mean. It costs pails of money even to make a debut, and the family's broke."

"Depression?"

"No—just Southern. And mother just won't give in—you know the way mothers are when they get set on giving their children every chance."

Tim nodded.

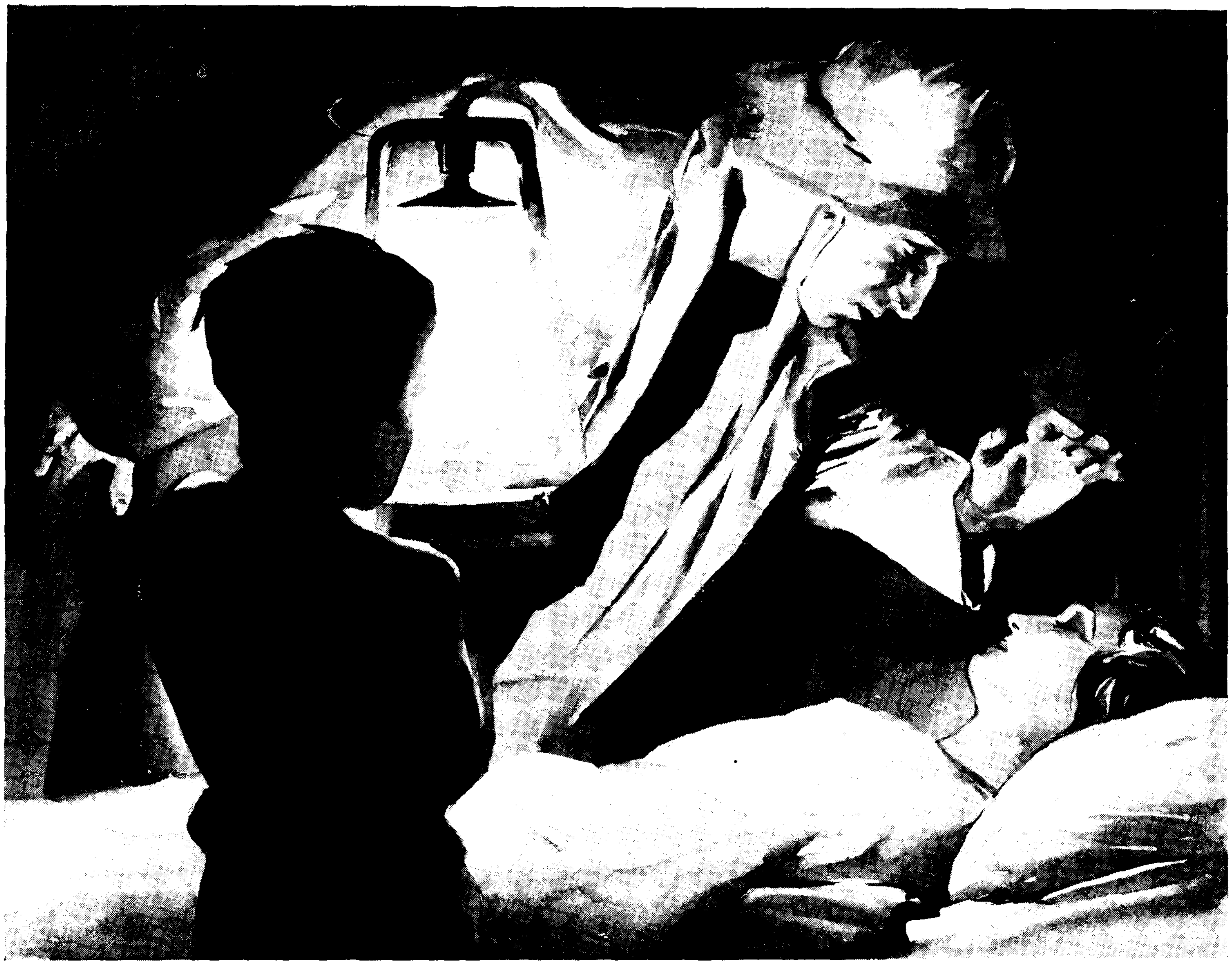
"I keep telling her we should have been born in the Renaissance—you know with patrons of art running around loose."

"Good old Renaissance," said Tim lazily. He'd never felt more cheery in his life. Her eyes weren't really brown, they were practically plum-colored.

Tim watched her swing up the high steps from the Jacksonville platform the next day. Something about her grace and simplicity got to him in the darnedest way. Last night, now. Take last night. Sitting for two hours over dinner. His compartment, talking, even listening to all that pointless music, or rather watching her listen to it—

"Some day I'll travel in one of these cunning little jobs," she said as they got

(Continued on page 44)



Bill bent over the bed. The sleeping face was enigmatic with a faint smile, mysterious and remote

The Bishop of the Sea

Of the Reverend Bill Cardle of Crucifixion Bay, who witnessed a miracle. A Christmas story that you will long remember

By Michael Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

A COLUMN of steam whirled roaring up into rainy darkness, and the big Alaska liner backed out into the stream.

Down below in the main saloon the orchestra was playing "Silent Night" as the bows of the ship swung toward the north for her Christmas voyage. Her siren bellowed again along the waterfront. The bright decks were almost empty, already. Only a few muffled figures leaned on the rails, for the rain was turning into trailing wet veils of snow, dimming the lights of Seattle beyond the blackly shining roofs of the piers.

Nearly all the passengers had gone below. They would be spending Christmas Day at sea, somewhere off the wild northwest coast. Their staterooms, the ship's saloons and lounges, were banked with flowers—roses and gardenias, lilies and violets. Tons of them. They would be wilted by Christmas morning, four days from now; but there was a Christmas tree in the hold, and long ropes of evergreen. . . .

The tall liner stood to the north, toward Admiralty Inlet, carrying one light above her, like a star.

The Reverend Bill Cardle laid his course by the weather-scarred sea cliff which marks the entrance to Crucifixion Bay.

Under a scudding cloud rack the battered old ketch raced heavily by the wind, her lee rail hissing awash through the mantle of foam which spread from her plunging bows. Braced solidly, he eased the surge and quiver of her flight with his big hands gripping the salt-roughened spokes of the wheel. It was Christmas Eve, and he had made his landfall.

HIS gaunt young face, engraved by the sun and the sea, dripped with the lash of blowing spume, and he was smiling a little without knowing it. Here—in his chapel-ship, which with the labor of his hands he had rebuilt from a fishing vessel—here, at least, he was sure of himself. Along this desolate coast, he thought maybe he was as useful, in his way, as the brilliant rectors whom he had watched humbly in their rich churches in the cities.

Away forward, beyond the two masts steeply aslant with their press of stained sail, he saw the bowed shoulders of Gus, the fisherman from the off-shore islands, who was his crew. As the ketch shouldered into a smoking black sea, a curtain of spray leaped to silhouette that figure crouched in the bows under the wind-tautened arch of the staysail. Against the falling whirl of spindrift, the torso and bullet head of the old man were sharply outlined for an instant, with the face turned up dumbly to the skies of winter.

Far ahead, against the dim haze of islands on the horizon, Bill had a glimpse of another craft dancing fitfully through the scud. As nearly as he could make it out it was a purse seiner, also standing in for Crucifixion Bay. While he watched it, a faintly shining wall of deep-sea rain swept whispering in over the waters, blotting out the headlands and flattening the wave crests. Gus came aft, staring at the straining sails where the rain was beating as on drumheads. He lifted one hand in a sour gesture of inquiry.

"Okay," Bill said. "We'll go in under power."

Gus hauled out the blocks and lines of a relieving tackle and they slipped the two loops over opposite spokes of the wheel. The twilight deepened while they were taking the sail off her, and the ketch began to plunge more slowly on her course. The rudder groaned against the fetters of the wheel tackle as a big sea swung the stern high, and the bows disappeared in a boiling smother, to lift a moment later spouting against the sky while the ketch wallowed with barely way upon her.

BILL hurried below and by the smoky light of a lantern started turning the heavy-duty engine over. The flywheel kicked back with a deep grunting cough and the engine began its steady pounding. Bill went back on deck and took the tackle off the wheel, easing the clutch in with his foot. The ketch lurched and began moving ahead again, while Gus took the staysail off her and began lashing the booms. The rain lifted abruptly and they saw the cliff almost abeam and under its loom the two light buoys marking the channel among the reefs.

The purse seiner was making heavy weather of it a thousand yards ahead and offshore. A wind-torn fir bough was lashed to her foremasthead, a forlorn and hopeful reminder of the day. A series of short, discordant blasts from her siren came beating across the wind, sounding remote and lonely like the cries of some northern sea bird. A moment later, as she altered her course and stood in toward the ketch, one of the men on the little bridge above the wheelhouse began waving his arms. Bill brought the ketch into the wind and throttled down the engine, so she rode pitching on the big swell with a tremendous clattering of unstowed gear aloft.

MOTIONING Gus to the wheel, Bill went to the rail, watching the seiner drift down upon them, almost rolling her running lights under, for she came at an angle, quartering across the seas. Clinging with one hand to the canvas weather dodger, the figure on her bridge lifted a megaphone.

"Something wrong on Starb'rd Island. D'ye hear? That singing woman . . ." The rest of it was torn away by a flaw in the wind.

Braced against the rail of the ketch, Bill trumpeted back through cupped hands. The seiner captain turned his head and said something to the man at the wheel. The interval of heaving water lessened between them.

The two vessels soared and plunged. As a great sea bore the ketch high, Bill would see as though from above the deck plan of the seiner, lying almost on her beam ends. Then the ketch would fall away with a swoop and he would have a glimpse of caked red lead along the seiner's forefoot, and the bearded face of her captain peering over the edge of the weather dodger. His words came in odd snatches:

"—Hear what I said, Rev'rend? The show-woman . . . something wrong . . . the woman on Starb'rd Island. . . ." He paused, as if by shouting openly of that stranger of the islands he had committed some indiscretion between the sea and the sky. "That boy . . . pillow-case flying from a tree for a flag," he added.

"All right, Nielsen. Thanks," Bill shouted back. "Ease her some, Gus."

"I would 'a' put in there, but . . . the tide. Figgered it was your job soon's I sighted you," the seiner skipper howled sociably, his voice suddenly distinct in a lull. "Well, see y'later, Rev'rend." He waved his arm and grinned, disappearing abruptly behind the weather dodger. The seiner's big Diesel took up its measured pumping and she sheered off with a farewell circular wallow of her stern.

LEANING on the rail, Bill watched the big fish boat disappearing in the murk, standing in under the cliff toward the two glimmering light buoys. He turned and looked thoughtfully at Gus, who stood steadying the wheel, his barbaric old face thrust into the wind.

"Let's take her west by northwest, Gus," he said. "That'll fetch us into the channel. We can take our bearings from the house—there's sure to be some kind of a light showing. We'll keep her under power."

Gus nodded. Going below, Bill clung to the scuttle for a moment as the ketch came around with a shudder to her new course. Gus inched open the throttle until she was butting stubbornly along at eight knots.

In the cuddy, Bill lit the lamp which swung on gimbals from the ceiling, holding a match to the wick while water dripped from the sleeves of his slicker. As soon as he turned it loose, the light began rolling in crazy circles, filling the place with umber shadows leaping in grotesque rhythm. He stood still for a minute, listening to the creak and groan of timbers, the slapping rush of water along the sides, around the labor of the engine. Then he hung his oilskins up on a peg and, opening a drawer under the shipyard-built altar, took out a chart case.

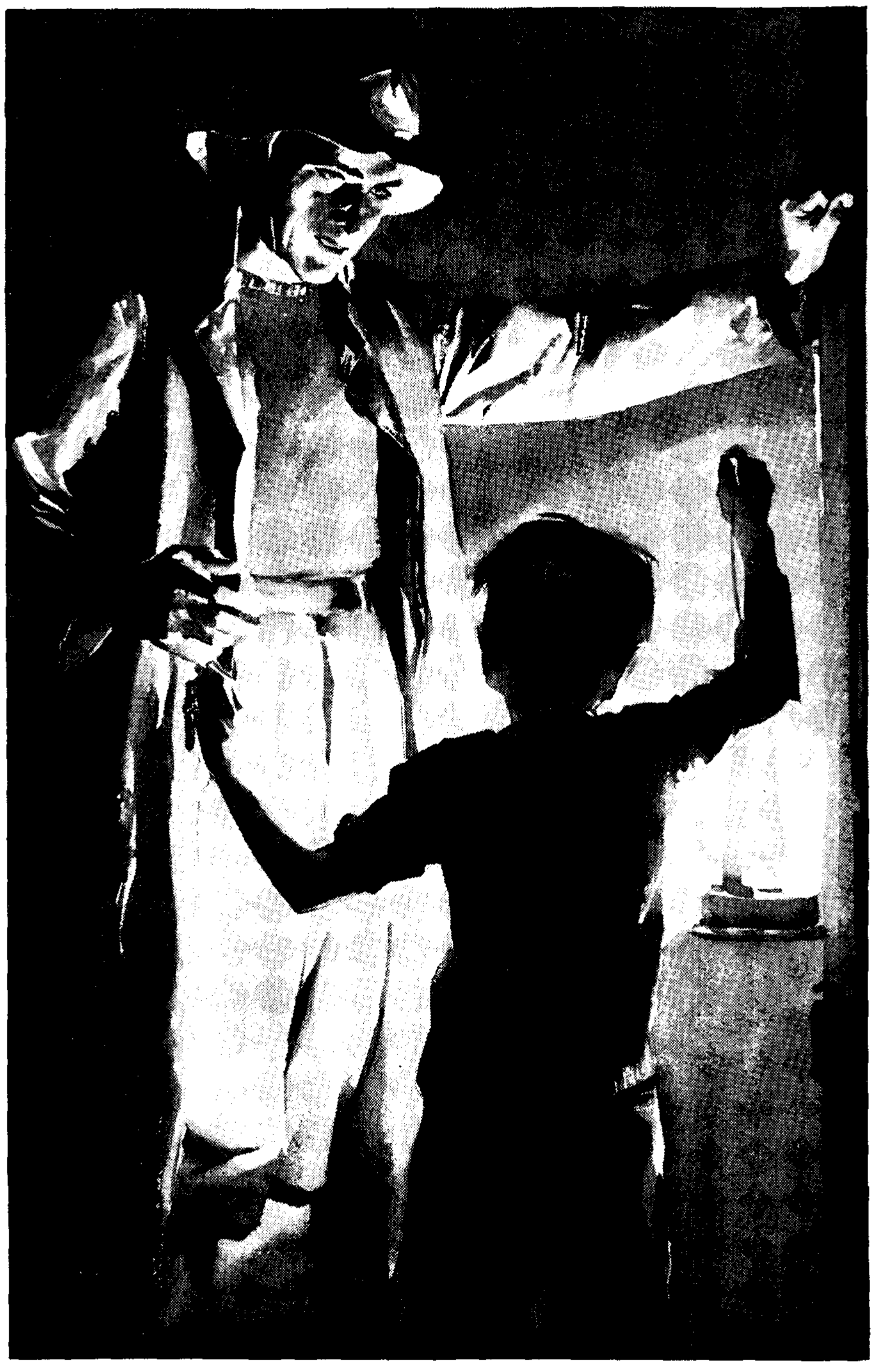
He found the chart of the islands and unrolled it on the altar under the light, weighting the upper edge down with a prayer book. Marking his present position with a pencil, he ran out his course, making sure it would bring the ketch into the channel a half mile to the southeastward of Starboard Island. A three-knot current, he decided, would be setting inshore through the channel with the flood tide.

Taking a blackened corncob out of his pocket, he fumbled thoughtfully in the drawer until he found a plug of black tobacco tucked away behind his sextant case. With the acrid fumes curling about his head, he stood frowning at the outspread chart, while the shadows slid back and forth across the five benches before the sea-going pulpit. The singing woman, the woman of the shows. . . . She had come to this coast in the early autumn, with a show troupe, a band of theatrical folk. They had a play of some sort, with music, and they had put it on in the opera house at Crucifixion Bay.

It was none of his business, but someone had told him that the show had gone broke. Somebody, a man—the manager, maybe: a thin-faced man who owned a fur-collared overcoat—had taken what money there was and fled to Seattle, abandoning the company. The actors and actresses had drifted out, filtered back somehow toward the States, in ones and twos. Except for this woman and her boy.

HE HAD never seen her. But after a while he had heard that she and her child had been put out of the frame hotel in Crucifixion Bay because she had no money to pay the bill. Then she had disappeared, with the boy. It was only last month that he had heard of the two of them again—they were living in the abandoned house on Starboard Island. He hadn't thought much about it at the time.

One other thing he had heard. Once a week, the woman rowed with the child in a dory to the mainland to make her meager purchases in a store on the beach. No one spoke to her, and she didn't seem to notice that they stared while avoiding her. One time some youths had tried to burn her dory while she was in the store. As she ran tottering back and forth on the beach, they said, trying to put out the fire, one of them—a gawky farm boy—had hooted and thrown a stone at her from a thicket. She gave no sign that she had seen it. Stirred with a vague sort of pity, Bill had thought he must put in to call on her some day. But he hadn't gotten around to it. He had too much else on his mind.



Bill grinned. "Hello," he said. "Is your mother—where is she?"

BILL had one consuming ambition. He knew it was sinful vanity, but he wanted to be a bishop.

For nine years he had navigated the channels and the reefs of this sea parish of his. On two Sundays a month he would be preaching in one of the bleak, wind-battered little chapels he had built —one on the hill above Crucifixion Bay, the other on Leeward Head, three hundred and fifty miles to the north. Between those two Sabbaths ashore, the chapel-ship might be found at some remote settlement of the islands; or moored to a log boom off a little tidewater sawmill at the head of some deep and winding inlet, and Bill's voice booming solemnly above the screech and whine of the saws.

Yes, he thought he had earned the right to be made a bishop, some day, over his thousand miles of coast. He asked no richer diocese. And the church had had, before now, bishops who had journeyed to and fro, working with their hands to build their altars in the wilderness—those pioneer bishops had not been suave or clever men, either. Bill had it figured out that maybe when he had four churches built along the coast, they would see that it really was a diocese already and not just an uncouth parish. From hours of hopeful thought at sea, those four churches had become a fixed idea for Bill.

And now he had the money to build the third one.

In a canvas bag, locked away in a strongbox under the mattress of his bunk, was a hoard of dollars laboriously saved. For three years, he had gone without many a coveted book, eaten lean suppers, so that he could mail a little more money to the bank in Seattle. Last week he had drawn it all out and carried it in worldly victory down to his ketch, where he had moored her to a fish dock in the crowded harbor. Enough money to buy lumber for the biggest of all his churches. Christmas past, and he would start building it on the beach at Spaniard's Arm.

RELIGHTING his corncob, Bill absentmindedly reached again into the altar drawer and picked up a magazine, a gaudily covered magazine of adventure stories. Opening it to a continued story, he sat down and stretched out his legs with a sigh of grave contentment. But a thought struck him. He blinked with guilt and hastily shoved the magazine back into the drawer, out of his sight. In its place, he took out a book he had bought from a dusty bin on the Seattle waterfront—"The Life and Sermons of Timothy Dreare, D. D." He had been planning to begin the reading of it tonight, Christmas Eve, while the ketch lay at the whalers' anchorage under the hill in Crucifixion Bay. He considered it very suitable reading for a prospective bishop.

He peeked at a mildewed page toward the back of the book and read a line at random, still thinking of how fine it would seem to be a—

"—*Sooner shall the sea bloom with flowers . . .*"

Startled, Bill read it again:

"—*Sooner shall the sea . . .*"

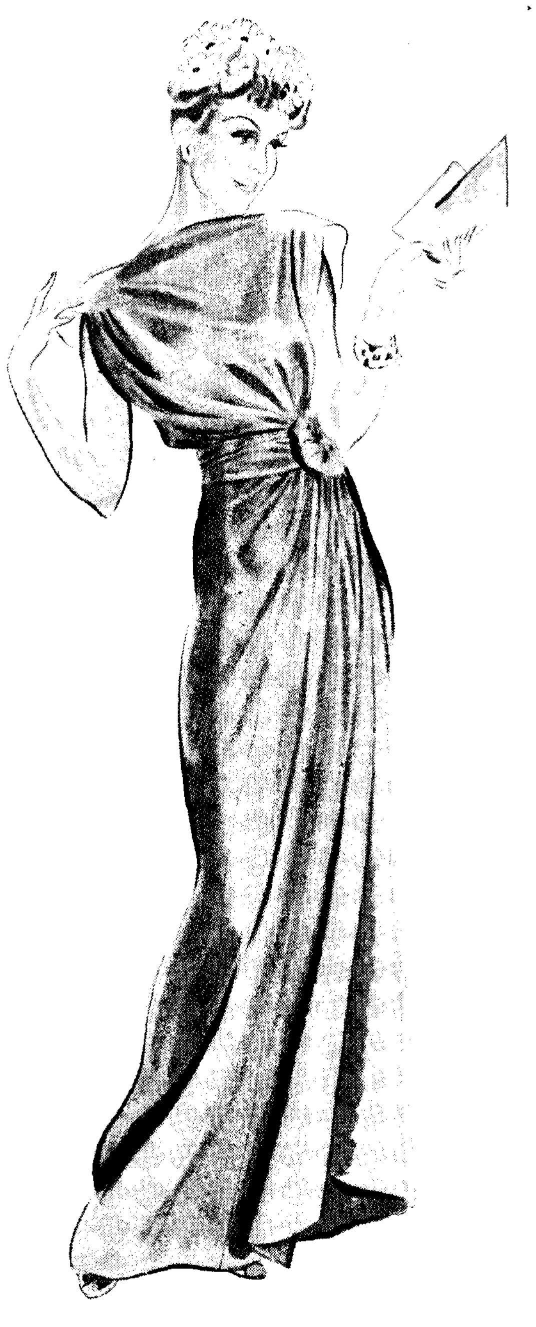
He smiled, but as he put the book away his elation had somehow thinned, for Bill had a seaman's regard for portents. When he went back on deck again, darkness had come upon the tumbling waters. Pausing to look over the rail, he could see only the dim wash of the ketch's passage and the occasional glimmer of a white crest fading in the

(Continued on page 34)

Callingham's Girl

By Arthur Somers Roche and Ethel Pettit Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



The Story Thus Far:

BILL CANTAVO, leader of New York's most popular orchestra and a friend to thousands, makes two enemies in one evening: the wealthy Willy Jernegan, to whose midnight party he refuses to escort some of his "boys and girls"; and the equally wealthy Walter Callingham, whom he rebukes severely and orders out of the place (the gorgeous Hotel Monroe, where the orchestra is a great drawing card) after Callingham has insulted one of his singers.

Jernegan and Callingham are both playboys, spenders. But, because of their wealth and prominence, Graham, Cantavo's manager, is alarmed by the episodes. Not so, Cantavo. He goes blithely on his way; and the following morning finds him an usher at the wedding of Tim Marsten, one of his dearest friends, and lovely Mary Byran—a wedding which attracts New York's most distinguished people.

The wedding over, the bride prepares for the reception. Cantavo waits for her. A man—Inspector Jim Henderson, of the New *York police force—accosts him.* "Bill," he says gravely, "I want to speak to Mrs. Marsten. Will you get her for me?" Mystified, Cantavo looks for her, finds her, tells her the inspector wants to speak to her—and she promptly disappears!

Henderson does not seem to be surprised. But Cantavo is both surprised and alarmed. "What's up, Jim?" he asks. "I don't know," is the answer. "But Walter Callingham was murdered this morning. I want to have a talk with Mrs. Marsten. *She was Callingham's girl.*"

II

SURE," said Cantavo. "And I'm Mussolini and you're Hitler. Call me Benny, will you?" His attempt at lightness was clumsy.

Vainly Henderson tried to break the grip that Cantavo held.

"Let go of me, Bill," he said.

Cantavo shook his head.

"Take it easy, Jim. I'll take you home and put an ice pack on your forehead and you'll be good as new tomorrow morning. Have you gone crazy?"

But even as he put the question the fingers that gripped the inspector's arm relaxed slightly. Mary Marsten had known Callingham; she had denied such an acquaintance. Such a slight matter did not prove that she was what Henderson had called her, but it did prove that there were things in the girl's past that she had wished to hide from the man whom she had married an hour ago. It was a long journey *from* petty deceit to entanglement in a murder, but Henderson seemed to see clearly the route of that journey. Nevertheless, it was incredible that a girl like Mary Marsten could have sordidness behind her and tragic violence in the almost immediate present. Cantavo tried a jeering laugh that was unconvincing even to himself.

"Good Lord, Jim, you're not hinting that—"

"I'm not hinting anything. Callingham was shot this morning. His butler says that Mrs. Marsten called on him this morning. She was alone in his living-room with him. A few minutes after she left, the butler found Callingham dead. He's talked. He told me that Mary Byran and Callingham had an affair. He said that Callingham had told him as much. And Mrs. Marsten sneaks out a side door as soon as she learns I want to talk to her. Now will you take your big hand off me?"

"Take it easy, Jim," said Cantavo. "You go off half-cocked and the explosion may blow you right out of your job."

"It's my job, and I like it, and I'll hang onto it," said the inspector.

"But what are you going to do? You can't start a scandal. Marsten has plenty drag in this town."

"Has he? He'll need it all. Now quit bothering me, Bill. I've got to get her."

"She won't be hard to find. Cool off," advised Cantavo. "She probably wanted to dodge the crowd. Here comes Marsten now. He'll tell you where to find her."

"Will he? I wonder," said Henderson.

AS CANTAVO released his arm, Henderson stared at the impatient bridegroom who was coming down the hall. Marsten greeted Cantavo jovially.

"Well, you old son of a gun. Sneaking down here to chat with my wife? I'm suspicious of you, Bill."

He looked inquiringly at Henderson.

"This is Inspector Henderson, Tim," said Cantavo.

Marsten's expression was polite but uninterested.

"Glad to meet you, Inspector. Thanks for the escort." He put forth his hand and touched the knob of the door.

"Mrs. Marsten isn't there," said Henderson.

Marsten looked at him in surprise.

"No?"

"No," said Henderson. "I sent word that I wanted to see her and she took it on the lam, Mr. Marsten."

Young Marsten frowned.

"She did what?"

"Beat it, blew, scrammed, ran out."

"I don't believe I get you. Why would my wife leave here without me?"

"That's what I want to know," said Henderson. "I guess she'd rather not see you if she had to see me, too."

Marsten suddenly smiled; he turned to Cantavo.

"Several other guests are in the same condition," he said. "Champagne at noon has a terrific kick. Suppose you take the inspector out where the cool air can blow on him."

He reached again for the door, but Henderson touched his arm.

"No use, Mr. Marsten. Your wife isn't there."

Marsten colored slightly. He looked at Cantavo.

"Fun is fun, Bill, but kidnapping the bride is not my idea of a joke. Nor yours, either, I'd say. If you'll just take your friend—"

"Mr. Marsten, a man was murdered this morning. Walter Callingham. Know him?"

Marsten merely stared.

"Your wife called on him. She was the last person to see him alive. I send Bill Cantavo to tell her that I want to talk to her and she disappears."

"You're insane," said Marsten. "My wife didn't know Callingham."

"Yes, she did. Very well," said the inspector.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Marsten.

"Let's not go into that now," said Henderson. "I'm losing time. I've got to send out an alarm—"

"You what?" Marsten turned again to Cantavo. "What's it all about, Bill? Mary never met Callingham. Why on earth would she call on him? And this morning of all mornings?"

"That's the very question I want to ask her," said Henderson. "I know how you feel, Mr. Marsten. To find out that your wife was friendly with a man you thought she didn't know—"

The blow was struck before Cantavo could intervene. Henderson went down instantly. But he rolled over and was on his feet almost before Cantavo realized that he had been hit. The icy eyes of the officer took in the half crouching body of the man who had struck him.

Looking at the white face of Marsten, the inspector spoke to Cantavo:

"Take him away, Bill. This is off the record. I know how he feels and I don't blame him. But if he tries it again I'll blast him."

Marsten took a step forward. Cantavo seized his wrist and bent it back.

"Easy, Tim. The inspector could throw you right in jail for this. He's being swell. He has his duty. Give him a break."

Henderson's eyes left the face of Marsten. He nodded to Cantavo.

"Take him somewhere and give him a drink. I'll want to talk to him by and by." He brushed the knees of his trousers, adjusted his tie, and almost ran down the hall.

Cantavo linked his right arm through Marsten's left.

"Tim, let's you and I knock over a couple."

FRANK GRAHAM greeted his employer with the wrath that he felt was justified by the occasion.

"What the hell, Bill?" he cried. "Why let me make contracts if you don't intend to keep them? I suppose that a party is more important than making phonograph records. We've been waiting here since before two. The Conqueror Company uses other records, you know, besides the ones we make. Two hours and a half wasted. And there's no use saying you'll make them tomorrow or any other day. You're booked for every minute. Why do you do such things, Bill?" His voice was pleading. "For the love of Mike think up a good excuse. We know the Conqueror Company can't do without you, but why kick them in the pants? Trot out the old oil and calm them down."

Cantavo strode over to the frowning representative of the phonograph company.

"Couldn't be sorrier, Blaine," he said. "Read the afternoon papers and you'll know the answer. Graham says I can't make up the lost time, but I'll do it somehow. And now we'll go to work. You can do a lot in thirty minutes if you have to."

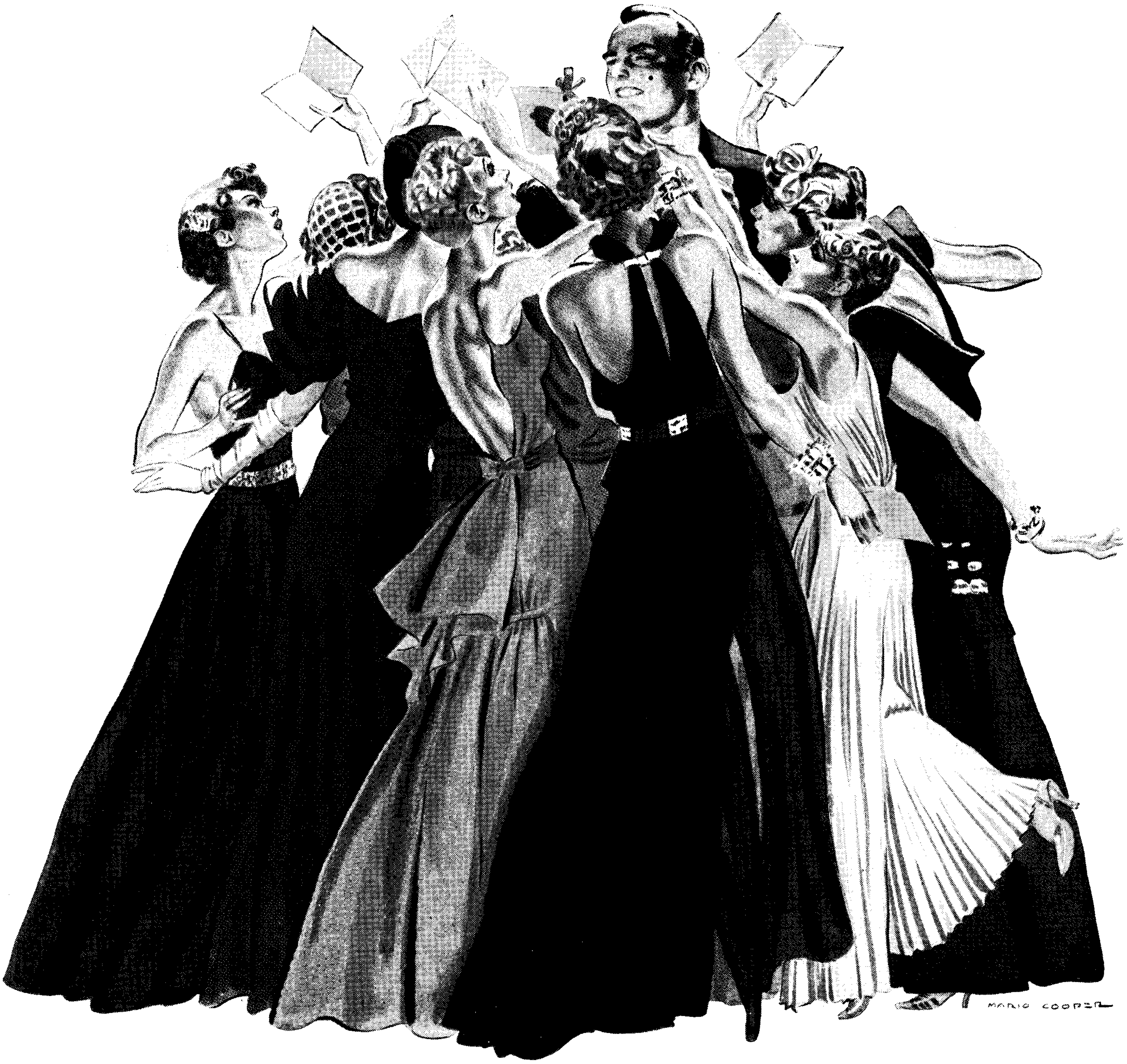
He took the baton from Graham's hand and his orchestra, ready for his leadership, went into a number.

Promptly at five he left the recording-room. Graham raced after him, intercepted him at the Fifth Avenue entrance to the phonograph company building. He held an evening newspaper in his hand.

"Heard what you said to Blaine and sneaked out and bought this. Bill, where's young Marsten?"

Cantavo shook his head wearily.

"Hanged if I know. I suppose he went home. I stayed with him until the police were through with him. He's out of his mind. He put the slug on



When Cantavo stepped down he was immediately engulfed in a swarm of admirers

Henderson when he got the news, and I think if I hadn't been there the lad might have done a little killing. But I'll say for Henderson that he was swell. Took it on the chin and never bopped the lad. And you know how Jim Henderson loves to swing his right."

"But that girl didn't kill Callingham. I've seen her. She's not the kind."

"That's swell news," said Cantavo. "Call up police headquarters and tell them so, will you? Then they'll quit looking for her and she and Tim can start off on their honeymoon. Didn't kill him? Then why did she take it on the run?"

Graham sighed.

"It's too bad you didn't go to prep school with Marsten. Maybe you'd have tipped him off and saved the poor lad—"

"Which poor lad? Marsten or Callingham? I suppose it's my fault Callingham was killed. I should be a heel in a nice, virtuous way."

He stepped into the long town car drawn up at the curb. Graham thrust his face through the window.

"You're not meeting Miss Stein?" he asked anxiously.

"Who? Me? Didn't I tell you this morning I was on the wagon for two weeks?"

"You said two months," said Graham.

"You must have been listening with your bad ear," grinned Cantavo as the car started away.

HE LEANED back in the cushions, a picture of dejection that would not have been recognized by the vast public that believed that Bill Cantavo's face never wrinkled in anything but smiles. He had been through the worst few hours he could remember. And it wasn't over. Sympathy and understanding were two of the qualities that, blended together, made him a great musician. He could suffer for a friend as he could never suffer for himself. Poor Tim Marsten! It was almost better for a man to die than go through what that boy was undergoing now.

It wasn't so good for the girl, either. He straightened up in the seat. What on earth had possessed her to do so dreadful a thing? Callingham must have driven her insane in some way or other. There was no other possible explanation for her deed. Yet she had seemed perfectly normal throughout the wedding ceremony. Possibly she had shown signs of nervousness, but not more than the stage fright apt to attack any bride. And she had been cool when he had talked to her outside the dressing-room at Berry's. She had almost seemed amused when he had told her that Inspector Henderson wanted to speak to her. But that was impossible. She certainly could have found no gayety in the summons. Probably it was a touch of incipient hysteria. Certainly her flight was hysterical. No sane woman would run away from a charge of murder. Even if guilty she would know that flight but prejudiced her case. And if she were innocent there would be all the more reason for her to stay and fight it out. Only people didn't always act, under stress, according to the dictates of reason. The poor, terrified thing. Cantavo was still frowning as Sam let him into his apartment.

"Mr. Henderson is here," said the Negro valet.

Cantavo surrendered his heavy black coat and silk hat to the valet. He entered the living-room to find the inspector comfortably ensconced in a huge armchair. He held a highball glass in his hand and he lifted it to his lips with a nod to Cantavo.

"Nice party," he said.

Cantavo sat down.

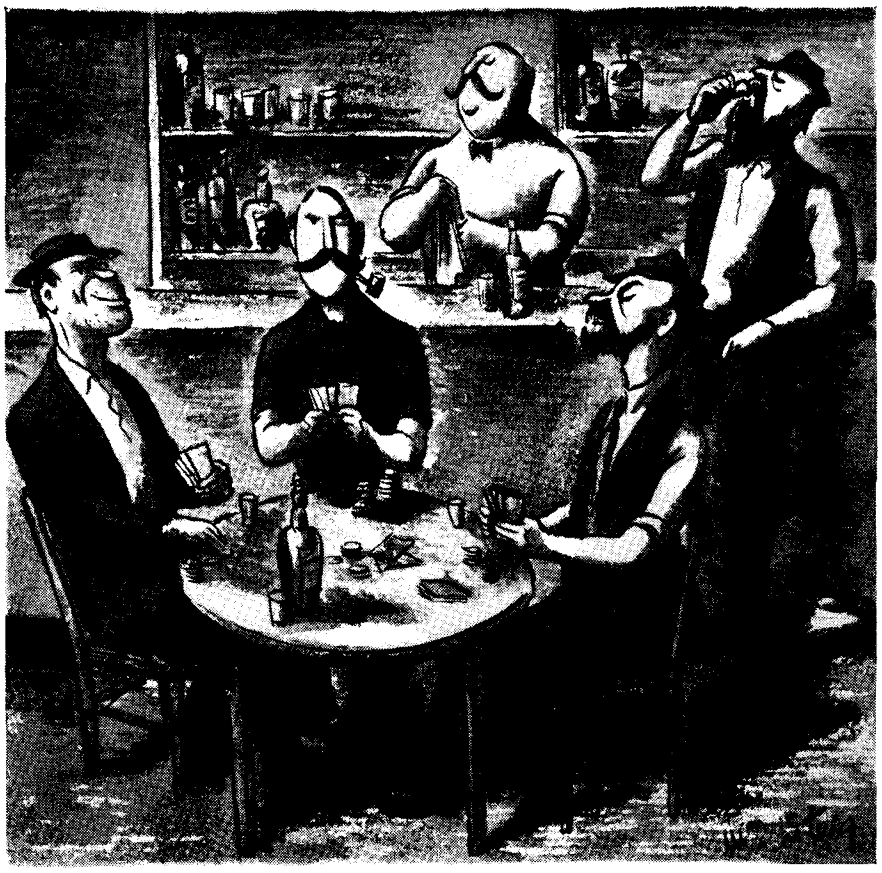
"All the credit is yours," he said. "You ought to go to Hollywood and work for the pictures. A man with your ideas could get plenty of dough. You put on a wedding reception like nothing ever pulled."

"GIVE some credit to the bride," said Henderson. "It was she that thought of killing Callingham, not I."

"It was a swell idea, whoever did it," said Cantavo. "I want to kick myself. I might have done it last night."

"I hear you had a run-in with him," said Henderson. "Why didn't you mention it to me earlier today?"

(*Continued on page* 48)



Reno became the town where miners went on Saturday night

Relax in Reno

Here's a frontier town, with the oldest of traditions and the newest of laws—a bright, colorful and contradictory place. Its watchword is tolerance. And it has found how to make relaxation pay taxes

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

THE Washoe Indians had no real objection either to working or fighting as long as they didn't become personally involved. They didn't mind a bit if their neighbors, the Apaches and the Navajos, insisted on sounding the war drums at intervals, nor did they really object to the fact that the Piutes to the east tilled the soil and made blankets and in other ways manifested a rather regrettable tendency toward physical labor.

The Washoe Indians just shook their heads pityingly at such display of energy and then draped themselves comfortably on the ground and inhaled vast quantities of sun. They could lie there and look to the west and see the snow-fringed tops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains etched against a sky of incredible blueness—and by turning their heads to the east they could see the rather somber flat-topped peaks of the Virginia Mountains, under which there reposed many millions of dollars in gold and silver. But even if they had known that, it wouldn't have bothered them. They loved that sun and really you can't blame them, because that Nevada sun is as tasty a bit of sun as ever you saw.

Anyhow, the Washoe tribe camped permanently alongside of a shallow part of what is now the Truckee River. The Truckee River is only about sixty miles long and it flows from Lake Tahoe, high in the mountains, to Pyramid Lake. The Washoe Indians liked the place where they were encamped and they decided to live there forever and forever. And—believe it or not—that's why today a woman from New York or Seattle or Timbuctoo can get a divorce in Reno in practically no time at all and a man can play a little stud or roulette or faro or keno in Reno at six in the morning or three in the afternoon or at any other time of the day or night without fear of the gendarmes crashing in to say, "You can't do that, Mister."

It's Still the Frontier

The history of the present-day Nevada is so interwoven and dependent upon the history of early Nevada that it really isn't a bit incongruous to state that the present divorce and gambling laws, the present reign of tolerance and, paradoxically enough, the present non-political, strictly-business administration which governs the state are all links in the chain of events which began a hundred years ago when the lazy, lovable Washoe Indians set themselves down in the sun by the side of a ford in the Truckee River—a spot which is now Virginia Street, Reno.

To begin with, Reno is Nevada—and Nevada is Reno. In telling the story of Reno we are telling the story of Nevada. Nevada is a battle-born state; it is a state which has never lost its separate identity or individuality—it is a frontier state which has used but has never allowed itself to be softened by the modern civilization. And Reno is still a frontier city, the closest link in the United States to the lusty, vigorous young animal which was America a hundred years ago.

We've begun with those Washoe Indians, and now let's see how important they were in the birth and development of Reno. The Forty-Niners, passing over the desolate plains of the Salt Lake Valley, trying not to see the sun-bleached bones which dotted the ghastly white earth, finally came to the ford where the Washoe Indians were camped. Here was peace. Here was a lovely rushing river and here were green things growing and, by raising one's eyes—there was snow. They rested and they traded with the Washoes and then began the long last lap which was to lead to the halcyon dream of gold and glory—or to death and disillusionment. Many of those who failed to find gold in California remembered yearningly that cool spot in the valley where life seemed to slide by so peacefully. Many came back and settled there near the ford and some searched for gold.

The Mountain of Silver

In 1859 two young Irishmen, Patrick McLaughlin and Peter O'Riley, stumbled upon a rich strike some twenty-two miles from the ford of the Truckee. A blustering braggart named Henry Paige Comstock looked upon the richness of the ore and told the two young men, "My lads, I forgot to tell you this is a claim I staked out myself some time ago—but I'll cut you in for a share each."

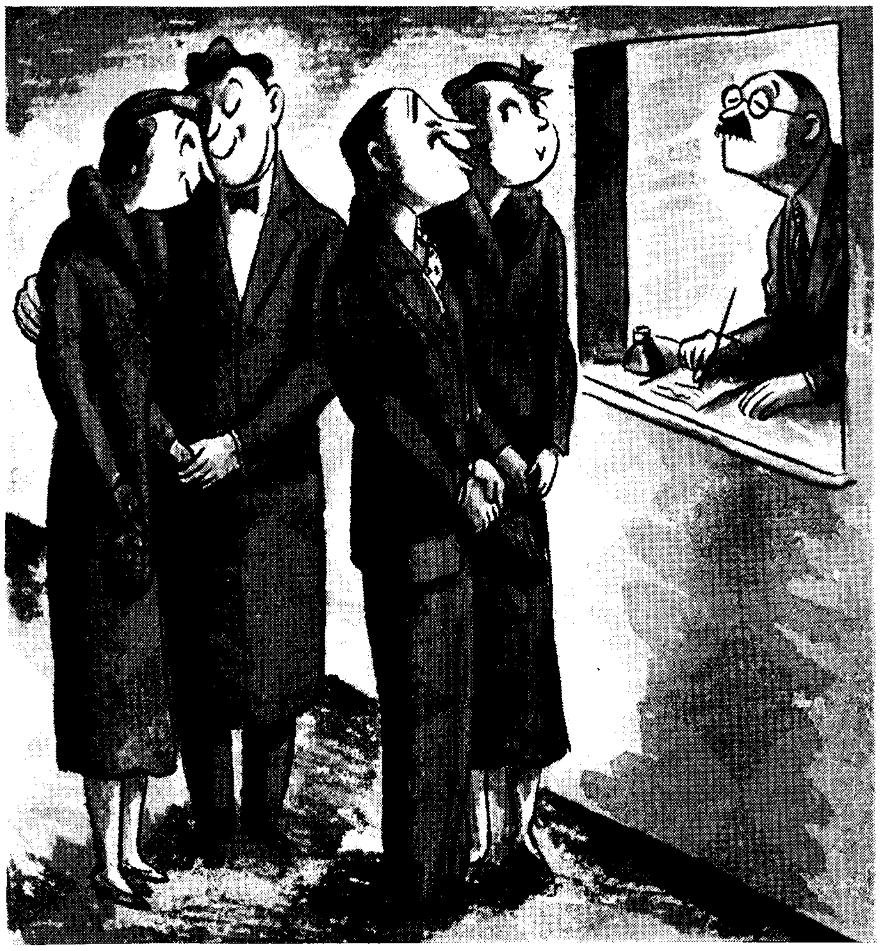
They called it the Comstock Lode and before it was exhausted a total of nine hundred million dollars' worth of gold and silver was taken from it. Virginia City sprang up. Thousands of miners, attracted by the discovery of the lode, hurried to the spot. Virginia City was a typical mining town. So was near-by Silver City. The miners worked hard—they played hard. At night they wanted to get away from Virginia City; they wanted to see other bars—other towns. They went to Reno, or what became Reno when the railroad came through.

Now it was that Reno became the town where miners went on Saturday night. When miners want to relax they do not hanker for lawn tennis or symphony concerts. The star which miners follow is the star of luck—the Goddess of Chance is their patroness. When they bend their backs over the earth, fighting the earth, trying to tear yellow gold from the earth—they are gambling. A miner works vainly for years at one spot and then a newcomer digs his pick into the earth fifty feet away and strikes gold. Luck? Miners more than anyone else believe in luck.

So when they went to Reno it was natural that luck should play a part in their relaxation as it played a part in their work. They gambled as men of the mines and of the plains have always gambled. They played faro and stud and dice and if they won they laughed and threw the gold on the bar and called, "Drinks for the house!" If they lost they shrugged their shoulders and walked out calmly, squinted, perhaps, at the fiery dawn that was bursting over the Sierra Nevadas and headed back to Virginia City to fight the earth once more.

Drinking and gambling: they were the twin godparents of Reno, as they are of every frontier town. Reno grew up. A railroad was built to Reno and the city attained a certain dignity. The Civil War came and the astute Abraham Lincoln arranged for Nevada to be admitted into the Union as a state in 1864. The figure of Lincoln is so shrouded in legend that it is difficult to see the man. We remember his greatness—and forget that he

Actually, more marriage licenses are issued than divorces



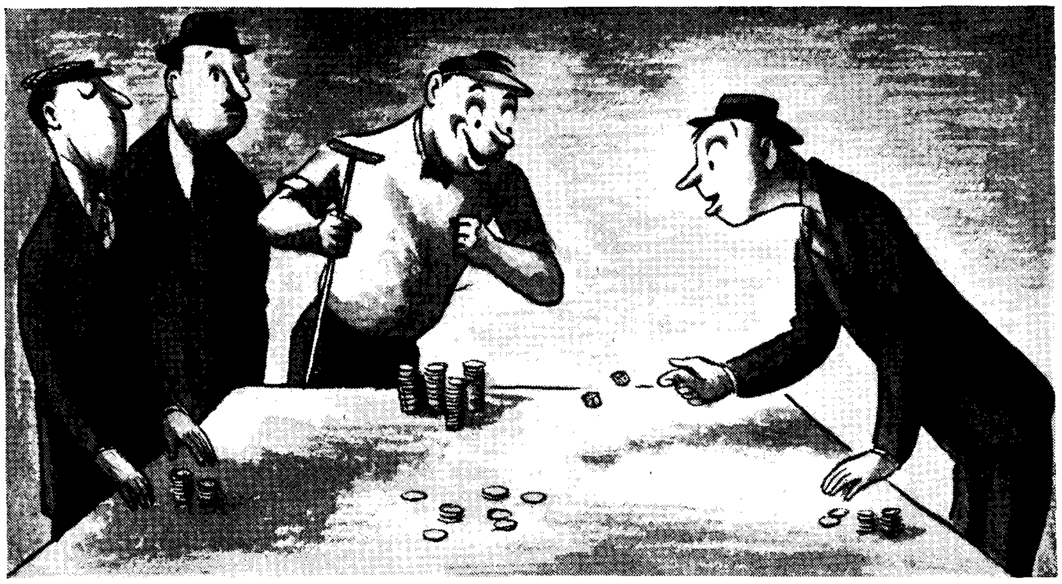
was a clever politician. He admitted Nevada into the Union—he was really admitting the Comstock Lode and the gold and silver which were flowing from it in an apparently inexhaustible stream. That gold and silver helped finance the war for the North.

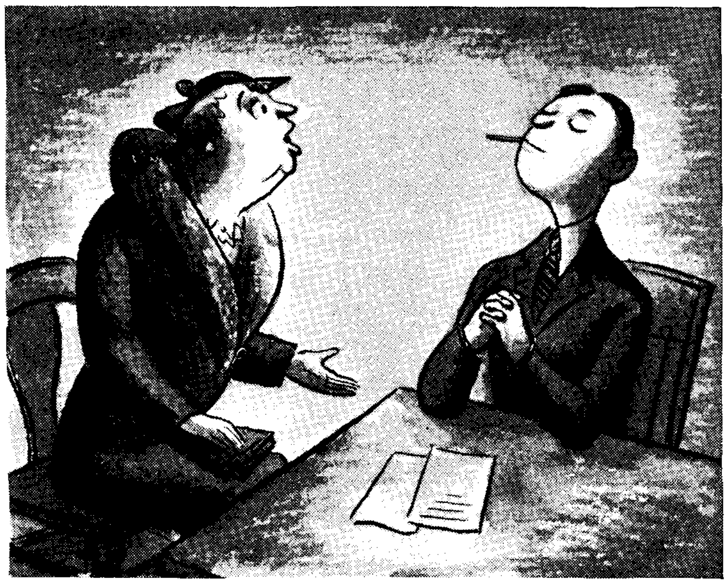
All this is a prelude to the Reno of today. All this is the foundation upon which Reno now stands. The background of any city must necessarily intrude into its present. This is more true of Reno than perhaps any city in the country. Reno is still the town where miners go on a Saturday night to revel, to gamble, to drink.

The World's Biggest Little City

Let's look at the Reno of today, always keeping in mind its history. Only in that way can we understand it and appreciate it. Let us remember that it is still and always will be a frontier town.

Reno today is a wide-open city—wide-open in every sense of the word. Across the main street is an arch which in large letters proclaims to the world, "Reno—The Biggest Little City in the World." Reno is the biggest city I have ever seen, although its population is only some 18,000—a figure which is augmented by the 3,000 or so transients who are always in the city. In this city of 18,000 there are perhaps fifty places where one may gamble and there is virtually no known gambling game which one cannot play—all under the protection of the law, for since 1931 gambling has been legal in Nevada.


The croupiers are friendly croupiers. They actually root for you


Any law student can draw up a complaint in an uncontested case

In 1910 gambling was legally outlawed in the state. However, men who had gambled all their lives, and whose fathers before them had gambled, were not going to stop merely because a few of their fellows said, "You cannot gamble." They cheerfully ignored the prohibition against gambling just as they cheerfully ignored the prohibition against drinking later on. Reno remained a wide-open town—but behind half-closed doors.

For years and years the gamblers tried to have gambling legalized. Huge war chests were organized and lobbyists filled the streets of Carson City trying to cajole, bribe or persuade the legislators that it would be a good move to legalize the spin of the wheel or the roll of the dice. But the legislators were obdurate. It wasn't until 1931 that a gambling bill was presented to the legislature that met with its approval. Then, oddly enough, it wasn't at the behest of the gamblers at all.

"Sentiment suddenly crystallized in favor of legal gambling," former Governor Morley Griswold says. "People finally said, 'There has always been gambling in Nevada. There is gambling here now and always will be gambling. Why not bring it out into the open and do it decently? Why not give the state a revenue from it? Why not conduct gambling along honest lines?'

"When gambling is conducted behind closed doors," Griswold said, "it is invariably crooked. There is no check on it. The gamblers have to pay large sums for protection and they have to make that up. Crooked wheels, crooked dice and crooked dealers are the rule. We realized that and realized that we couldn't stop gambling in our state. The pioneer spirit is still strong here. So we looked the situation in the face and passed a law. It was a law to legalize gambling. At first the gamblers were overjoyed and they did everything but dance in the street. They saw millions in profits for themselves. But," Griswold added grimly, "when they read the statute they became panic-stricken. I helped frame that statute. We put every safeguard around gambling that it is humanly possible to place around it. Read the statute and you'll see what I mean."

The statute is certainly one of the most stringent of its kind ever passed. It allowed gambling—surely. But there was a catch to it. The catch was that every gambling game, every slot machine, every table was to be taxed individually. The statute outlawed sweepstakes and lotteries. It mentioned specifically that such games as faro, monte, seven-and-a-half, roulette, keno, fantan, black jack, Big Injun, Klondike, craps and poker could be played.

A Break for the Tax Collector

The tax was considerable. For instance, each "21" game should pay a quarterly tax of $150. Each roulette wheel had to pay the same. Pangingue—a popular card game resembling glorified rummy, was taxed $75 a table each quarter. Each slot machine had to pay a $30 quarterly tax. Stud poker tables had to pay $100 a year while all other games, including craps, had to pay the state $200 a year. In addition to this, the statute provided that if a gambling house was situated within the boundaries of an incorporated city that city would be given half of the state tax and could in addition levy any additional tax it saw fit. Counties, incidentally, were given the privilege of local option, but no county has as yet prohibited gambling.

There was nothing in the law to limit the number of games or machines that a house could have. The only limitation was the ability of the proprietor to pay the taxes. The law also provided (and this made the sure-thing boys wince) that anyone caught running a crooked gambling game would be guilty of a felony and liable to a $1,000 fine and six months' imprisonment. The same punishment was to be dealt to any proprietor who allowed a minor to play in his establishment or to enter it. Specifically, the statute warned that ignorance of the age of the minor would be no defense. Nowhere in the world is legalized gambling surrounded by so many safeguards.

The law was an immediate hit in Nevada in general and Reno in particular. Dozens of places sprang up on Virginia Street and Center Street and the various byways of the city. Every restaurant put in a couple of slot machines. Places like the Bank Club (the largest open gambling room in the country), the Town House, the Waldorf, the exclusive Country Club, the magnificent Tavern where the food and entertainment are as good as you'll find anywhere in the country—these places sprang up like mushrooms. The excellent Riverside Hotel put in a gambling room, and when you go to Reno you register to the tune of galloping dice or clinking chips. Visitors attracted by the liberality of the new law came to Reno to gamble. The cash registers of the gambling houses began to sing a merry tune.

The more merry the tune the more taxes came tumbling into the city coffers. When Repeal came, of course, every gambling establishment put in a bar (previously only about ninety per cent of them sold liquor). The bars are taxed separately. The city of Reno taxes an ordinary saloon $800 a year; a saloon which furnishes music (night clubs are included) $1,000 a year; a restaurant which sells liquor $500 a year; a beer parlor $120 a year; a drugstore which sells bonded liquor $400 a year; and a wholesale liquor dealer pays a city tax of $400 per year.

As an example of what a gambling establishment pays in taxes, take the Bank Club. Over each dice table and card game is a sign, "This game never closed." At noon you are apt to see five or six hundred men and women gambling there. Last year the Bank Club paid the city of Reno $5,930 for its various gambling licenses alone. Its liquor license brought additional revenue to the city. In all, Reno last year was benefited from revenue derived from gambling and liquor by more than $100,000. That's a great deal of revenue for a city of less than 20,000, and it came from only two sources.

Now let's come to an interesting question: Does legalized gambling help or hurt a community? Does open gambling lower the purchasing power of a community? Does it impair the usefulness or lower the moral tone of individuals? First let us state that citizens of Reno, as a class, gamble a great deal.

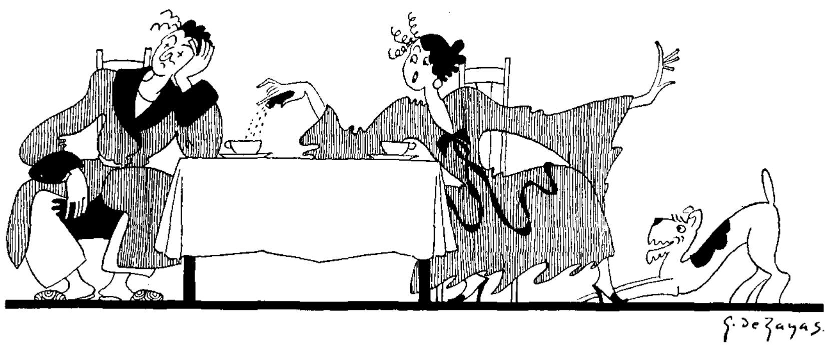
I went into the Bank Club at noon. The place was crowded, many of the players obviously being clerks or shopkeepers who were spending their lunch hour in the place. I walked to a crowded dice table. A man made a couple of passes and looked up and nodded. An hour before, he had shaved me in a barber shop across the street.

Everybody's Game

"Get in here, take my place, I've got to get back to work," another said, and I recognized him as a cab driver who had driven me the night before. A man at a near-by faro table called a greeting. He was a cowboy whom I had met at a ranch two days before. These were citizens of Reno—they weren't visitors merely having a fling at the dice or the cards. True, they didn't play big. Usually the man with the dice shot half a dollar. If he won he'd double up once but it was rare to see a man shooting for more than a dollar in the Bank Club, and the Bank Club is a typical Reno gambling house. But even shooting such comparatively small stakes one would think that a player could in the course of a week or a month be badly burned.

Well, let's see what the mayor has to say about this. Mayor John Cooper of Reno was once a merchant, and a successful merchant. They tell you in Reno that he's a grand mayor. He has, for instance, developed in Reno one of the greatest fire departments in the country. Funny about Reno—when you think of the city you think of gambling or divorce. And yet it has a fire department and fire equipment that is the equal of any city three times its size. There hasn't been a really bad fire in Reno in twenty years. Mayor Cooper looks what he is—an intelligent, home-loving, average American whose native shrewdness and business ability enabled him to reach middle age comfortably fixed. He'd look out of place in front of a dice table or a roulette wheel—but then he doesn't stand in front of a dice table or a roulette wheel. Gambling just doesn't interest him except as a source of revenue for the city of Reno.

"Some years ago," the mayor said to me, "we had a race track here. We had a sixty-day meeting. During these sixty days of horse racing the merchants at Reno might just as well have closed up shop. There is something about horse racing that makes people bet more than they can afford. Once they do that their purchasing power is lowered and every merchant in town feels it. People seem to want to make money in a hurry at tracks. They know they have only sixty days in which to do it and they plunge, lose, plunge again and then they're in over their heads. That," the mayor said



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A Middle Western company, that has been in operation for the past 50 years, has just been put out of business. It sold an odorless and tasteless powder that was alleged to cure drunkenness. During this time millions of women have bought the preparation, secretly mixing it in the tea or coffee of husband or brother on the guarantee that he would soon "hate whisky." No such cure by it has ever been recorded.

An interesting sidelight on verdicts handed down in American criminal courts is the fact that 35 per cent of their appealed cases are reversed.

In the United States, more than 5,000 movie theaters use one of eight names—Strand, Ritz, Lyric, Majestic, Princess, Rialto, Royal and State; and 203 different catalogued songs are entitled, "I Love You."—*By Edith B. Embury, Detroit, Michigan.*

The River Jordan in Palestine, Christianity's most sacred stream since the day when the first Christian baptism took place in it, is a muddy, narrow and unnavigable little river, running through a wilderness that, as far as is known, has never nurtured one important town.

"Stones," comparable to gallstones in a human being, are found quite frequently lodged in the stomachs of horses and cows. They are formed through an accumulation of indigestible material and sometimes reach several pounds in weight.

In Europe during the Middle Ages, whole cities were stricken with terror at times when red spots mysteriously appeared on bread. Much religious significance was attached to this supposed manifestation of impending evil until the color was discovered to be caused by a red micro-organism *(Bacillus Prodigiosus)* which, at that time, appeared in epidemic form during warm weather.—*By Jean R. Damon, Towson, Maryland.*

A new electrical instrument for motorcars constantly indicates the number of miles being traveled per gallon of gasoline. Thus it shows, under known driving conditions, when the efficiency of the car is affected and its cost of operation increased by mechanical impairments. — *By K. H. Goode, Chicago, Illinois.*

The ancient Romans believed that everyone had a "genius," or beneficent guardian spirit which protected him from the cradle to the grave, and they were so completely convinced that this spirit was constantly with them that newly married couples, when furnishing homes, would always buy an extra bed—for their genii.

The Toradjas, a primitive race of Celebes, have strange burial customs. The body remains in the house for two years, until the death rites have been completed, and then it is placed in a tomb, cut in the side of a mountain, the entrance of which is forever guarded by a lifelike effigy. Incidentally, the Toradjas are the only people whose holy men are known to dress in women's clothes.

A significant trend in the United States today is the rapid growth of birth-control clinics. During the past year they have been established at the rate of one every five days, bringing the total number up to 225, which is many more, in proportion to our population, than in any other country.

Lope de Vega (1562-1635), Spain's greatest dramatist, has recently been "honored" by a postage stamp that bears a drawing which he, paradoxically, once used to dishonor his envious contemporaries. It is a picture of a dead cockroach, lying on its back. —*By Maurice Sagoff, Boston, Massachusetts.*

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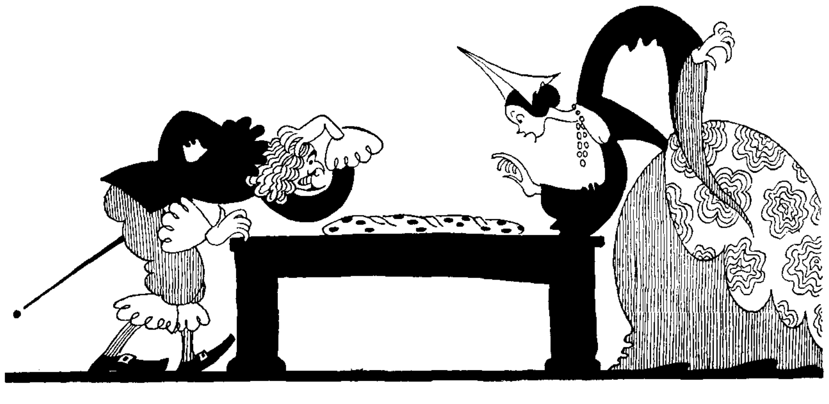


shaking his head, "is bad for everyone.

"Now here," he added, "we have no such feverish desire to get rich quick. The gambling houses are always open. You can play for pennies or dimes or quarters or dollars. There is no hurry about making a quick killing. Our citizens are accustomed to gambling houses. They take them in their stride. They go in and play a little and get amusement out of it and aren't hurt by it. Incidentally," the mayor added emphatically, "our gambling houses are honest. The proprietors themselves see to that. They know that if one crooked game is exposed the stigma will rest on all gambling establishments and all will suffer."

Tolerance Governs Reno

The croupiers at the tables in Reno are not the steel-eyed, impersonal croupiers you see in Florida or Saratoga or Chicago, or in your own home town (I'll bet you there are half a dozen gambling places within five miles of you no matter what city you live in). They are friendly croupiers. They actually root for you.

I was after a ten for my third point and I'd let it ride. The croupier was more excited than I. "Come on ten," he'd call as I threw the dice. And when I didn't make it he looked for a moment as though he'd burst out crying.

"Who are you working for, me or the house?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "if you win I figure you'll give me a tip. If the house wins all I get is my salary. Sure, we like to see the players win."

One of the best indications of the honesty of Reno gambling games (or of the credulity of man) is the fact that when the night is over and most of the places are closed you'll find many of the croupiers of those places playing in establishments which keep open all night.

But as a community Reno does not seem to have suffered because of the gambling. Ask a few of the local merchants for their views on this.

J. T. Marks is in the furniture business. He scoffed at the idea that gambling lowered the purchasing power of the city. "The gambling fraternity has brought us considerable new business. We find that gambling somehow teaches people an obligation to pay. Payments on merchandise are met promptly in Reno. Yes, gambling has been a great stimulation to business."

There's Dud R. Ray, sales manager of an automobile company. His business is conducted almost entirely on an installment-payment basis. "We have never had a default in a payment for an automobile which was due to gambling losses. No local resident ever said to me, 'I can't pay this month because I lost so much gambling.' Gambling is good for my business. The sale of automobiles to the gambling people is very good. No, I can't see why anyone would criticize our gambling laws. They've been good for business in every way."

W. W. Conant owns a grocery store. He presents a new light on gambling in Reno. "You know the local people don't play heavily. Gambling is a matter-of-fact thing with them now, and they don't splurge—splurge beyond their means. I know that ordinarily gambling is a bad thing for a community, but Reno somehow is different. There's no city in the world just like Reno. I know that gambling doesn't hurt business and I know that it has brought a great deal of money into town that wasn't here before and that ordinarily wouldn't have come here."

Lester Hilp, druggist, casts one lukewarm dissenting vote. "When gambling was legalized," he tells us, "it gave business a tremendous boost. There is no doubt of that. However, I can't see where the city or state will derive any permanent benefit from it."

Now we've picked these men at random. They form a cross-section of Reno business life. It seems fair to say that, on the whole, Reno businessmen are well satisfied with the laws under which gambling operates. There must be those who wince a bit when they drive home late at night (or to their offices in the morning) to the tune of chips being tossed on a table or to the merry clicking of dice. There must be those who shiver with distaste at the thought that their children are going to schools which are built and partly maintained by funds derived from the gambling losses of their neighbors. There must be, but I never met any such in Nevada.

Riders of the sagebrush, men of the mines—these still look upon Reno as the place to go when your heart is light and your pocket is heavy. The money men of Hollywood who formerly went to Agua Caliente to gamble now fly to Reno to try their luck and to forget their troubles. Wide open as Reno is, there is nothing vicious about the night life of the city. There is a gayety and friendliness about Reno and about the people who go to Reno to enjoy themselves but there is no viciousness nor ugliness about it. Tolerance, not license, governs Reno.

To talk only of the gambling in Reno is to give an unfair picture of one of the most interesting cities in the country. True it is that the gambling is typical of the spirit of tolerance which is the spirit of the city. More complacent communities may shudder at the thought of the liberality of Reno—Reno shudders at the hypocrisy of cities which hide gambling behind closed doors.

There is also the question of divorce. Reno is popularly known as the fastest-producing divorce mill in the country. But to quote former Governor Griswold again: "Reno in the matter of divorce merely takes advantage of the medieval divorce laws of other states. Here in Nevada we see no reason for solving modern social problems with antiquated remedies."

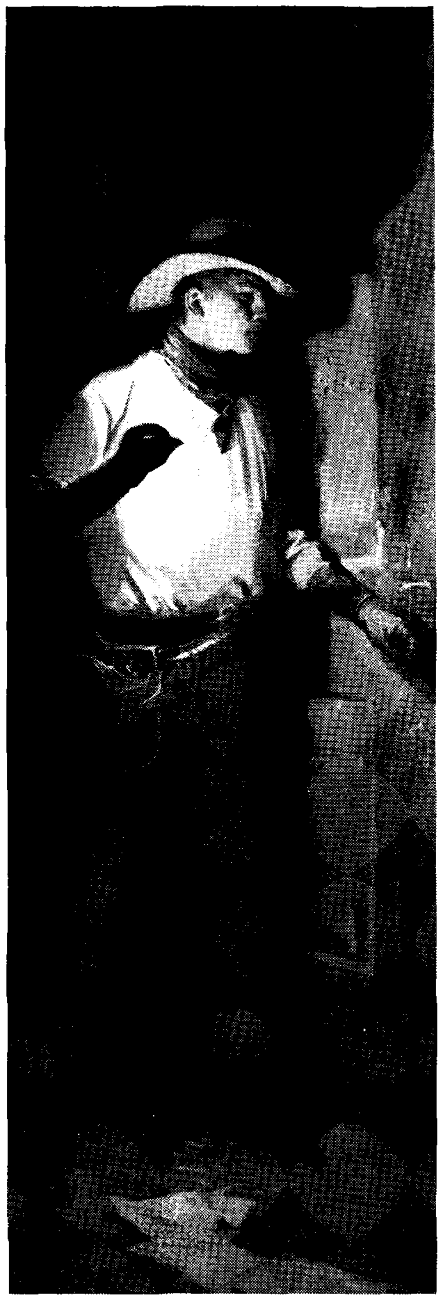
If you'll read the divorce statute of Nevada you'll find that the grounds for divorce are much the same as in other states. The difference is that the legal machinery by which one may get a divorce is less cumbersome. It is the all-important matter of residence which has made Nevada the delight of those who wish to obtain divorces. Until 1931 Nevada required a six-months residence before one could file suit. In that year the requirement was cut to six weeks.

Free From Prying Eyes

There are those who contemptuously assert that Nevada makes things easy for divorce seekers merely because of the economic gain which accrues to the state from the residence of these people. Actually by cutting the period of residence from six months to six weeks the state showed that its main purpose was not that of keeping visiting litigants in the state as long as possible with the attendant spending of money and filling of the state coffers. The legislators believed that divorce and marriage should be made as painless and as easy as possible. Six weeks' residence for a divorce seemed long enough—while no residence at all is required for the obtaining of a marriage license.

In case you are ever apt to need the information, here's how a divorce is obtained in Reno: You arrive in Reno convinced that Cupid is as phony as a three-dollar bill and that you want to be freed from that dreadful man (woman) to whom you are married. You seek out a lawyer. If you don't know one, open the phone book. You'll find 151 of them listed there (I counted them). Pick one out and go and see him. One lawyer is about as good as another when you're seeking a divorce which is to be

(Continued on page 35)



In the office, he struck a match

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY
DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

BUCK SURRATT, an itinerant cowpuncher, reaches the little settlement of Morgantown—and finds himself, a stranger in the place, suspected of murder. It appears that Les Head, son of Old Martin Head, a prominent cattleman, has been assassinated, and that Surratt is the only person known to have been near at the time.

Innocent, Surratt defies his inquisitors, who are directed by Les Head's brother, Bill Head; following which, he is offered a job by Sam Torveen, who has infuriated his neighbors—the Heads, Ab Cameron, Dutch Kersom, the Peyrolles family, Henry Ranier and others—by introducing sheep into the country. Surratt goes to work for Torveen.

From the first, his associates make it clear that they hate him. When, however, he saves the life of one of them—Nick Perrigo—by bluffing a mob which is on the point of killing the man, Torveen's hirelings realize that he is a dangerous man; and they conduct themselves accordingly. . . .

Surratt does not know who killed Les Head. But he is in possession of a woman's riding glove—a glove which he picked up near the victim's body. Learning of this, two girls—Annette Carvel, who helps her mother run a dressmaking shop in Morgantown, and Judith Cameron, Ab Cameron's daughter—are very much perturbed. Both are interested in Surratt; but both are inclined to fear him, to regard him as a potential enemy.

Then war breaks out—war between Torveen's small forces and a band of men led by Bill Head. For reasons of his own, Ferd Bowie, who works for Torveen, turns traitor and tips off Head regarding the most auspicious moment for attacking Torveen's sheep; and Head attacks, killing many sheep and making it obvious that he and his friends will tolerate no sheep-raising.

Surratt makes a retaliatory attack. With Torveen, Ferd Bowie, and Nick Perrigo, he rides to Head headquarters where, under the eyes of Old Martin Head, he directs the burning of some of the contents of the bunkhouse—then gallops away. A short time later, at Torveen's ranchhouse, Surratt is approached by a rider, who, obviously very nervous, hands him a note. Surratt opens the note, reads it. Then—"Yes," he says, without expression—and folds the note.

VI

SHOWING an open relief, the rider pulled his horse about and went away from the place rapidly. Surratt was frowning at that disappearing shape, but he could see the sudden red and violent flush creep across Torveen's roan cheeks. He said to Torveen: "Who's that rider?"

"A Cameron hand." Torveen wheeled definitely toward Surratt. "Didn't you know it?" he said, challenge riding his tone.

"I wanted to make sure," answered Surratt. He folded the note along its original creases, and refolded it, his eyes half shut. Torveen's silence grew enormous, with an unspoken demand for an explanation in it. The late low sun threw its bombing brilliance higher against the trees and shadows were beginning to spread in blue, irregular pools at the lower edge of the meadow. Surratt put the note in his pocket. "I'm going on a little ride, Sam."

"Be back soon?" The indifference of Torveen's question was strained and false; he stared down at the ground, his mouth pressed together.

"It'll be late," Surratt said and went to his horse. He rode away to the north without looking back.

Torveen didn't immediately stir from his position in the yard. He rolled himself a smoke and as long as Surratt remained in sight his glance covertly followed. He dragged heavy gusts of smoke into his lungs and expelled them vehemently. The flushed anger remained on his face; he was like a boy then, sulky and hurt and suspicious.

"So I guess," he grumbled, "I'm supposed to hang around till somebody gives me different orders."

He dropped the cigarette and stamped it with his boot. He wheeled over to his horse. In the saddle, he remained quiet a moment and seemed to argue with his own impulses. But there was a rankling emotion in him he could not help and could not kill. For a little while he debated following Surratt's exact trail. Then he rejected the idea, galloped over the meadow to the northern ridge and entered the trees. There was a good spot on top of this ridge, he knew, where he might stand and watch the Cameron valley. If Surratt was traveling that way he'd sooner or later know about it.

HE WAS a little ashamed of himself. Yet Sam Torveen, so rash and ready with his impulses, was possessed by a jealousy stronger than his shame. There had been in him since boyhood a single-minded devotion to Judith Cameron; and there was in him as well these last few days a devout admiration for Buck Surratt. He owned a loyalty to both these people that had mixed in it a possessiveness and a queer feeling of inferiority. He could not explain these things to himself, yet it was true enough that in Buck Surratt's slow talk and rare smile was a quality that made him feel humble and somehow inexperienced; and always he had seen in Judith a womanliness that everlastingly made him doubt his ability to win her.

He was a very human man. And when he had seen Surratt and Judith standing so serene and so fully wise, side by side—these two whom he regarded as better people than he could ever be—he had a deep and foreboding fear that he would lose them both. Strangle the breath of that jealous thing as he might, it came to life again and blew against his nerves. His own loyalty was an absolute emotion; and he could not bear to think of their loyalty to him being any less absolute. These two owned a strength he had to share. To be left out of their thoughts was like sunlight going from the sky.

Vague to his understanding, these queer and human emotions pushed Sam Torveen up the side of the ridge, past the woodcutter's camp, across the corduroy road and to the summit. As he jogged more leisurely toward a cleared spot on the ridge, from which he might command a view of the Cameron buildings, a far sound of ponies pounding through the brush arrested him. His nerves had been cocked for trouble these many days; and now he slipped off the trail and swung about and stared into the thickening twilight.

They burst around the bend, these riders; three of them in single file, with the leading man strained forward in his saddle and the one at the rear lagging a little and keeping his glance behind. It was that rear man, Perrigo, Torveen identified first. He pushed his horse out of the brush then and into the path.

Ferd Bowie led the file. The sudden shadow of Torveen across the trail wrenched Bowie back in the saddle and his arm dropped and for a swirling moment some blind impulse trembled in him. Torveen called again, more sharply. Ferd Bowie swore, "By God, Torveen!" He hauled his horse to a plunging halt. Ed and Perrigo overshot the trail and came abreast; all three of them stared at Torveen. They were breathing deeply; they were charged with an electric excitement.

PERRIGO said: "We got to get out of here."

"What?"

"It's Peyrolles and his bunch comin' behind," growled Bowie.

"Where you been?" demanded Torveen. "What you doin' over here, anyhow?"

The answer lagged. Perrigo kept stirring in his saddle. He said at last: "That's all right, Sam."

"Come on—come on," muttered Bowie. He moved his hand at Torveen; he shoved his horse at Torveen. "This is no place to stay."

Peyrolles was down the trail, riding fast with his outfit. The sound of that pursuit was filling the stillness of this hill.

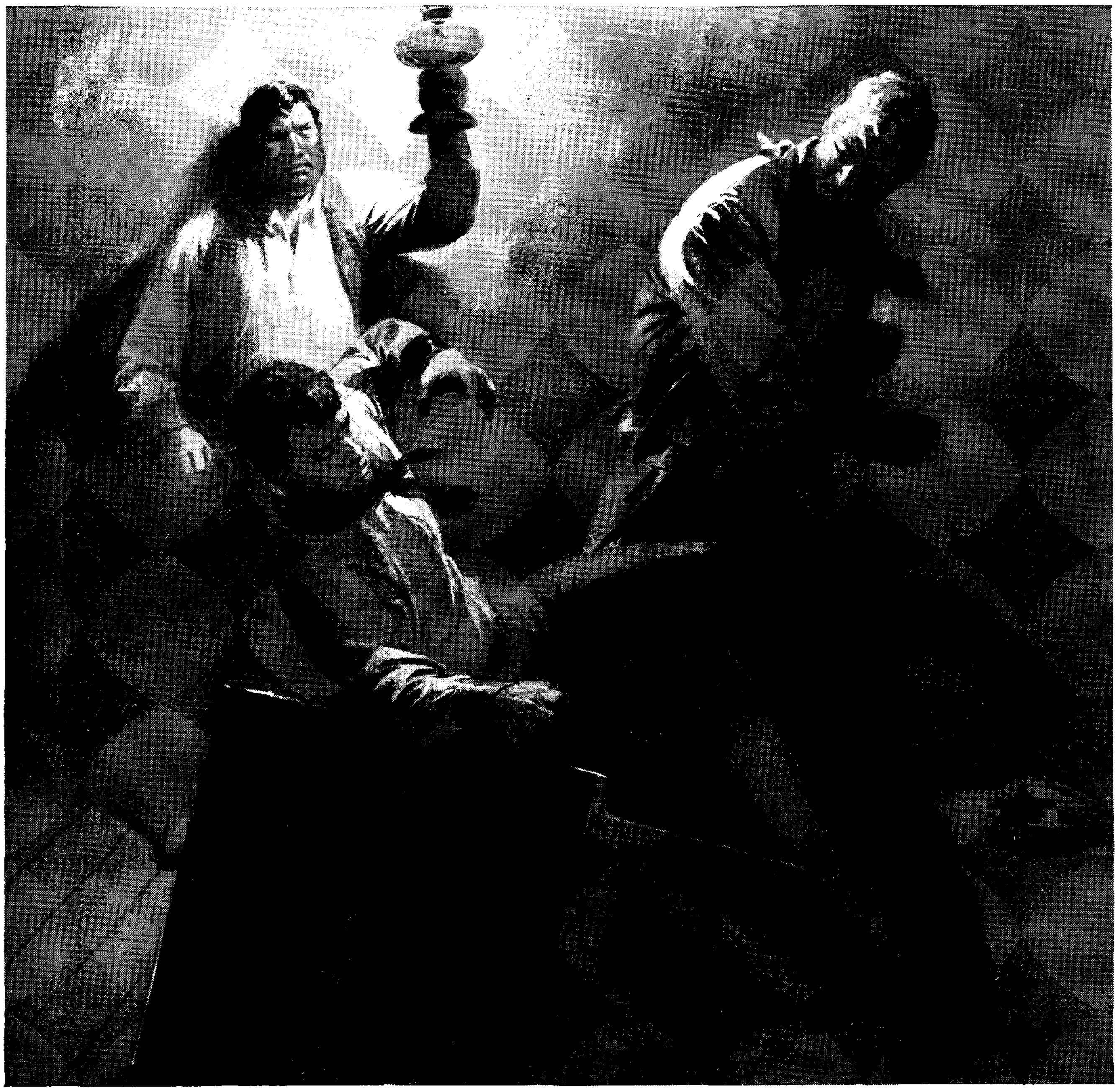
"How many?" Torveen snapped.

"Eight-nine, I guess."

Torveen said: "Get into the brush. We don't run. Why should we run? Whose trail is this? To hell with Hank Peyrolles! Get in the brush!"

"Here, here," grunted Perrigo. "You ain't—"

But Torveen stared at the little man savagely. "Run, if you're afraid, Nick." Stung raw by his thinking, he went



Surratt deflected one blow but the next hurled him back against the table

rash and wild. There was no consideration in him. The injustice of the recent hours was all that his head could hold; it could hold no thought of safety now. Five minutes of reflection would have changed his mind, but the moments rushed him to his decision and so he acted on his strongest impulses. Ferd Bowie put his horse into the brush, Ed soon following. Perrigo circled and got into the timber. They were all out of sight save Torveen, who faced the updrumming echoes of the coming Peyrolles.

Perrigo said insistently: "Get in here, Sam!"

"I don't shoot my turkey without fair warnin'," retorted Torveen bitterly. He stood up in the saddle; he sat down. He drew his gun and rested it across the horn. Stiff and still in the shadows, he watched the column of Peyrolles' men turn and bend and rush forward.

"You're on my range!" yelled Torveen. "Turn around and get the hell out of here!"

The sound of his warning flattened against that group; it broke Peyrolles' outfit into fragments. Horses wheeled and bucked against the dimming light; and riders boiled into the shelter of the trees. Peyrolles was a defiant shape still on the trail. He yelled: "You fresh young punk!" And then took a snap shot at Torveen and threw his horse aside.

Unmoved by the shot and too stubborn to give ground, Torveen began a steady firing.

Peyrolles' horse dropped without a sound and Peyrolles yelled again. A rider behind Peyrolles slowly reeled out of the saddle; then the trail was empty and the firing began to slash and strike and cry through the thicket. There was no clear object on which Torveen could pin a bullet then. He pulled against his reins, reluctantly backing into shelter. He poised his gun, waiting for a quick aim. Of a sudden a bullet whipping through these woods slugged his shoulder with a definite blow. His horse kept backing away; Torveen tried to lift his gun and could not. He tried to seize the horn to keep from tipping, but his arm refused to obey. He fell slowly out of the saddle and lay in the dust, none of his muscles helping him. Somebody rushed at him through the brush. He heard Nick Perrigo's voice taut and singing, calling his name; the smashing echoes of this wicked fusillade grew deeper. Blackness rushed across the world. He said in a windless whisper, "Perrigo," and knew nothing more.

LEAVING the ranch, Surratt went up to the near-by sheep meadow and crossed it and entered that trail along which the sheep had been driven the night before. He had read the note hurriedly. Now, to make sure of what he had read, he pulled it from his pocket and smoothed it. The writing was a woman's writing, the paper was the sort a woman would use—and a Cameron man had delivered it. So it seemed genuine. It read: "Unless something very urgent keeps you away, please be at Carson's Ford this evening at 7 o'clock. I've learned something you should know. Remember what I told you the last time I saw you. Judith."

He lighted a match and touched the edge of the paper. He stopped long enough to watch it char and drop to the ground; and he got down and stamped it beneath his boot. The sun was gone. The world swiftly turned blue and pale violet and a wind began drifting down the slope. There was someone riding behind him rapidly. He got into the saddle and pulled about—and discovered Annette Carvel coming behind him.

She smiled at him frankly. "You going my way or am I going yours?"

He lifted his hat to her, whereupon her eyes began to light up. He said, "Which way is that, Annette?"

"Oh, any way. It doesn't much matter. I like the way you speak my name."

She fell beside him as a matter of course. Her eyes strayed to his face and studied it, the smile still softening her lips; and then she settled back in her saddle and rode silently with him.

She had a free, careless way that rose either from boldness or from childlike faith. Curious always as to the motives of people, he quietly considered this girl and remained puzzled. One thing was strong in her, stronger than any other quality; a love of life that made her eager and pleasing. The lifting of a man's hat could make her gay, the quiet calling of her name could make her eyes glow. In her vivid personality goodness and badness seemed close together, so close that no man knew where one left off and the other began, or if either mattered much. There were hungers, he told himself, that sometimes made nice distinctions in morals unimportant.

A mile onward she spoke to him very quietly: "Do I bother you?"

It startled him. He said, promptly: "No."

"That helps," she said candidly. "I don't want to be a nuisance. But it was a nice feeling to talk to you the other day. So I thought I'd like to do it again." Her eyes sought his face for expression. "Don't you ever get lonely?"

"For what, Annette?"

HER shoulders stirred. She spread her arms toward the closing twilight, as if to grasp something that could not be seen, could not be captured. "Oh, there is so much in this world. It must be so, or else why should people feel the loss of things they never have had? That's—that's what I mean. Things just beyond you that you'd go to find, if you knew where to find them."

"Yes," he said.

She clapped her hands together, enormously pleased. "I knew you'd be a help. Buck, where are they to be found?"

He hated to answer. But honesty compelled him. "You are going to be older—and much sadder before you get the truth of that."

She had a way of pondering his words. She rode now in thoughtful quietness, a faint scowl penciled across her forehead. He could see that vaguely in the thickening shadows. They came out of the trail into the upper meadow where the sheep had been destroyed. She followed him to the edge of the canyon. There was a remote break in the hill solitude, a ruffling of faint sound waves somewhere to the west. He listened carefully to them. The lights of Carson's Ford glittered far below. He got off his horse and sat down at the edge of the descending trail.

"You're going there?" she asked him. "It's a bad place for you to be."

"When it gets darker."

She dismounted and came over to sit beside him, near enough for him to feel the occasional stirring of her shoulders. He thought then that she had a high sensitiveness to the world; that it kept troubling and lifting and turning her. Gray and steel black shadows were filling the canyon in a way that made it seem without bottom. The murmuring of the river grew fainter below. Her shoulders rested frankly against him. She was speaking with an intensity that was strange.

"THAT'S what I'm afraid of, Buck. That gloomy blackness down there. It's so cruel. Like the end of the world. I hate the thought of getting old. I lie awake at nights thinking about it—that I shall get old and never be pretty again. And I pray that before I get ugly I shall have found something. I don't know what. But when people are young it is not just for sleeping and eating. If there's a feeling like craziness in me I know it was put there for a reason. Maybe for love, maybe for heartbreak. But I know it wasn't meant to be bottled up. It would be cruel of God to put so much feeling in anybody just to be wasted. I pray that I may have whatever is meant for me before I grow old, so that I can laugh and cry—and then be content. If it isn't to be that way I'd rather die now."

The fire and color of her words struck into his imagination. She was a vessel full to spilling; her voice sang with the richness of her desire. He sat bowed and taciturn and moved to a pity that was infinitely tender. He could not tell her he had seen the shapes of such dreams over his own campfire—and had

(Continued on page 50)

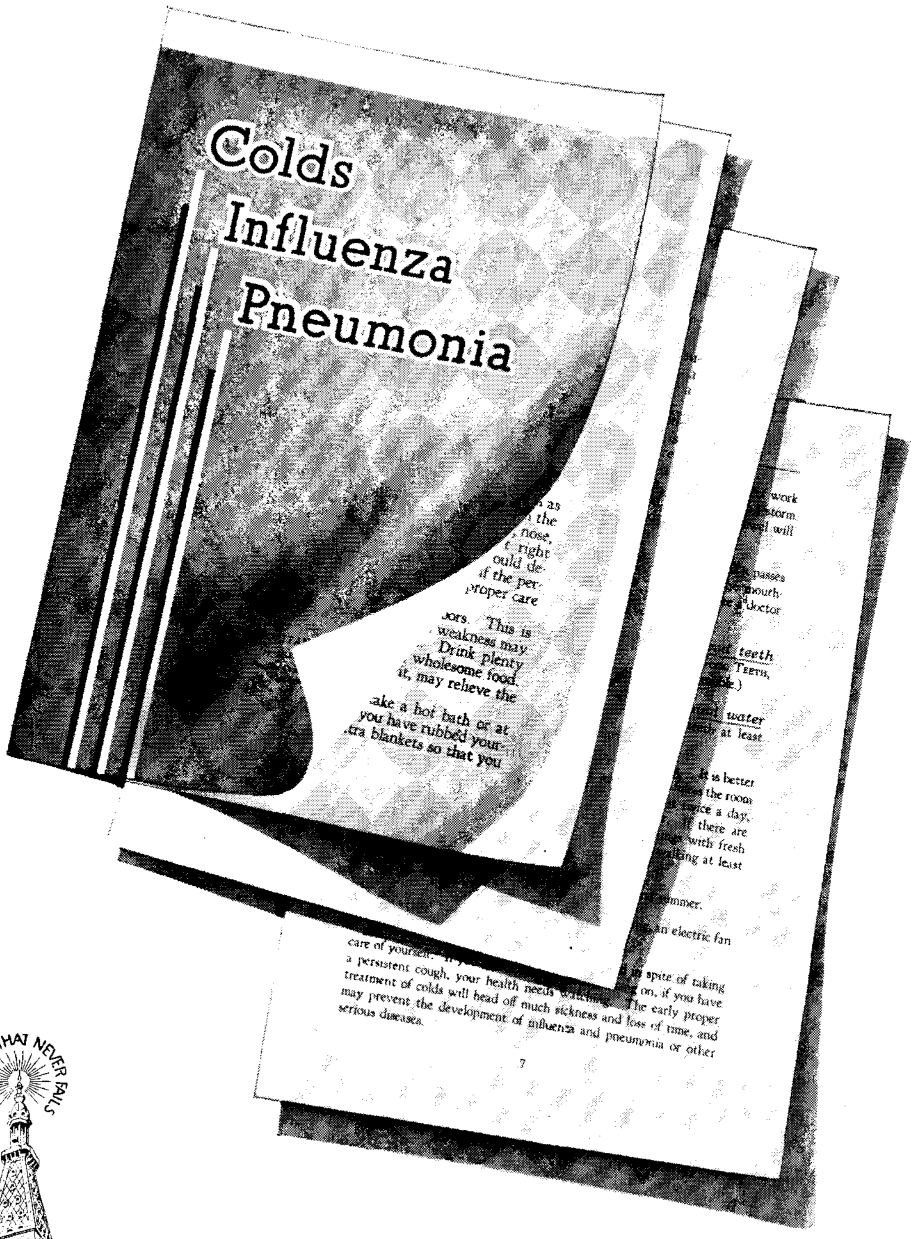
Health Enemy No. 1 –the Common Cold

LOOK out for the common cold! Last year it cost more than 500 million dollars in wages, caused more absence from work than any other form of sickness, robbed millions of children of time from school.

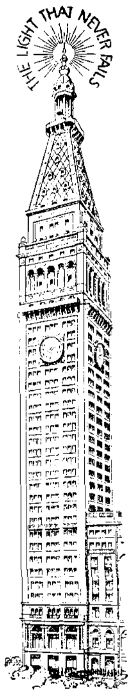
Look out for the common cold! It may pave the way for other dangerous enemies of health—influenza and pneumonia, and even tuberculosis. In addition, a cold may often lead to chronic catarrh of the nasal passages, to ear trouble, bronchitis or inflammation of the sinuses—the cavities in the bones of the skull. A cold can easily become a serious matter.

The best time to prevent serious trouble is at the very beginning. The moment your nose begins to run, your throat feels sore, your eyes burn and your back begins to ache, or your head stops up—organize your counterattack on Health Enemy No. 1.

Take no chances. Stay at home. Rest in bed. Stay away from other people—colds are often contagious. Drink plenty of water and eat lightly of simple, nourishing foods. If there is no improvement in your condition the next day, call the doctor. If you are feverish, send for the doctor at once. Do not ignore a cold no matter how trifling it seems. If you take proper care of yourself from the first sniffle, it will not, in a great majority of cases, develop into a serious illness.



The Metropolitan's booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," contains the best medical advice on the subject of colds. Send for your free copy.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

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Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia."

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Contract Labor

By Shepard Barclay

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

When you, as declarer, find the trumps bunched against you, don't give up hope. Follow these directions back to safety and profitable scores

Every declarer knows how it feels to find trumps bunched against him

THE batter with two strikes on him in the ninth inning, two out and the bases full; the football team defending its goal line with a minute left to play; the army backed up to its last-line trenches—all of these know how a contract-bridge declarer feels when he finds the trumps bunched with one adversary. They are all strictly up against it.

Then is the time resourcefulness counts. Ordinary measures fit ordinary situations, but in a crisis something extraordinary is required. The declarer may even have to be like the British colonel who had his men spaced about ten yards apart to cover part of the line in the early mobile days of the Great War. His scouts reported swarms of Von Kluck's troops coming toward them. Digging in wouldn't do; they were too greatly outnumbered. Retreating would serve no purpose; there were no reserves in back of them. He ordered his thin line to advance. The Germans, not expecting such early opposition, halted when they spotted the hostile "skirmish line, undoubtedly backed by large bodies of troops," and dug in themselves. The bluff had worked, saving enough time for reinforcements to arrive.

So it is when a declarer finds his most trusted forces, his trumps, inadequate to the situation. If there is any element he should be able to depend upon, it is his trump suit. His faith in it is the reason why his bidding caused it to become the trump. What to do, then, if he finds that his greatest security suddenly becomes his greatest peril? Sometimes he can do nothing about it except to "take it on the chin" and hope for better luck next time. But the good player does not succumb so easily. He first looks around, canvasses the situation and tries to devise some method to fight his way out of the extremity.

There are many schemes for overcoming the misfortune of an unsatisfactory trump situation. In one kind of fix, one scheme will work best, another requires a different sort of procedure. Those schemes most frequently available fall into several readily classified groups. In the first, and perhaps most important, of these you abandon the otherwise natural plan to drop the outstanding trumps, and instead try to take tricks separately with each trump in closed hand and dummy by means of cross-ruffing.

Frequently a player has a more or less inadequate trump suit to begin with, but one which would pull him through successfully if he could go to work on the trump suit without being first bedeviled by the enemy. Being forced by them to ruff a trick with the longer of his two trump holdings may upset his entire situation and compel him to change his plan. That occurred when Millard P. Kaiser of St. Louis found himself in an ambitious five-diamond contract on this deal:

North
♠ A 9 7 6 4
♡ 7 4
♢ A 9 8
♣ 8 5 4

West
♠ Q 10 8 3
♡ 9 5
♢ 4 3
♣ A K Q 10 3

East
♠ J 5 2
♡ J 10 8
♢ 7 6 5 2
♣ J 7 6

South
♠ K
♡ A K Q 6 3 2
♢ K Q J 10
♣ 9 2

Four hearts, or even five, would have been the easiest kind of a laydown, but five diamonds, with the hundred honors, which counted then, would produce the duplicate top score if the contract could be made. With justifiable confidence in his playing ability, he had essayed the more difficult contract. A glance at the North and South hands would make it appear as if all the declarer need do would be to drop the trumps in four leads, then get the remaining tricks in hearts and spades.

This was all changed by the opponents' three successive leads of clubs, compelling him to trump one. This left him only three diamonds, and if he tried to drop the outstanding trumps with them, the chances were approximately two to one that he would find one adversary holding at least four. If so, he would lose the setting trick. Brief study of the hand showed him the alternative plan, which would overcome this handicap—a cross-ruff. After cashing the spade king and the two high hearts, he ruffed a heart in the dummy, laid down the spade ace, then zigzagged via heart and spade ruffs, taking six tricks with his six high trumps and making the contract.

Probably no other hand yet reported emphasizes the possibilities of a cross-ruff with high trumps as did one which is supposed to have been played in Boston some time back. Several versions of it have gone around, the main one being this:

North
♠ Q J 10 7
♡ K Q
♢ A 5 4 3 2
♣ Q 10

West
♠ 5 2
♡ 10 9 7
♢ 8 7 6
♣ J 9 7 6 2

East
♠ 9 4 3
♡ 8 6 2
♢ J 10 9
♣ 8 5 4 3

South
♠ A K 8 6
♡ A J 5 4 3
♢ K Q
♣ A K

The story is that after a lot of bidding South made an ace-showing call of six clubs, which North misunderstood, allowing his partner to play the deal at that contract. If a club had been led, the contract would have been impossible, but a heart was the opening. South, according to the tale, took in two spade tricks, three heart tricks and three diamond tricks, then cross-ruffed the hand, trumping diamonds twice in the South and hearts twice in the North, to get the necessary twelve tricks. East and West were of course ruffing too on these tricks, but their trumps were always lower than the declarer's, so that all they got was one trick at the end of the hand.

When one adversary bobs up with an appallingly long string of trumps, the declarer often will hold a tenace position over them, but lack enough trumps in the dummy to get a sufficient number of leads through the hostile holding. His plan then usually must be to have the last lead of some other suit come from the dummy, obliging the opponent to ruff before he himself does, so that he can overplay the card used. Lester S. Crane, a star of the Greater Miami Bridge League, had to use these tactics in a recent match in the Florida metropolis. This was the hand:

North
♠ Q 6 2
♡ K 9 3
♢ A Q J 3
♣ K J 4

West
♠ None
♡ 8 7 5 2
♢ K 7 5 4
♣ 10 6 5 3 2

East
♠ 10 9 8 4 3
♡ Q 6 4
♢ 10 9 2
♣ Q 9

South
♠ A K J 7 5
♡ A J 10
♢ 8 6
♣ A 8 7

Finding himself in the extremely ambitious contract of seven spades, Mr.

(Continued on page 52)

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES
BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
"CANADA DRY"
PALE GINGER ALE
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE
NEW YORK
CANADA DRY
SPARKLING WATER

SO MANY MOTHERS serve only Canada Dry to the children because its wholesomeness is a by-word. Physicians actually prescribe this sparkling old drink. It passes every test for purity and quality.

EVEN the finest natural waters do not have the crystal clarity of the water used in Canada Dry. Every drop is cool, clear, brilliant as a diamond. For it has been filtered many times, and finally, ultra-violet-rayed.

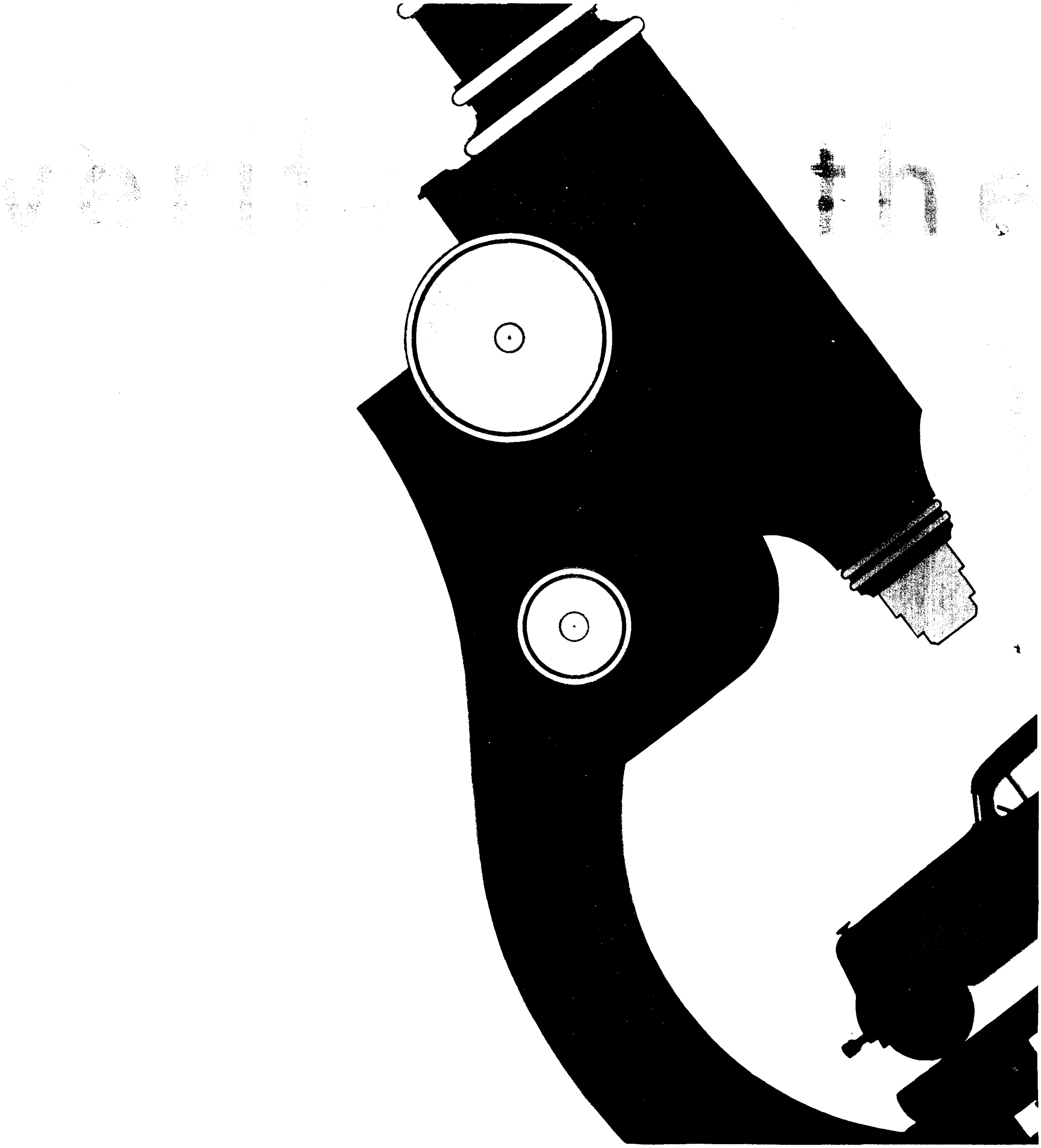
Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without the cheering presence of Canada Dry—The Champagne of Ginger Ales. Alight with lasting sparkle, mellow as old wine, extra dry . . . it always adds the final touch of flavor and zest to tall drinks.

THE *S. S. Normandie* is famous for its perfect appointments. Naturally, when it came to ginger ale, Canada Dry was chosen for the *Normandie's* dining rooms, smoking rooms and bars.

If you want
The *Champagne*
of Ginger Ales...
ask for
CANADA
DRY

. . . and less than 3c a drink—The big bottle of Canada Dry makes 5 to 8 tall drinks—averaging less than 3c a drink. It's always an investment in extra satisfaction to specify "Canada Dry"—rather than merely ordering "ginger ale".

CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER has such zestful, lasting sparkle that even an *open* bottle put in your refrigerator will come out 24 hours later still full of life and sparkle.



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GENERAL
MOTORS

General Motors cars have a special appeal for the person who subjects his purchase to close scrutiny. Careful buyers choose a car not only for its performance and safety features, but also for that underlying quality which assures continuing efficiency and lasting satisfaction. It is not difficult, for example, to realize the safety advantages of smooth-riding Knee-Action...the strength and beauty of the new Turret Top body... the importance of Hydraulic Brakes of advanced design... the charm of new and smartly-styled Body by Fisher, with Fisher No-Draft Ventilation. And when General Motors cars are also judged by materials, workmanship and engineering details unnoticed by the average eye... then their value becomes more evident than ever. General Motors, and every dealer in General Motors cars, invites you to verify these values for yourself.

The new General Motors cars may be purchased on the new GMAC 6% Time Payment Plan

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note the fact that
every make of
General Motors
car now offers you
these **SAFETY** and
comfort features:

ACTION

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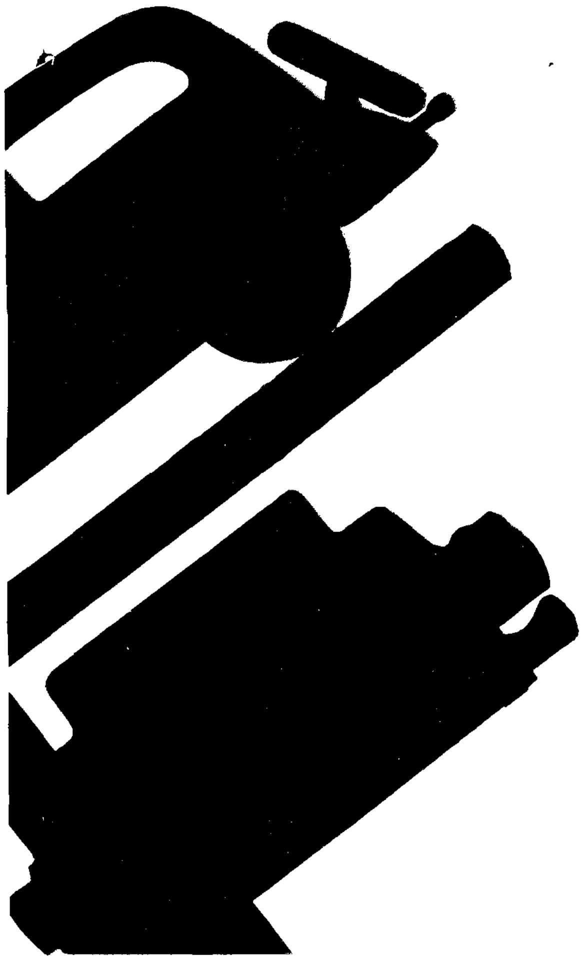
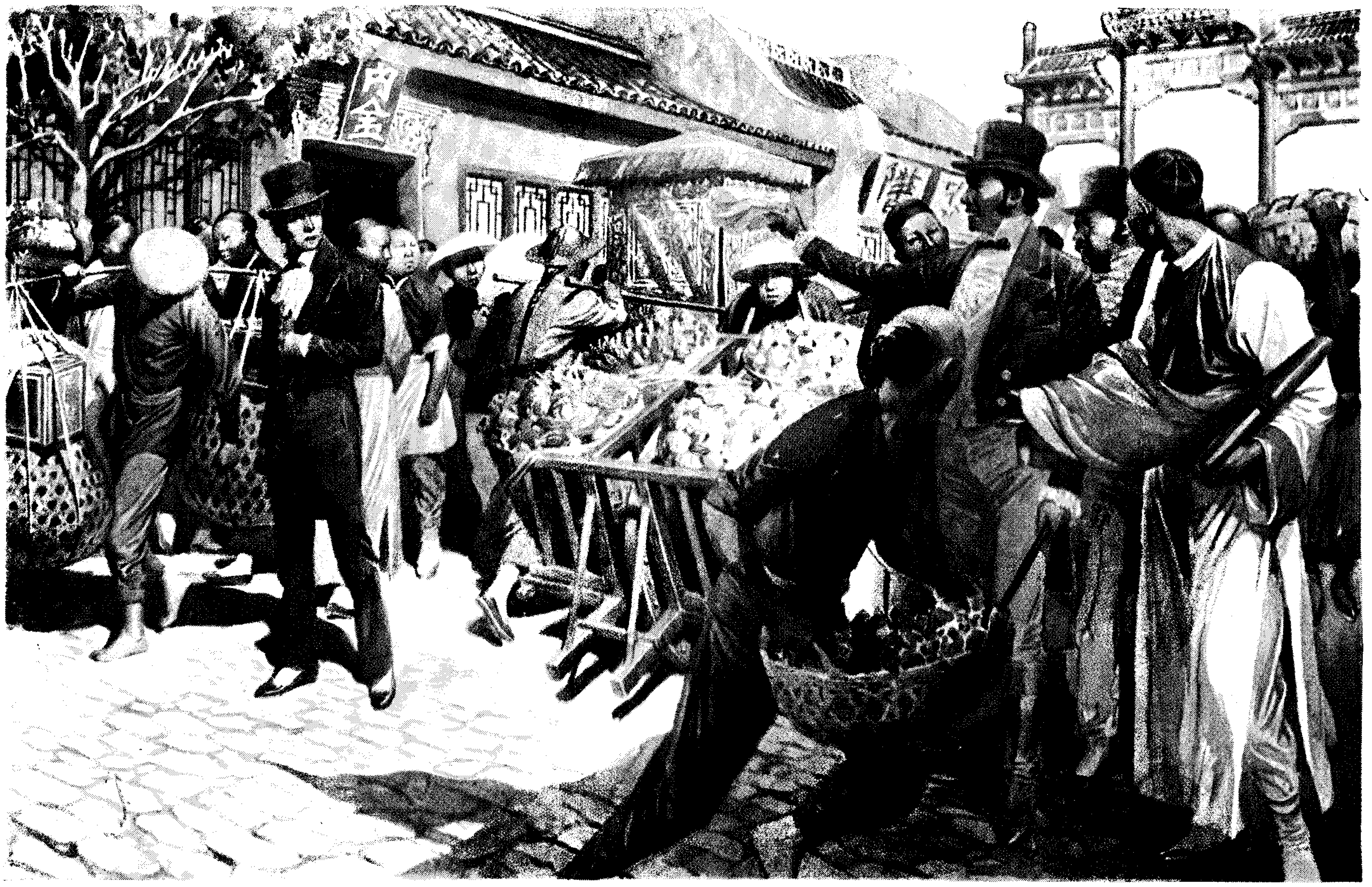
Only General Motors
cars offer you *all these*



GENERAL MOTORS HAVE
OUTSTANDING VAL 1936

ODY BY FISHER

General Motors Concert every Sunday evening over NBC Red Network, coast-to-coast



Charles Warren waved a lace handkerchief. "I vow, Mr. Bartlett, I am unable to tell you apart from the Asiatics"

China Venture

By Sidney Herschel Small

A stirring story of love and adventure in the Orient in a day when America was young

OLD CHINA STREET was almost a solid mass of chattering Cantonese; where moist, hot sunlight slanted over a lower shop roof, Richard Bartlett could see the foppish rose-colored coat of an East India Company merchant, with a second of the English traders, shorter and in blue, strutting along beside. Dick himself, save for white neckcloth, was attired in plain clothes of an indistinguishable color. As he moved along the lash of a servant's whip, cutting a path for a lesser mandarin, flicked against his shoulder.

The foreigners in advance must have turned; it was again amazing to Dick how much they observed, and to what excellent use they managed to put their knowledge; he heard Charles Warren's high-pitched laugh, and whatever was said, Bartlett realized, would include rebel, or damned rebel, or cowardly rebel. The year was 1813; no American ship had reached the Canton River for months, although even without that, trading at the Hong of the Stars, the factory owned by Salem men, had mysteriously stopped.

Peddlers and merchants swarmed about the two East India factors, hawking pickled olives, wrinkled sweet nuts, varnished pink pastry; Bartlett, walking alone, was better able to move forward.

Up the street a juggler from the hill country hurled his blades and oranges into the air for the crowd's amusement, and his woman whined for copper-and-zinc *tchen* pieces; Charles Warren waved a lace handkerchief to attract Dick's attention: "I vow, Mr. Bartlett, I am unable to tell you apart from the Asiatics. If your supply of coats is so badly worn, our Sussex is newly arrived with fine cloths."

"SIR," Dick said, "my thanks." What the East India factor had said was not at all an offer of kindness, and Bartlett's browned face paled; he kept his hands clenched at his sides. Jest or gibe or insult, he must not take offense, since all cases involving quarrels between foreigners were tried before the mandarins, where the Company, called the Hong of Tranquillity in Canton, had strange prestige and power, developed since Dick's arrival in China. A quarrel, for the American, might well mean additional loss of trade, or even banishment. More, and worse, what Charles Warren hinted at was true. No ships from Salem, New York, Boston, had reached the mouth of the river with goods; nothing could be gained by arguing about it. Yet Dick, young, was forced to say, "We hourly expect the arrival of our packet, sir," and was forced, also, to listen in glum, angry silence as the two East India factors laughed and turned away.

The end of Old China Street dipped and curved toward the iron fence surrounding the foreign settlement, where the American godown was between that of the Company and the Danish Hong; Bartlett, at the gate, faced the near river, searching once more for what he did not see. Nowhere was there a fast craft from Whampoa such as might have come up-river from the moored Resolution or the Alert or the Ann & Hope after the five-thousand-dollar entry tax had been paid, and gifts made to every official. Ugly and unwieldy junks, with huge, painted eyes at the bow, and cooking fires at the stern, loaded and unloaded, while petty officials examined the cargoes for additional taxes.

A mandarin boat, flying a white and crimson pennon, with red cloth tied about the muzzles of its guns, passed with the squeaking of musical instruments; passed and repassed, before Dick went through the iron gate.

Old George Crowninshield was in the dark room in which the two men ate, above the godown; when Dick finally entered he said, "You couldn't buy the bales of silk, Richard," as a statement, and not a question. The East India Company had made the trade, Dick agreed without explanation. "Four bales of fine silk," Crowninshield went on. "Lost to us. Our own comprador had the promise of it. Our offer was good. Very good, Richard. Hardly any profit in it, had we turned it."

DICK could see how the older man, supercargo on early ventures, was marking off the bales against the total count of goods. Old George, actually, knew without examining the books what merchandise the hong contained, the count of Spanish dollars and Granada rum and aniseed and ginseng from the New England forests, most valuable of all for trading purposes; the wares awaiting shipment home, satins and nankeens, pearl buttons with gold figures, ribbands, pepper, cinnamon buds, and always tea, the odor of which permeated the entire hong . . . chests of pak-ho, koong-foo, souchong, bohea. "I offered the last of the ginseng," Dick said shortly. "Our comprador explained to the silk merchant that there will be no more until another vessel arrives. You know what virtues the Chinese set on it. They believe the root is magical. Even so, I was unable to trade. Why?"

Crowninshield nodded abstractedly, which was no answer. As he limped toward his teakwood stool at the table he said, "The heat reminds me of that musket ball. My grandchildren may boast that I helped make a nation, but tonight it pains me damnably, Richard." He cupped his palms and clapped them together loudly; as Dick took his own place, the older man said, "Another regulation from the mandarins; we may not employ additional servants, nor replace any who leave. Indeed, the Chinese consider us barbarians. We may not issue forth after dark, nor take recreation on the river, nor walk certain streets, nor have women of any sort in our houses; officials pry at all hours, night and day, and I sicken of it. We are *fan-kwai,* foreign devils, and at the mercy of these Asiatics. Punishment, again, is to be loss of goods and banishment. We cannot hope for protection nor remonstrance from home . . . home . . . I should like corn meal and cool, thick cream, and berries. Warm bread and butter. You are lonely, too, boy."

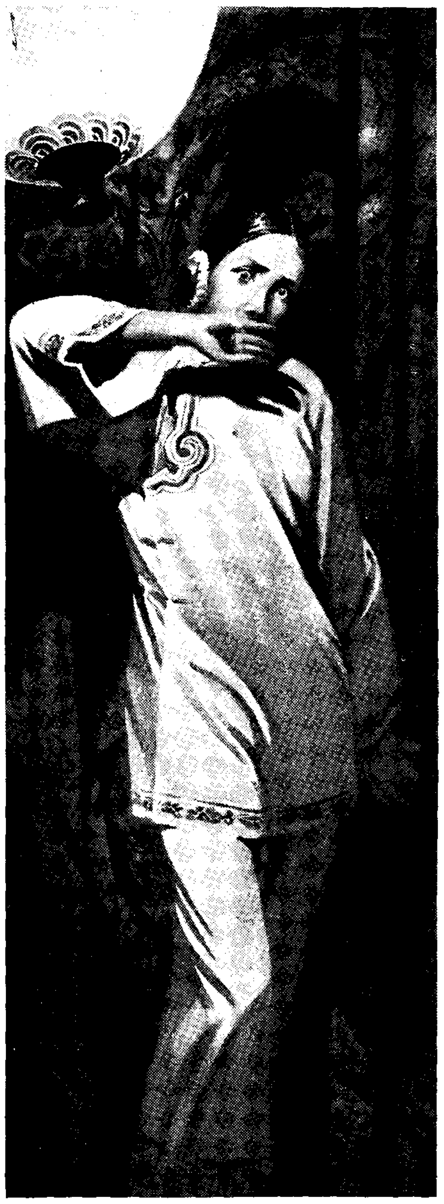
DICK said, "I try not to think of it," and conjured up a shining kitchen, with himself entering it after the day in his father's counting-house, to warmth unlike this vile heat, to cheer and laughter; he could see the pots hanging like enormous coins in their places. Well, it was for coins, for wealth, that he had come to China, only he had thought that it was for adventure. If it were venturesome to be forever struck from behind by intrigue, to lose trade, then it was exciting to have stood to his desk in Salem . . . and he was sick to death of the sneers of the East India men, although he dared do nothing about it. His youth, his father reminded him before he departed, was against him, and his temper; he was outgrowing the one with every passing moment, and had held the other in check well enough. He thought of one more thing: Ann Forster. He mustn't think about her, so far away. Ann, like a bud, fresh and tall . . . the scent of wet sand, the salt air of home, the pale green of young-leaved trees, the pale sky. Ann telling him goodby.

He glanced up as the serving-boy padded into the room; candlelight made the Oriental face more yellow. As the boy placed the first of the dishes of relishes on the polished wood, Dick saw that his cheek was horribly slashed, black with dried blood. "*Yau mat peng a?*" Bartlett demanded. There was nothing the matter, the boy said, placing his hand against his wound, and then, restraint breaking, he began to chatter in Cantonese, so swiftly that Dick was forced to interrupt: "A society against foreigners, to drive us away? You were marked so that everyone will know that you labor for the *Mei-kwoh,* the Americans . . . tell me how it happened, slowly."

The boy kept his hand against his cheek; he had been walking, with the baskets, behind the cook; men had leaped out and dragged him into a house and slashed him; he told this because the white lord had been kind, and because, in the morning, he was returning to his father's farm where he might be safe. The cook had beaten him for losing the baskets. In uneasy confidence, he added, "Whoever trades with you, master, will be knifed as a warning, and then killed. The men said it." He might have said more, but the cook howled for him then; when he returned with slices of roasted duck, his eyes had a glaze, impenetrable, over them, and nothing more was to be learned.

After Dick had explained, Crowninshield said, "What next? I am not hungry. Have up a bottle of Madeira, Richard." Nor was Dick hungry, although he sat while course after course was served, lest the offended cook resign. The Madeira was half gone when portly Li Yaung, their hong merchant and go-between, who stood sponsor for them to the authorities, entered; what he had to say was short and to the point. New and excellent presents must be made to the officials, presents which would be impossible until the arrival of a ship. When was a vessel expected? It was rumored, Li Yaung said, that the Americans had been abandoned. "For that," growled Crowninshield, "we can thank Charles Warren and the Company." In the meantime, Li Yaung continued, nothing in the way of trade could be accomplished, and he had also come, in friendship, to advise the white men to remain safely within their hong. . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY



Ann's eyes tried to find a way of escape, a way of eluding the Cantonese

Dick took that to his palm-fiber trestle bed. Li Yaung had spoken honestly; what he said agreed with the serving-boy's information. Did it mean the complete failure of the venture, and had he, Dick Bartlett, in any wise been the cause? He had kept his tongue and temper, had traded carefully and fairly, had paid every increasing tax, port tax, linguist tax, trading tax, the three per cent liquidation tax fee to care for every possible dishonest transaction by any of the foreign factors; had contributed to the constant arrogant demands of the Tartar dynasty, the Uses of the Army, the Consoo Fund, the Imperial Tribute, and all of the irregular charges; had made presents, and, when Li Yaung insisted, in such amount that they could only have been bribes.

He left his hot, uneasy bed; there was a little wind from the river, but it, too, was hot, sticky, wet. Dick thought, suddenly and savagely, "I'm twenty-four," and, out on the river, heard what might have been the muffled movement of oars. Had a ship's boat slipped past the forts, French Folly, Dutch Folly; was some foolhardy supercargo attempting to bring highly taxable goods to Canton without paying the fees? It would be the sort of thing which Captain Forster, laughing and reckless, would approve and permit; in Ann, his daughter, was the same recklessness . . . only she was so very lovely. And so far away, with so many men courting her; by this time she must have forgotten him. "La, Richard," she had said; "can I trust you with the Chinese women?" and it was then that she had kissed him.

In another moment he knew the sound to be the tapping of a dancing-drum on a flower boat; a flute wailed, a snake-bellied *san-hien* jangled in minor key, a voice chanted . . . from silver lamps blue smoke is streaming; the lutes sound; within the gates our lives are one; let dawn delay . . . and the cadenced rhythm set Dick's heart to beating. He saw, at the river's edge, in full moonlight, the boat, with its rough, grotesque paintings on cabin and canopy, dragons, gigantic birds in reds and blues, strange figures of lustful significance. The river had become pale, like flowing sand. There was a girl on the craft; a serving-maid brought her a bowl, from which, without lifting her head, she drank; her sleeves, as they moved, made her an exotic thing, a butterfly of crimson and scarlet and yellow.

AS THE man watched, a perfume seemed to come from the river boat which was not incense, but something peculiarly, heavily pungent, like burning pine cones; not the cones as at home, but those grown on twisted, stunted Oriental trees. The girl's face lifted, as if she saw the white man at the hong window, and a weird sweet shock passed through Bartlett. He could not, by regulation, go to a flower boat, even to have satisfied curiosity, but there was always Li Yaung, who had many times intimated that arrangements could be made. Then the Chinese girl lowered her head.

Dick turned suddenly and threw himself on the bed. When at last he returned to America, it would be as a failure. There was no trade. There were no ships. There was nothing save constant stabs in the back and sneering laughter, against which, as today, he could manufacture no defense. The flute on the flower boat moaned; he kept his eyes tightly closed. Round and round, before his shut eyes, went figures; Ann's, Charles Warren's, the dancing girl's, George Crowninshield's, his one companion, as he limped around the godown, interested only in the records . . . There was not even news from home; no cheerful word. Only a strange land, trouble, and failure. When he finally slept, it was fitfully; he woke again and again. Rats worked in the walls, the great, gaunt rats of China. Rats . . . as he lay, the sound became, he believed, stealthy footsteps. By regulation, there was neither firearm nor weapon in the factory; foreigners were not permitted to possess either. It would be worthless, useless, to awaken old George; hongs had been robbed before; nor had he any intention of slipping out and asking any of the other hong traders for help, least of all the East India men. As he stood up, a stair creaked.

The hallway was black as the pit. Dick, waiting, heard a whisper, and hurled himself at the sound, arms wide, to carry the thief or thieves down the stairs; he heard, at the moment of impact, a sharp, surprised oath, and then went to the floor smashing a body beneath him which was not writhing nor bony like a Chinese's, but muscular, solid, and, in plain English, cursing; he heard his own name called. . . .

Candles were lighted; George Crowninshield, carrying a heavy stool, limped out of his own room. "Well, Dick," Captain Forster said. "Ah, George. How's the leg?" The shipmaster was obviously pleased with himself, and was smiling broadly. With him were three men from his ship, the Sea Vixen; it was one of them that Bartlett had hurled down the stairs; he saw two of the men clearly, but the third, slighter, remained in shadow behind Forster. "We were forced to arrive in this manner," the captain announced. "Canton! D'ye know, Dick, that against all acknowledged rights of a nation over its own waters, and simply because it can be done with impunity, a British frigate cruises off Whampoa and seizes our ships. The Vixen slipped past her, but as soon as we dropped anchor I learned what we might expect even in port. Capture, seizure of cargo, men impressed. I believed that if I could get to Canton, and set the matter before the mandarins, we would be given protection. If we can discharge, load and sail unmolested, we will all be rich, Dick; no ship has brought tea to America for months. Although I grant that for the past hours I have been more concerned with the safety of our skins than silver dollars."

"IT IS good to see you, sir," Dick said. He saw immediate complications. The best which could be hoped from the authorities was a series of annoyances against the British company, so characteristic of Asiatic government when they found themselves unable to cope with a situation; the worst, that there would be delay upon delay, while the Sea Vixen became an empty shell. "The only way we can protest is to set forth our complaint to the government in writing, in Chinese, under seal. It is done so here. I will send for our hong merchant in the morning." He wanted, suddenly, to ask a dozen questions; then he heard a quick, amused laugh.

"Our Richard has become a cautious merchant," he heard. "I am surprised, Dick; I am astonished. You spoke differently at home."

Dick said, "Why, Ann! Ann!"

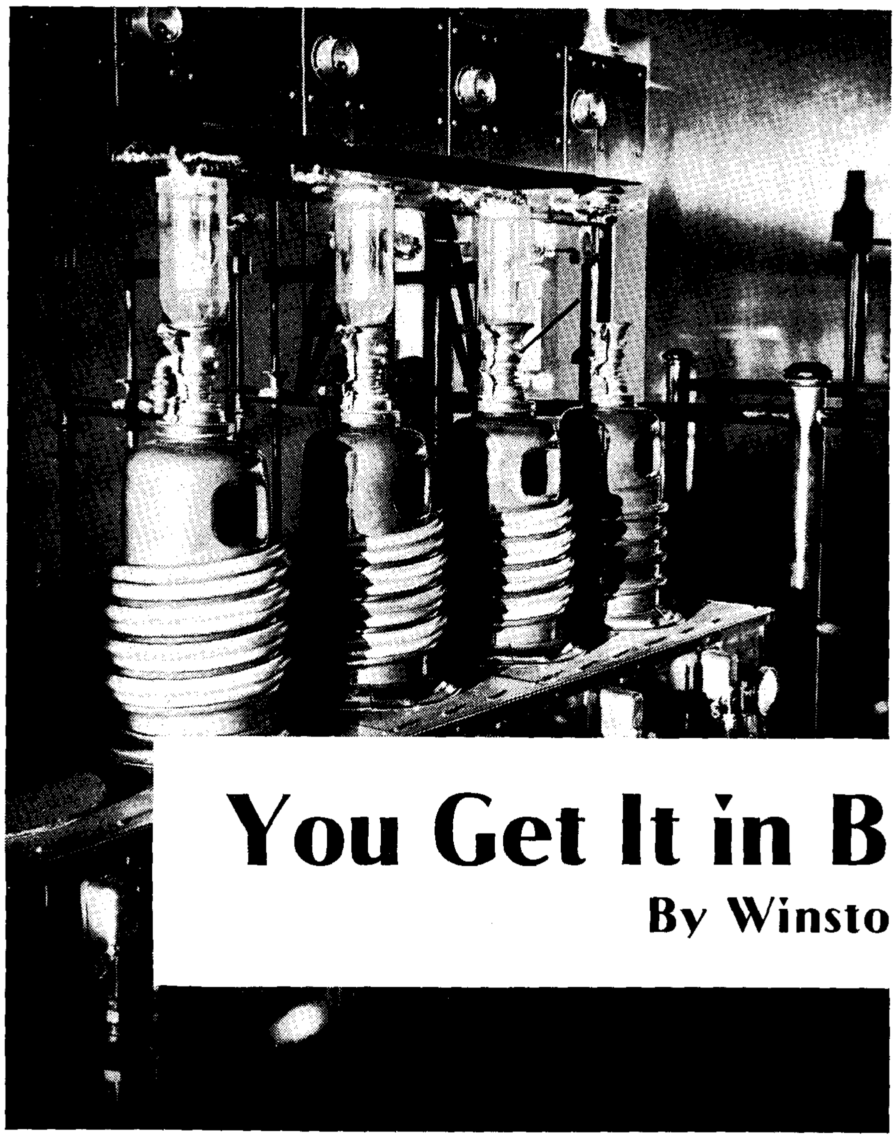
She mocked each word, with her hand on Captain Forster's arm; "She would come," the shipmaster chuckled, "and I feared leaving her in Whampoa on the ship. I—"

"You have not said that you were pleased to see me," Ann Forster suggested. She looked down at her trousers, and then suddenly removed her man's hat, rumpling her hair; a Chinese servant whispered nasally in excitement. "Do I not look like a boy, Dick?" Even in candlelight her eyes darkened visibly. "Or is there some reason why I should not be in your house?"

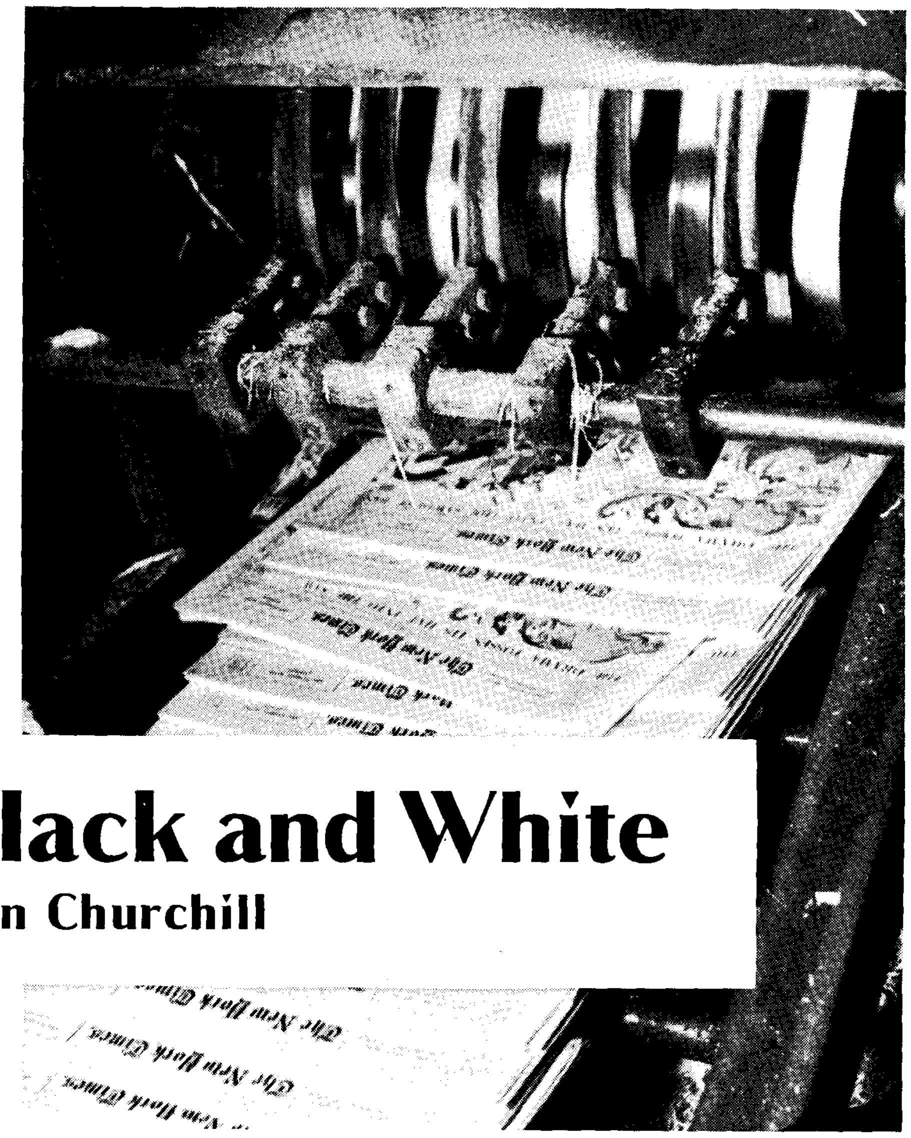
HE KNEW what she meant. "A devilish reason, Ann," he said. He snapped an order to the servants; if anyone spoke of the foreign woman, inside the hong or out, he would, for the first time, inflict those tortures which only white men knew. "You see," Dick continued, "there is an edict against women. We may not have them in our house—"

"And a very good law," Ann said calmly. "We are not only tired, Dick, but hungry. And there is mud to my ankles; we walked for miles." She became

(Continued on page 38)



Radio—a system unfriendly to independent opinion



The Press—the unsleeping guardian of freemen's rights

You Get It in Black and White

By Winston Churchill

How do you like your news? By radio? Through the movies? In the papers? Some believe that the newer mediums will replace the printed word. In this article Mr. Churchill shows you why they can't—and proves conclusively that it will still pay to let little Johnny learn how to read

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

A NAKED savage crouches over a drum fashioned from the trunk of a tree. His tappings fill the tropical night with sound. He pauses. In the distance another drum answers, repeating the signals. The jungle telegraph is at work. By morning, over a wide area, the tribes will know that the District Commissioner is angry, that the secret society of the Leopard Men has been broken up, and that all the magics of the witch doctor have not saved him from prison.

For unnumbered centuries, in the depths of the Dark Continent, among the islands of Oceania, in the valleys of the Amazon and in Mexico, primitive peoples have made use of the drum language to convey quickly the news of important happenings. Even in our own time, the drums have not infrequently proved the surest and speediest means of communication in the remoter regions of the world. I have heard it said that long before the white men on the outposts of Britain's African Empire learned officially of King Edward's death, they were told of that event by the natives. The drum telegraph was "first with the news."

It may be that some such system of signaling was the earliest of all the devices which mankind has invented in order to learn of the doings of his fellows. Sound travels more quickly than the fastest horse.

Fire, also, has played its part in the spreading of tidings, good or bad. The Jubilee beacons with which England was girdled in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of King George's accession, were lit in many places on the identical sites from which had blazed, nearly 350 years before, the warning of the coming of the Armada.

There is obvious strategic importance in the rapid exchange of information in times of emergency. But mankind desires news for its own sake, because of that interest in the wider world which is an essential part of our make-up. The blind Homer, as he wandered through Asia Minor and among the islands of the Archipelago, was probably welcomed no less for his gossip of the neighboring cities than for his tales of Troy and the adventures of Ulysses. Accounts of the places he had visited and the men he had met were as much part of the stock in trade of the medieval peddler as the goods which filled his pack.

The Empire of Publicity

The years roll on, and a man in shabby finery, splashed with grease and stained with wine, sits writing at a table in a London coffee-house. He is an author of news letters which tell the country squires, who are his correspondents, what is happening in town, or what they say about Marlborough's latest victory.

In the world of today, the journalist, the radio announcer and the newsreel cameraman are heirs of this process. They divide the Empire of Publicity.

But for how long? Just as the older forms of gathering and disseminating news were superseded by the rise of the Press, so, say some, newspapers and periodicals will be supplanted by the microphone and the camera.

To look into the future is fascinating, if inconclusive. Where there are two ways of doing the same thing, one new and one old, the new will tend to drive out the old. The celebrated pony express between St. Joseph and Sacramento went out of business when the first telegraph line came into operation over the same route. But the new only drives out the old when it offers a better way of doing the same thing. The motorcar has not killed the railroad, nor the airplane the motorcar. These three means of transport are today regarded as complementary rather than competitive, and are likely to remain so for some time to come.

In any speculation as to the future of publicity we have therefore to decide, first of all, whether in fact radio and the moving picture are capable of replacing the Press. Can they do the work that the Press is doing now, and would they do it better and cheaper? If our answer is in the affirmative, then the Press is doomed. Let us look into it.

"The written word remains." The spoken word dies upon the air. The news bulletin is coming through on the broadcast. The telephone bell rings—your wife asks you if you remembered to post that letter—and by the time you can again give your attention to the announcer, he has passed to another item. Without the newspaper you will never know the result of that baseball match, or the President's latest message to Congress. Similarly the image on the screen is evanescent. You bend down to pick up your handkerchief, or a party of people pass in front of you to get to the vacant seats farther along, and you have lost the most vital and significant part of the news picture.

Where the Press Has the Edge

That is the first great advantage of the newspaper over the radio or the moving picture. You can pick up the newspaper when you like. If you are called away from it, it is still there when you return. If you want to refresh your memory about any item in it, you can do so until it is thrown away as out of date.

It is not always convenient to tune in to the news at the hour it comes over the air. But if there were no newspapers, you would have to do so if you wanted to know what was happening. And you would have to listen to many items in

(Continued on page 36)

Christmas Joy

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
Star of the 20th Century Fox Production, "The Littlest Rebel"—flowers styled by Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

Santa Didn't Forget The Flowers!

SHIRLEY, starry-eyed with the thrill of Christmas morn, symbolizes Yuletide . . . the spirit of love and thoughtfulness. How she awakens memories of our own childhood . . . of the many happy occasions to which flowers lent their loveliness!

Throughout the world this Christmas, as on other happy occasions, the language of flowers will voice love, peace and good will. And long after this holiday season the memory of their greeting will linger in happy hearts.

FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD ★ PROMPT DELIVERY AND QUALITY GUARANTEED ★

FLOWERS AND PERSONALITY

BONDED MEMBER FTD

"Flowers and Personality," a beautiful brochure, is profusely illustrated with photographs of leading motion picture stars. Send 10 cents postage for your copy. Address Headquarters, F. T. D. A., 485 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

The International Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, through its more than ten thousand bonded members, helps make flowers, before any other gift, a pleasure to give.

Contact your F. T. D. florist. He will handle your entire Christmas list as effectively as though the flowers were wrapped and delivered by your own hands. The Winged Mercury Emblem is your guarantee that your order, large or small, will receive speedy and expert attention.

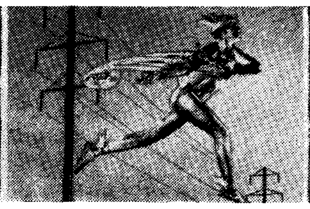
Say it with Flowers

HOW TO SEND FLOWERS BY WIRE

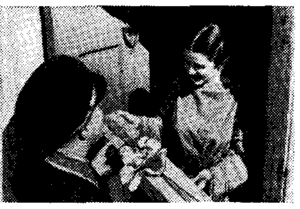
. . . . **1**—All you need to do is telephone any local F. T. D. florist, or

. . . **2**—Go to a florist's shop displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem

. . . . . . **3**—Place your order and delivery instructions with the F.T.D. florist


. . **4**—Association teamwork, bonded to give you satisfaction, does the rest

. . **5**—Your order speeds to an equally prominent F. T. D. florist member and


. . . **6**—Fresh, fragrant flowers are promptly delivered as directed by you.

The Bishop of the Sea

Continued from page 17

blackness out beyond. He sent Gus below, so that presently from the scuttle a cheerful clatter of pots and pans rose superior to the desolate noises of the sea. They ate in turn, Bill first, off a swing-table in the galley: a stew out of a copper pot, a mug of black tea.

Another hour and a rift was torn in the clouds ahead, through which a single wet star shone faintly just above the sea. As Bill watched it, it winked and was gone, unexpectedly blotted out by a denser blackness which rose from the sea before them. At the same time the ketch came without other warning into more quiet water. Bill swung her a little to the north and stood on. A wooded point loomed ahead, velvety black against the night clouds; they passed so close he could hear the gentle crash of water and the hiss of sliding sands in the sudden silence as their engine subsided and stopped. A single square of light slid into view as the ketch crept into the cove with a dying ripple at her forefoot.

From his place at the wheel, Bill watched the pale rectangle, but it remained as blank as though it were a weird satellite risen upon their lonely landfall.

Bill spun the wheel and whistled a low note. Moving unseen in the bows, Gus dropped the anchor overboard and came aft, appearing suddenly beside the dinghy, where he began fumbling with the lashings. When the boat was in the water, Bill went over the side and rowed himself ashore, leaving Gus in the ketch. As he walked across the shingle and into a path through the trees, he looked back in time to see a lantern crawling up the mainmast for a riding light.

IT WAS a deeper darkness among the trees. He had to feel his way along the path, sliding each foot ahead cautiously. It seemed a long time before the window came into sight again through the thickets, and then he had to cross the yard, tangled with salt grasses and brambles. He knocked on the heavy, weather-cracked door, and in the silence which followed he heard the sound of his own breathing. After waiting a while, he was raising his fist to knock again when the door swung open, pulled by a little boy who stood with a lantern held at arm's length before him.

Dazzled by the light, Bill grinned cheerfully.

"Hello," he said. "Is your mother—where is she?"

The child lowered the lantern a bit. His face, swimming in a golden gloom, was sad and starved, like that of a little primitive saint.

"In here," he said.

Bill followed him down a moldering hallway. The bobbing lantern made their shadows leap and recede in macabre lockstep along the dim walls.

They crossed a big room, musky with the smell of mildew and empty to their footfalls. Turning to stare gravely at Bill, the child paused beside a closed door. Bill asked:

"What's your name?"

"Joe," the little boy said.

"Oh. Mine's Bill."

They shook hands solemnly, nodding at each other. Then they went into the bedroom. A dying scarlet spark burned on the hearth. In a sagging iron bed, the face of a woman lay upon a pillow. While Joe stood holding the flaring lamp on high, Bill bent over the bed. The sleeping face was enigmatic with a faint smile, mysterious and remote, which had set its seals of deepened shadow at the corners of the lips. The light picked out the delicate, hunger-deepened lines of brow and nose and chin, and Bill saw that this woman was beautiful.

The big eyes of the child followed Bill silently as he straightened up. Bill turned and smiled at him, a little humbly, because he didn't know what to say. So this was the singing woman, and her boy. . . . He had been thinking of tawdry glare and haggard paint and a cheap blare of brass; and that face on the bed was one for music in candlelight.

"She went with me and told me what to do while I took nails and nailed up a pillow cover on a tree," Joe said.

Bill nodded.

"Then she lay down on the bed and she sang me a song about three ships, because it's Christmas Eve," Joe said. "She went to sleep while she was singing it."

"Yes," Bill said.

"But first she gave me some more porridge. She wouldn't eat hers. See—here it is."

He showed Bill a stew pan on the hearth. It had one spoonful of porridge in it. Bill looked again at the face of the woman, soft in sleep and hunger forgotten.

"I've kept the fire going," Joe said.

BILL motioned to the boy, and they went out of the house and down to the beach, Joe carrying the lantern carefully. He held it in his hands while Bill rowed him out to the ketch.

Gus was asleep, but they got him up and out of the cuddy took cans of milk and salmon and bread and coffee, passing them up and putting them in the dinghy. Gus took a lantern and an axe, and they all rowed ashore again. The last they saw of Gus, he was trudging up a little hill behind the house, with the lantern bobbing on the end of the axe over his shoulder; cynically looking for a little tree for a masthead.

Bill and Joe carried the groceries into the bedroom. They stirred up the fire and Bill squatted on the hearth, opening cans. He kept looking at the woman on the bed. She did not stir. Joe sat very straight in a wooden chair—the only one in that barren room of shadows—only staring at the bubbling saucepans when Bill wasn't noticing him.

"Good supper coming," Bill whispered.

Joe nodded. The smell of making coffee crept through the cold room. With a lift of the heart, Bill thought of the church he would be building.

"Don't you worry." He stirred the salmon, seething in canned milk.

"All right," Joe said.

Bill picked up a tin spoon and paused.

"I'll take care of you," he said.

Joe looked at him. Bill thought of the orphanage in Seattle, which was the proper place for boys like him. Gray lines of little children, marching in lockstep across a barren yard under a high fence.

"My mother, too," Joe said.

"Oh, sure."

Joe sighed. "That will be good."

Bill kept remembering the orphanage. Exact rows of gray cots in a high, bleak room. The nights would seem long there, to a child. And in the morning a bell would ring and the children would get up to dress themselves soberly and march in a line downstairs to breakfast. No talking was permitted in the dormitory; visitors were allowed to see the children on Thursdays.

"The Mayor gits some very peculiar ideas around the holidays"

PAUL WEBB

"Everything will be all right," Bill told him.

"Oh, yes," Joe said.

The woman on the bed stirred and opened her eyes—and Bill discovered that he hadn't been thinking about Joe entirely. She turned her head upon the pillow.

"Joe?" she said. It was one note of spoken music.

The boy slid off the chair and went to stand beside the bed. The woman's smile deepened. She didn't see Bill, at first.

"Merry Christmas, son," she said.

IN THE chill light of a foggy Christmas dawn, Bill steered the ketch out of the cove. Gray and high, the shore slid past on the right and finally vanished as the deck began to slant to the long swell of open water. Wrapped in blankets, Joe sat on the skylight. The woman, the singing woman—her name was Margie—was below, sleeping again. From somewhere, away to sea, Bill heard the throb of heavy engines.

Because he thought it was only fitting on Christmas morning, Bill gave the wheel to Gus and went below to change his oilskins for his carefully mended robes and surplice. He came back on deck and stood beside the compass in its binnacle. Joe watched him silently, Gus with a sniff.

Bill put on his spectacles and turned the pages of his little book with clumsy fingers, looking for his place. Clearing his throat, he looked over the tops of his glasses at Gus, who hurriedly knocked out his pipe and paid attention to his steering. Slowly, Bill began to read:

"And it came to pass in those days . . ."

Joe was watching him with awe. Bill thought how fine it would be if he had the money to buy for him a childhood with his mother, in a real home. He knew the very one—a little house which was set behind a white fence on the hill above Crucifixion Bay. . . .

"—in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn . . ."

And Bill said to himself: "But, you have the money.

"—And this shall be a sign unto you . . .

"But that is to build me a church, another church; and before long, maybe, I shall be—"

CAREFULLY, Bill read that story to the end, and closing his book, smiled at Joe. He had decided.

Wearily he started below. He would never be a bishop now. But he was queerly happy, trying to think of a way he could tell Margie about the money without offending her, when she awoke.

And then, beyond the upturned face of the child, Bill saw upon the sea a long and wavering line of flowers. Roses and gardenias, lilies and violets, drifting toward them on the tide, out of the Christmas morning.

With a wave curling from her forefoot, the ketch cut through the slowly heaving swale of petals. Far out, in the thinning fog, Bill saw a receding blur—and as he watched, it became a big Alaska liner, four days out of Seattle. Tiny and distinct in the first light of the sun, a white-jacketed figure bustled to the rail and threw overboard more flowers, and two others appeared behind him, carrying ropes of evergreen for a Christmas at sea.

As he went down through the scuttle, Bill heard the boy ask Gus in a whisper, eying his sea-stained vestments:

"What is he—the bishop of a church?"

And Gus' short, hard laugh; and his reply, half mocking, half tolerant:

"Yah. Bishop! Yah. Ha! Bishop of the sea, maybe."

Relax in Reno

Continued from page 22

uncontested, and more than ninety per cent of all Reno divorces are uncontested. Any second-year law student knows enough law to draw up a complaint in an uncontested divorce case.

Your lawyer will tell you that his fee will be $250. That is the average charge for a Reno divorce. If it is known that you are very well off he will charge you $500—reasonable enough in comparison with attorneys' fees in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. If you are poor (though you never think of poor people getting divorces) you can get a divorce for as little as $25.

"I'd advise you to live out at a ranch," your lawyer will say, for in Reno your attorney offers more than mere legal advice. "There's Mount Rose, or the Del Monte Ranch or the T. H. Ranch or Washoe Pines or Pyramid Lake or Lake Tahoe or a dozen other places. We'll ride around and look at them. You can get board and lodging from $25 a week up, which usually includes the use of saddle horses. Your residence has now started. Six weeks from today I'll file your complaint. Be sure that some Nevada resident—your landlady preferably—sees you every day so that she can testify as to your residence. If you have to leave the state for a few days, that's all right, but you'll have to make those few days up afterwards. You must have literally lived here for forty-two days. Some judges insist upon forty-three days. By the way, what are your grounds for divorce?"

"On September 6th at nine o'clock," you say, "my husband threw a baked apple at me and on September 9th he hit me with a charlotte russe and . . ."

"Never mind the details," he will hurriedly interpose. "We will just call it extreme cruelty. Our complaint need only read in the 'words of the statute.'"

If you are at all sensitive you will breathe a sigh of relief. In the complaint only the general charge has to be made, no prying reportorial eyes may feast upon tidbits of scandal and your marital difficulties need not be paraded before a sensation-loving public. Later on, when your trial comes up, you may ask that it be a secret trial. You need give no reason. Your mere request is enough to bar everyone but court attendants from the courtroom. Then the judge will look at the complaint, see that you are charging extreme cruelty (which may be mental) and say, "In what way was your husband cruel?"

You can then go into the horrible details with only the judge as your audience. The state of Nevada sees no reason why private mistakes should be made public property. It is another example of the tolerance and liberality of this frontier state.

More Marriages than Divorces

When your six weeks of residence are up your lawyer starts to serve the other party. You yourself may leave the state until the day of your trial. If the other party is amenable to personal service—that is, if your lawyer can find him and give or mail him a summons—your trial may come within thirty days of the filing of the complaint. If he can't be located, service by publication will suffice—that takes sixty days to complete.

If your divorce is uncontested your trial shouldn't last more than ten minutes. Certainly no more than twenty. It is as painless as possible. Then you can walk out of the courtroom free to make the same mistake all over again.

In addition to the $250 fee for your lawyer you have paid $20 to file your complaint and $7.50 for the court charges of your trial. You have, if you live as most do while waiting for freedom, spent perhaps $500 during your six weeks residence and in addition to your divorce you've gotten a nice tan, you've learned to ride a horse and you've gone into the hills on horseback-riding picnics, and you've eaten barbecued chicken and thrilled to the soft-voiced cowboys singing.

You've had a pretty good time for comparatively little money and you'll regret leaving Reno with its honesty and tolerance. But perhaps you'll be back some day. Every time a person marries he's a potential customer for Reno.

Reno, known chiefly as a divorce mill, actually issues more marriage licenses than divorces. In 1934, 2,854 divorces were granted. During the same year 5,629 marriage licenses were issued. During the year people from every single state in the Union came to Reno to be divorced, and they came from seven foreign countries, too.

The Pioneer Spirit Still Burns

To get away for a moment from the more sensational aspects of Nevada. The state capital is Carson City. Governor Richard Kirman does not at first epitomize Nevada to you. Quiet, soft-spoken, intellectual, he doesn't seem the one to be spokesman for men of the sagebrush or of the mines. He is something very rare in gubernatorial circles. To begin with, he is not a politician. He was president of the First National Bank of Reno, the only bank in the city to remain open during the financial debacle. Retiring, quiet, he emerged from comparative obscurity last year to lead a Democratic reform ticket. His campaign speeches were unlike any that I ever read. He told the voters again and again that he didn't really care whether he was elected.

But they elected him. Now the state of Nevada is run by a businessman banker who knows little and cares less about patronage and political intrigue.

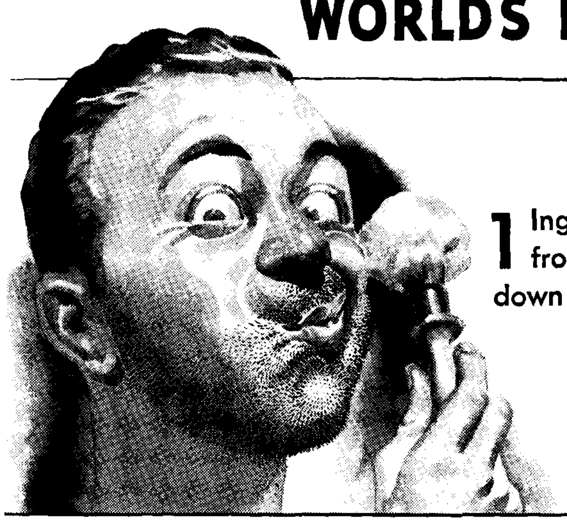
"I only made one campaign promise," the governor said as we sat in his office, "I said I'd put through an old-age pension. I've disappointed the voters to date on that. The legislature passed one such bill but I didn't like it. I vetoed it. Eventually they'll pass the right kind of bill and I'll sign it."

Nevada has no income tax, no inheritance tax, no tax on bank accounts. It is almost a tax-free state, yet its treasury is in good order. The state has less than half a million dollars worth of bonds outstanding.

"We don't allow ourselves to get into debt," the governor smiled. "We run the state in a businesslike manner—and by doing this, of course, we make some enemies and disappoint a lot of people. But we've gotten our share of relief funds from Washington, thanks a great deal to Senator Pittman, and we aren't worried about the future."

The pioneers never did worry much about the future. Nevada is something of a desert state. There are great valleys flung to wide horizons covered with sagebrush—and little else. There is a grandeur about the desolate bareness of the mountains, especially when they are touched with a purple haze. The pioneer spirit still burns brightly in the deserts and in the mountains. Nevada is a state which refuses to grow up, and to fall into line with its more effete sisters to the east and to the west. And Reno is still the swashbuckling, independent frontier city where men of the plains and of the mines go to relax on Saturday night.

3 REASONS.....
why Ingram's gives you the
WORLD'S BEST SHAVE



1 Ingram's strips the oily coat from whiskers—softens them down to the skin line.

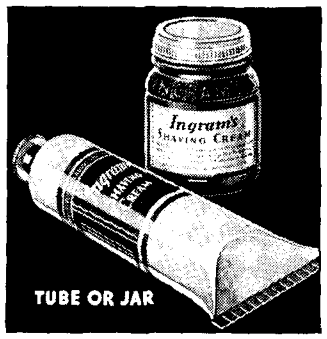
2 Smooths and tightens the skin, so your razor *glides* without a skip or scuff.

3 Keeps your shaves cool! No burn. No sting. No need for after-shave lotion.

Three special shaving aids in Ingram's do these three things to give men quicker, cleaner, cooler shaves—

1st, wilt whiskers softer at the skin line, where the razor works. 2nd, smooth and tighten the skin before you shave, so your razor cuts clean without nicking. 3rd, cool the shave and banish after-shaving sting.

You'll never know how comfortable your shaves can be until you try Ingram's! Lather-up. See how little cream you need for a cool, lasting lather. Ingram's Shaving Cream is *concentrated;* at least three months of *better* shaves in every tube and jar. Ask your druggist for Ingram's, or mail the coupon today for a free 10-shave trial tube.



TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE *free*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-125
110 Washington St., New York, N.Y.

One million cool shavers can't be wrong!
Let me try Ingram's in the 10-shave tube.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ______________ State ______________

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

You Get It in Black and White

Continued from page 32

which you were not at all interested in order to be sure that you were not missing anything important. But the newspaper reader has the art of skimming with great rapidity until he finds what interests him. And *all* the news is there.

Besides, some of us like reading better than listening. Have you ever counted the number of words in the news column of one issue of your daily paper? How long do you think it would take an announcer to read one half, or one quarter of that immense volume of information? Remember, you can read much more quickly than it is possible for anyone to speak. We have only to imagine the finest broadcasting of news to see how utterly unsatisfactory it would be to our needs and habits, and how poor and thin would be the trickle compared to the broad stream of print on which we glide.

If it is difficult for radio to compete with, still less be a substitute for, the Press, it is impossible for the moving pictures to do so. When we open our favorite paper in the morning, we find in it, not only the news of our own land, but also the news of other countries. Whatever has happened of importance, anywhere in the world, on the previous day, is chronicled. But the news film of an event in London or Paris or Berlin cannot be shown the next day in New York or San Francisco. Even when television develops, we must still reckon with the fact that the biggest sensations "break" at unexpected times and in unexpected places. There is always a reporter on the spot, if not at once, at least sufficiently quickly to secure an accurate and circumstantial account of what has occurred. But there can be no film of the incident unless a newsreel cameraman is actually on the scene at the very moment it takes place.

The Primacy of the Press

I adduce these homely facts to prove that at any rate where news is concerned there can be no really serious challenge to the Press from either radio or moving pictures. But the Press has other functions than the publication of news. Most important of all, it molds opinion. Here, it may be said, is a function which can be performed equally well by its rivals. Broadcasting and the pictures are certainly among the most powerful instruments of propaganda the world has ever known. But what sort of propaganda? The moving-picture industry is controlled in the United States and Britain by a number of persons who are primarily interested in making money by providing entertainment. They are good businessmen. They know, or believe that they know, what the public wants. But they have neither the training nor the experience to comment usefully and with knowledge upon grave public issues. To do them justice, I doubt whether they would wish to attempt it.

Screen propaganda, therefore, resolves itself roughly into two distinct categories. In the first place, you have certain films the atmosphere of which is good—or bad—publicity for the members of certain social classes or the nationals of certain countries. Thoughtlessness or individual prejudice, or a deliberate playing to the gallery, may here do incalculable harm—for instance, in lowering the prestige of the white races in Africa or Asia. Conversely, certain films may have the effect of stimulating national pride or of explaining their country of origin to the rest of the world. In the second place, we have the direct propaganda film, made in the interests of a political system or party, or to advance a cause, or to expose what is believed to be an evil. But in free democratic countries the majority of these pictures belong primarily to the public meeting, and may be resented if shown as part of an ordinary movie program.

Similarly, the advertising film, boosting some commodity or industry, is as a rule coldly received by picturegoers. This limits the amount of advertising revenue which can be added to his other receipts by an exhibitor. His expenses must be met, and his profits must be derived, almost entirely from the sale of seats. For this reason the newspaper, magazine or periodical is always cheaper than the picture theater of equivalent standing.

The Press, indeed, comes nearer than any other modern institution to realizing Dr. Townsend's dream of something for nothing. Both the daily newspaper and the great periodical are sold to the public at a figure very much below the cost of production. In some cases the actual cost per copy works out at four or five times the retail price. This is made possible by receipts from advertisements.

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Of course Philbert's crying. He had to throw at this one twice!"

But why, if the advertisement picture is resented in the theater, should it not be also resented in the newspaper or periodical? The answer is that the first is compulsory, the second optional. On the screen the advertisement takes up program time, and there is no alternative but to look at it. No reader need read a Press advertisement unless he wants to. It is the job of the advertising experts, their artists and layout men and copy writers, to make him want to. And it is hardly necessary to say that a person who reads an advertisement voluntarily, because he is attracted by it, is much more likely to become a buyer than one who is forced to look at it while he sits in a theater waiting impatiently to see Greta Garbo or Clark Gable or Norma Shearer in their latest "starring vehicle."

The propaganda film, on the other hand, is successful only where, judged on its own merits, apart from any question of tendency, it is a good picture, or where it is made for exhibition to primitive people, who will believe what they see. The latter condition is perhaps the secret of the effectiveness of the Russian films, though some of them attain high quality. Nazi propaganda pictures, for all their technique, have for the most part failed to appeal to educated German audiences and bore or disgust foreigners. And latterly the Soviet film convention in repeating itself endlessly has wearied the sophisticated world outside Russia. Movie propaganda is most effective where it creates atmosphere and certainly ineffective when it trumpets catchwords.

When, for a short space of time or in a time of excitement, film comment expresses the dominant feeling of a great community it may be immensely powerful. But where picturegoers are intelligent and educated the standard must be high. Influence is most potent where propaganda is least obvious. Moving pictures exist primarily for entertainment and the proportion of films of this type in programs cannot be large. America's latest contribution to pictorial journalism is the development of the newsreel editorial. I watch it with interest, but I do not consider that it threatens in any way the primacy of the Press as a creator and interpreter of opinion. It is significant, indeed, that the pioneer venture of this type is issued monthly only and that it has the resources and intelligence of a periodical behind it.

Radio is possibly a more redoubtable competitor in the realm of ideas. It is of course an immense advantage to leading public figures whether in office or opposition. Father Coughlin has shown how powerful an engine of propaganda broadcasting may be. But the qualities and circumstances which made the radio priest so formidable a factor in American national life might well have produced similar results had he chosen another means of expression. In times of crisis the prophet, true or false, can always secure an audience and a following. I doubt, indeed, whether Father Coughlin will have many successors. Radio programs in the United States are sponsored by national advertisers and the free lance with a mission is not encouraged. In many other countries broadcasting is a monopoly under official or semi-official control, a system that is still more unfriendly to independent opinion. Even in England, where there is a tradition of freedom, the British Broadcasting Corporation's censorship has more than once successfully denied radio facilities to leaders of national thought.

All over the world, radio tends to become either a giant sounding-board for official opinion, as in Germany and Russia, or a glorified Sunday School treat, as in England. In the first case, no views are expressed that conflict with those of the government, and even the musical programs must conform to the authorized standards of purity. Thus there was a major crisis in the Soviet studios when a Negro spiritual, sung by Mr. Paul Robeson, was broadcast in spite of its counter-revolutionary "God propaganda." I understand that the blunder will not be repeated. The State employee responsible for it has no doubt been "liquidated" and the Soviet radio system made safe for atheism.

The alternative to this use of wireless as an instrument of dictatorship appears to be to arrange programs so that no one will ever be offended by anything. Talks and speeches are broadcast only on condition that they should be noncontroversial, and a pall of universal dullness descends upon the studios. In America, because of the competition between different broadcasting services and the fact that time on the radio can be bought, it may be that this tendency has so far been avoided.

Listening with One Ear

People who listen to radio do not, as a rule, concentrate upon it. They switch on the set and carry on with whatever they are doing. As they move about the house the radio provides to other activities a background of sound, of whose nature they are sometimes only vaguely aware. Ideas cannot be apprehended so casually. But we sit down to read a newspaper. We concentrate upon it. So the ideas which we find on the printed page reach out to us. We think them over. They help us to form considered opinions which we may be glad to have reinforced upon the radio.

I remember hearing a well-informed man defined as "one who read the (London) Times every day." The author of the definition added, "No one who does that can fail to be well-informed. But he must read the paper properly, not just glance through it."

The London Times occupies a unique place in the world of journalism, yet I think there are American newspapers for which similar claims could be made.

Even what is sometimes condemned as "sensationalism" may have value. The American journalists of the last century used to say that it was an editor's business to raise hell and sell the paper. William Lloyd Garrison raised hell in the columns of the Liberator and so helped to rouse the North against slavery and to secure the freeing of the Negroes. The National Era made an immensely important contribution to the same great cause when it published Uncle Tom's Cabin as a serial. Again and again the Press of England and the United States has taken the lead in exposing evils and in demanding necessary reforms.

To newspapers must also belong some part of the credit for the Constitution of the United States. When it was signed, in draft, by the delegates to the Convention of Philadelphia in September, 1787, there was probably a majority against it in every State. The tide was turned in its favor by a series of articles written at fever heat between that date and the spring of the following year by three great Americans—Alexander Hamilton, the architect of Union, James Madison and John Jay—and published in the Independent Journal of New York. There can be no more notable testimony to the value of a free Press in the education of democracy than the story of this amazing journalistic triumph. Moreover, The Federalist, which is still accounted one of the world masterpieces of political literature, is nothing more or less than these eighty-five articles, reprinted from the files of an old newspaper.

But the Press, if it is to live up to its great traditions—if indeed it is to live at all—must be free. Radio and moving pictures may survive, and even prosper, as the instruments of tyranny, but put journalism in fetters and it dies. The fate of the Press in Germany is an object lesson. Journals whose names were household words, which were read and quoted all over Europe, have ceased publication. Proscribed or shackled, deprived of independence, of the right to express freely opinions honestly held, they have died one by one. Those newspapers which remain, the servile mouthpieces of the regime, pap-fed by the Ministry of Propaganda, see their circulations dwindle daily. But fugitive leaflets, printed in secret or smuggled from beyond the frontiers, are passed eagerly from hand to hand. A pamphlet written by a clergyman who dares to put the Church before the State becomes a best-seller. Foreign newspapers are eagerly bought wherever they are not banned by the tight-lipped Dr. Goebbels.

Dictatorship has allowed a wider measure of freedom to the Italian newspapers, but there too the prestige of the Press has suffered from the knowledge that it enjoys only a shadowy independence, and that no editor dares to offend the Duce. One man, Senator Luigi Albertini, managing director and part-owner of the Corriere della Sera, which he had made one of the great newspapers of Europe, fought for the freedom of the Press, claimed and exercised the right of comment and of criticism even after the Fascist regime had been established. The circulation of his journal went up and up until at last a legal pretext was found which enabled his associates in the ownership to terminate the contract under which he controlled the policy of the paper. The moment that Albertini's connection with the Corriere ceased, its sales began to fall.

I believe that only in Russia has the circulation of newspapers increased under a dictatorship. But that increase is due almost entirely to the fact that a much larger proportion of the population than formerly is now able to read. And Russia, it may be remembered, has never possessed a free Press. It had no tradition of independent journalism such as existed elsewhere. It is possible, indeed, that in minor matters greater latitude is allowed to writers in Russian newspapers today than ever before.

Safeguards Against Mischief

They can ventilate almost any grievance other than the major evil of being forced to live in a Communist State. These fundamentals must not be impugned. As a general principle we may say that dictatorship and the liberty of the Press are incompatible.

A free Press is the unsleeping guardian of every other right that freemen prize; it is the most dangerous foe of tyranny. No wonder then that the great democracies have always been quick to resent any attempt to limit its independence, or to bring it under regulation. Sometimes, no doubt, the liberty of the Press is abused, but the ordinary process of the courts and the frown of public opinion are, on the whole, sufficient safeguards against muck-raking and mischief. The newspapers, however, fail in their duty when they allow either mass prejudice or the fear of prosecution to prevent them from printing what they believe to be the truth.

"The basic assumption of the newspaper," says a famous American journalist, Mr. Paul Scott Mowrer of the Chicago Daily News, in a League of Nations publication, "is that the public has a right to know truthfully and objectively what is happening. The newspaper which fails to gain and to keep, or which is discovered to have betrayed the confidence of its readers, has lost all; and this is equally true of the individual writer of news. The conscientious journalist assumes therefore that it is his duty first to ascertain the facts, no matter how difficult or unpalatable they may be, and second to present these facts to the public honestly and fairly."

Telling the Truth

We must not, however, expect all the newspapers to present the same facts in the same way. They see them and show them to their readers from different angles. President Roosevelt's policies wear one aspect to the man who believes in free competition and considers government interference in industry and trade an evil, and another to the man who holds that in modern conditions unrestricted competition means anarchy. It is no small part of the value of a free Press that it reflects and expresses such differences of view, and so enables the ordinary citizen, with no special knowledge, to come to a decision. We are not entitled to demand impartiality from our journals. What we are entitled to ask is that they shall tell the truth as they see it, and allow their writers to do the same.

It would be affectation to ignore two burning questions. The concentration of newspaper ownership in relatively few hands and the power of advertisers to dictate policy are both held to trespass upon the freedom of the Press. Frankly I think that these fears are exaggerated. There is safety in numbers. A Press combine must, as a matter of business, delegate a large measure of responsibility for policy to its editors, and a great editor stamps his own personality upon the paper which he controls; and no newspaper can afford to suppress important news which its rivals will print.

I cannot conceive of any corner in news and opinion ever being successful, that the whole of the Press of nations like England or the United States should ever come under a single ownership. If it did, new competitors would soon arise.

There is certainly no menace in advertisements. It was the development of commercial advertising that first enabled the Press to stand on its own feet, without relying on subsidies from governments or politicians, and revenue from this source is still the bulwark of its independence today. Advertisers are businessmen—they pay to have their announcements placed before the largest possible public, and they ought to know that permanent circulations can only be secured by honest news and honest opinion.

I believe that both England and America can be proud of their Press. I believe that they can trust their Press. In other countries whose peoples are less intelligent or where education is less careful of the individual mind, the future of publicity may lie with radio and moving pictures. Under dictatorships the Press is bound to languish, and the loud-speaker and the film to become ever more important. But where free institutions are indigenous to the soil, and men have the habit of liberty, the Press will continue to be the Fourth Estate, the vigilant guardian of the rights of the ordinary citizen.

Smoke a lot over the holidays?

Your mouth keeps fresh as April

. . . if you keep to Spuds

15c
FOR 20
(25 FOR 25c IN CANADA)
CORK TIP or PLAIN
Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTE
CORK TIP

It's more than mere menthol. Spud has a secret process that takes the bad manners out of fragrant tobacco.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

China Venture

Continued from page 31

imperious. "I wish to have water and towels and some silk gown such as I have seen in Salem, like the Chinese women wear. By that time you will have arranged business, and I will tell you about several men from New York, who, I am certain, would never stand before a lady dressed as you are." She began to laugh. "If my Aunt Martha—"

Despite himself, Dick began to smile. "It is only that I have been worried, Ann," he said. "Trousers become you marvelously."

Ann sniffed. "A pretty compliment," she told him. "He thinks I am a better boy than girl. The men from New York, Richard, spoke differently, I do assure you."

When the men were alone and seated around the bare wooden table in the long room, with cold rice and meats and wine on the board, Captain Forster said, "She gave me no peace until I agreed to bring her. You are thinner, boy. And brown. How has the venture advanced? Tea's the thing, Dick; tea and silk. Have you much?"

DICK explained; as he talked, Forster's hands balled to fists; on land as well as sea, he growled, the British were after them. George Crowninshield, at the end, put down his empty glass. "We are harassed at every turn, William. A less cautious man than Richard would have had us banished long ago." Forster said that Dick was to be complimented, that it was his youth and temper which had been, in Salem, mistrusted. "I myself," Crowninshield added, "would have hammered back. Insults, William. Sneers. A dozen plots, even using the Asiatics, and all aimed to rid themselves of us. It is not the Swedes nor the Dutchmen which the East India Company fears; it is us. Our trades are ruined with superior offers. We have tea for you, yes, and silk, but we might have had much more."

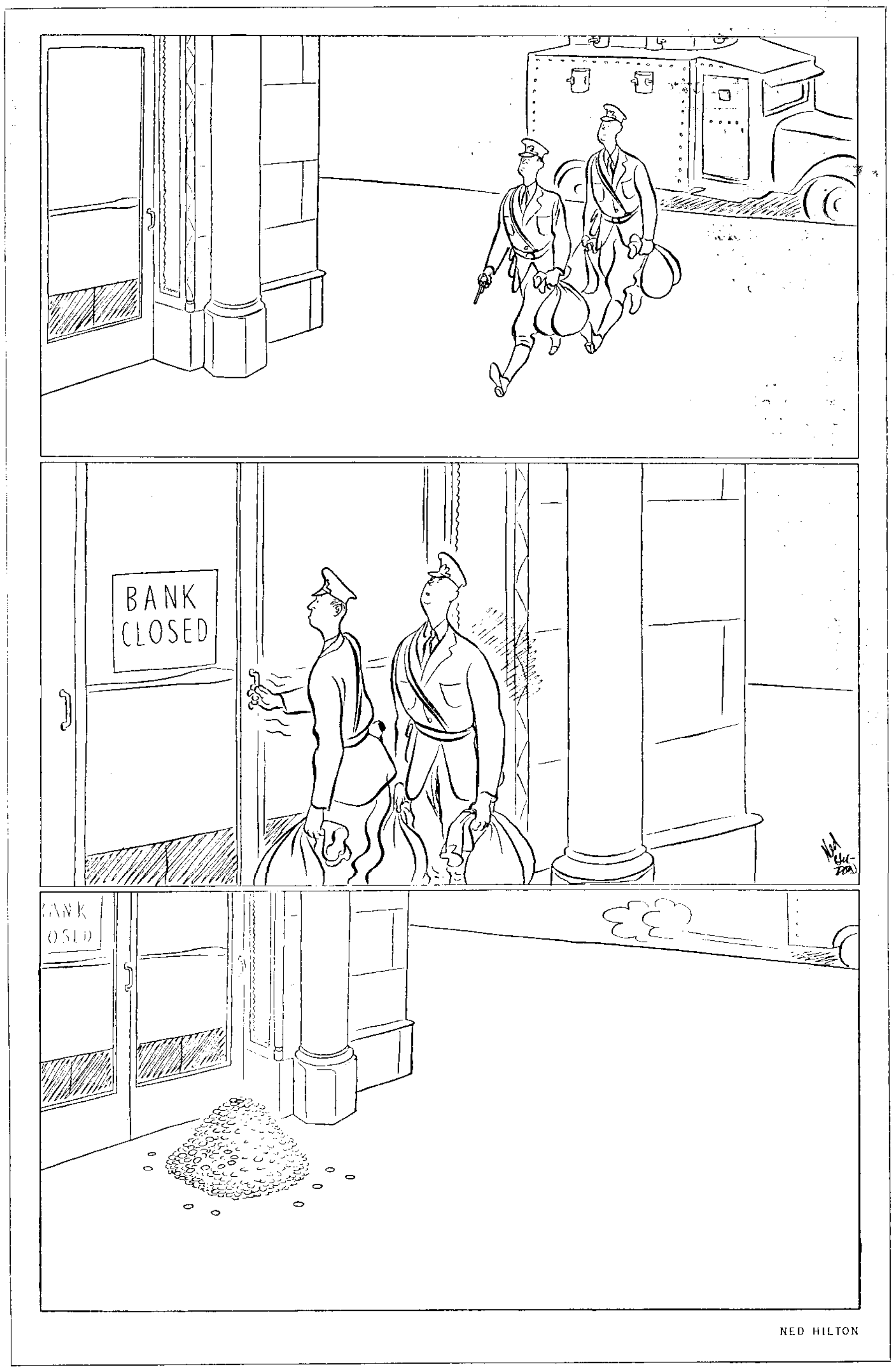
Ann, at the door, said, "I am famished. I refuse to listen to business talk with my supper." Dick, staring at her, caused her eyes to sparkle. "La, Dick, have you never seen a woman in Chinese dress before?" The robe which had been brought her, which she wore now, took shifting tints as she moved, as vapors change hue with the changing of light; she was, Dick realized, more than lovely; candlelight sought her dark eyes and dark hair, was lost in them. "Cannot you even ask me to eat?"

Dick forced himself to reality; what he said was not going to meet with her approval, and he wanted it; wanted to sit alone with her, to touch her hand. "I must tell you this, Ann: Do not go near the windows, nor leave the house. No one must see you." He must see to it that the servants kept silence; the best plan would be with rewards, once Ann was safely at sea. "It is a silly rule, that there can be no women."

"Silly?" Ann was eating hungrily, trying the sauces in the blue Canton bowls, puckering her nose at the strange, pungent tastes. A servant brought in hot water and tea, *ta-cha*, or Bohea, the finest early leaf-buds, covered with a silky down which gave it the name. "It is a very sensible law. Without it, you would have six Chinese wives." She sipped tea. "How many have you, Dick?" Before he could answer: "I wish to see Canton, sir. I wish to visit a temple. La, Richard, have you forgotten all of your promises? 'Come to China, and we will look at the curious idols and drink tea' . . . in pagodas, I believe you said, or possibly ride in them . . . and much more, which I am far too modest and maidenly to repeat—"

"She is too old to spank," grinned her father. Manlike, he stumbled to Dick's rescue, since he liked the boy, so hampered on every side, so worried; all of this could be set to rights by an older head, Forster supposed. The Chinese mandarins needed a bit of bombast, and he, William Forster, was the sort of person to give it to them. "Why, Richard, you should have heard her at home. It was 'poor Dick' this and 'my sweetest boy all alone and perhaps ill and unhappy' and—"

Ann's face flamed; in the silk robe she was, to Dick, lovelier every moment. "You are positively hateful," she cried. "'Poor Dick,' indeed! I but said that to interest the man from New York in Ballard's counting-house." She flung up her head. "There will be someone in Canton who will not protest at taking a lady to see the sights."



ABOVE Dick's quick objection, Captain Forster rumbled, "Be sure to wear your seaman's trousers, vixen; 'twill set a new Canton style," and his laughter followed her out of the room. "Now," the shipmaster said, "we shall have peace."

He looked at Dick and then decided to say, "She gave us none until we were here." It was late before the men went to bed; Dick explained more than the immediate situation; China, he said, could almost be independent of foreigners if it were not for poor transportation between districts; there were rice and sugar in the south; silk, cotton, tea, in the east; the west had an abundance of metals and minerals; the north, furs, hardy grains, and fruits. Internal trade was unprofitable because of the hazards of bandits over which the authorities had no control save bribery. "It is with bribery we will meet them here," Forster agreed, "but not with opium." He added sharply that trade was becoming moral, that there was even a growing sentiment against the trade in blacks. "What we want is young men, like you, and ships faster than the China packets. We'll have 'em. I saw a design in Samuel Hall's office. Sharp, clean bows. Less than a hundred days to Canton; it'll come. The seas will be safe. It isn't that the British hate us; yesterday, we were a colony, today, competitors. 'Tis but natural, the way they feel."

"It may be natural," Dick exploded, "but I am weary of it, sir. It is uncanny, the way the East India Company secures information. They are first everywhere. Does a bale of fine silk arrive, they are waiting for it with their comprador. Is there some question involving regulation afoot; they have a petition already prepared and at the mandarin's for consideration. Why, sir, when we train a house-boy, they do take him from us!" It was, Captain Forster soothed, all competition. "It may be that," Dick said, "but it is a fine way to teach the Chinese! They look down on us enough as it is. Some of the things, like opium, are downright un-Christian." Captain Forster, rubbing his nose, said that there was a movement afoot at home to make Christians of the heathen; for his part, he would as soon do it with the blacks. "I do not believe such a thing will ever happen," Dick said, "but if it did, there would be a deal more fighting here; Spaniard, Englishman, Dutchman, American, offering different worship to the heathen."

With the rising of the sun, there was the usual activity, shouts, scratching of brooms; Dick, first up, marked again how the stubby masts and heavy hulls of the salt junks made little reflection on the water. The scene must have been the same as when the Empress of China, first of the American ships, anchored at Whampoa, with her cargo of lead, cotton, pepper and ginseng, of which Jonathan Edwards thundered the Indians spent their time gathering in the woods, to the neglect of their worship. The wounded servant had already departed; another brought morning food, and Dick selected steaming rice, a preserve of bitter orange, and tea, placing it on a tray; outside Ann's door he called, "Are you awake? I have brought breakfast China-fashion." She was awake, and said so blithely; then she demanded that the tray be brought to her. "If you are ready," Dick answered, "come to the big room. It will be cooler there." Cooler . . . and, perhaps, if old George rose late, he could have a few minutes with her, alone.

"You are as moral as Aunt Martha," Ann cried. "Bring me my tea, sir." She was in bed when Dick entered, balancing the tray, with covers clear to her chin; what he saw first were her eyes, bright, amused and dancing: "You big zany, put the tray beside me. Have you never seen a girl abed before? Aunt Martha informed me that, in China, you would have ten wives . . . and yet you stand a-staring at me . . . tell me, Dick, did the China robe become me last night?"

DICK, smiling, nodded; Ann extended one arm toward the tray, grabbed at the covers, tried to reach out with the other, and then both man and girl began to laugh. "I have missed you terribly," Dick said, his heart in his voice for her to hear. The rice, Ann said, was delicious. What did he do all day? Nothing save work? No . . . she did not wish to hear; today, tomorrow, until she departed, he must do no work at all. She intended to order him about every minute. "There's not much to be done," Dick said.

"There is much to be done," Ann disagreed. "I have come to see the shops, and buy a China silk gown and slippers, and"—softly—"perhaps you will buy me a ring for this finger"—she pointed to it with the other hand, and then hastily pulled up the bedclothing—"and ride in junks on the river . . . and . . . Dick, you need not frown! Am I so dreadful that you fear to venture forth with me?" Again Dick explained that her discovery meant the end of the establishment; were it otherwise, he would ask nothing better than to show her what might be seen in Canton. "At least," Ann said, "we might go after dark . . . why, you think of nothing save goods, Richard." She saw that his face was set. "Surely there are men aplenty in Canton who would delight in a white girl's company, sir. I wish to dress. Must you remain here?"

The unfairness of it did not strike Bartlett; he was too acutely miserable.

A day before, decisions had been his; now, standing before her, he was what she said, a great booby. He must, he realized, warn Captain Forster that Ann was not to leave the hong, alone or accompanied, and once he did that, and she learned, her scorn would increase. He did not, he thought bitterly, understand girls; he had even hoped that she had crossed the sea because she wished to see him, only this was not true; she had come to ride in junks, to see pagodas and buy China silks.

She did not look up again as he backed out; when he returned to the big room he paused at the door; Charles Warren's high voice was unmistakable. "It takes a man of spirit," Warren was saying. "Yourself, Captain." Dick, listening grimly, believed that Forster inside of a week would have the hong in trouble with everyone; the wily East India factor knew that also. "I trust you remain," Warren continued.

DICK'S voice was harsh: "You came to bring the invitation, sir?" Warren, turning, smiled and bowed; Captain Forster hemmed in his throat. "I have been here a full year," Bartlett said to the shipmaster, "and this is the first time a Company man has visited the hong." To Warren, "I ask you, sir, your business with us."

"Just because you've been diddled a few times," Forster said mildly, "is no reason to be uncivilized, Dick. Mr. Warren came to pay his compliments—"

"And who told Mr. Warren that you were here? Now that he has verified it, he will so inform the mandarins." That, Charles Warren said, was unfair; true, the mandarins would be angry, enraged, if they knew that a foreign captain had voyaged secretly to Canton, but he vowed that his lips were forever sealed. "Then what is it that you wish?" Dick demanded, suddenly fearful that he knew too well. If the East India factor had received spy-word that Forster had arrived, he would know the rest.

Charles Warren was smiling again, and looking eagerly past Bartlett. "Ah," he said softly. "It becomes unnecessary for me to reply, sir."

Ann, in the pale Chinese robe. Charles Warren bowed, so that a single ray of sunlight, through matting, gleamed on a silver button; he was, this morning, blue and silver. Forster, Dick felt, had not sufficient understanding to be fearful, and introduced the East India factor; Ann, without a single glance at Dick, said, " 'Tis a lonesome place, Canton, Mr. Warren. I do find it so. Is there no amusement here?"

Captain Forster was hugely amused, at Dick's face, at Ann, at Warren for being taken in by the minx. Crowninshield, rubbing his leg, muttered when Warren made an elegant gesture; the words cheered Dick at a time when he desperately needed it. Before long, British factor and American girl were whispering together, so that Captain Forster coughed: "I shall hold you to that, sir," Ann said, and, whatever it was, Warren bowed deeply. His face and Ann's were both flushed. He bowed to them all, and hoped he could be of service. Ann raised a warning finger. "I demand it," she laughed.

"What are you holding him to?" Dick asked, when Warren was gone. His only answer was the back of Ann's high-held head. Of her father she requested dark cloth, thread and needles; while the men went below to the tea-scented godown, she sat in the filtered light and sewed, and hummed to herself. In the gloom of the storeroom, surrounded by baled silk and chests of tea, by straw-wrapped China bowls and plates, lacquer wares, fans, jars of sweetmeats, the men talked earnestly of the venture; opium came up in their words, and the growing hatred of some of the Chinese. Captain Forster asked if Dick advised giving up the establishment. "Giving up?" Dick said. "I?"

Ann avoided him all of the day. Pale loquats and a beverage of Madeira, cool rain water, and bits of dried golden persimmon, were served her; after, when the summoned hong merchant departed in his chair, she became gay. The talk remained centered about the venture, the plottings of the East India Company, the requested protection for the Sea Vixen's cargo downriver, and the shipping of the godown wares. "I shall dream of satins and tea," Ann broke in. "I wish I had remained in Salem, almost." She faced Dick; "I peeked through the window, and saw a palanquin, with its curtains drawn; I could not look into it. When it is dark"—she gave him the corner of her eye, so that his heart began to throb—"may I ride in one?"

Must he always refuse what she asked? Only officials and wealthy hong merchants were allowed chairs by the mandarins. "But after it is dark, we might walk as far as the river," Dick suggested hopefully; it came to him that, in the shadows, he could tell her differently of the problems, the regulations, the punishments . . . and how he loved her. He almost saw her face, lifting, as she listened. . . .

"I have seen nothing but water for months! Is it the best you can offer?" Dick looked at her, then, so directly that her eyes faltered and dropped. "I will finish my dress," she said. "In my room. Are there candles?"

Crowninshield, at the table, brought out his records; if the tea could be taken to the Sea Vixen, and to America, it meant, everything considered, an enormous profit. "You and your father," he said to Dick, "are the principal owners. You are going to be wealthy." Dick, listening to runners accompanying a chair to one of the other hongs, nodded; the East India Company, he supposed, had prepared their protests to the mandarins, and were receiving their assurance that action would be taken against the American factory; when the mandarins were requested anything by the British, something always came of it. The American requests were laughed at; why? Insufficient bribes? No frigates cruising off the coast? "Wealthy," George continued. "For myself"—he had a fraction of a share—"I will go where it is cool. My leg pains me in this heat." He clapped his hands; cool cloths, wetted, relieved the pain.

"AND," Dick said to the servant who came, "take cool water-with-orange to the lady's door. Tap. When she replies, place the bowl outside." The servant brought Crowninshield's cloths and water first, since he was a man; when he returned again it was with the bowl still in his hand; he spoke monotonously, to Bartlett; Dick jumped from his stool. "*Ya ki ye ne!* Look in the other rooms! Outside! Has anyone seen her?" And, to the others, "She didn't answer." He opened the door. "Ann's gone."

"Went for a stroll," Forster suggested. "Rules are not meant for women." Not until servants searched the house and fenced land between hong and river, while Dick was everywhere at once, did he add, "This may be what she talked of with Warren, eh? She shall be scolded . . . headstrong . . . deviling you, Richard. . . ."

Dick was white to the lips. "D'you know what the East does to a man? What it is merely to look at a yellow woman?" There was no cause for worry, Forster said; Warren was, after all, a gentleman. "You mean a man," Dick shouted. "Are you coming, George?"

George Crowninshield groaned. "My

(*Continued on page 40*)

"Look, John, here's one from Betty and George"
CHRISTMAS
When the holidays bring happy memories
...TELEPHONE

TELEPHONING is next best to *seeing* far-away friends and relatives. Your call carries homely bits of news, reminiscence, and *personalities* back and forth across the miles. It is a warm and welcome gift to all who share it.

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(Continued from page 39)

leg's never been worse. Where will you go? I found a sword inside one of those bamboo canes, Dick. Handy." He shuffled off, moving painfully, swiftly.

"There must have been a palanquin," Dick snapped. "She used the word. Remember? Not even Warren would dare be seen with a white woman, even if he were bold enough to leave the hong after dark. What palanquin? His hong merchant's. But would he take her there? There are no secrets in China. None. None." Was this true? Unless it were, the best he could do was to rage up and down the streets, uselessly. "I will tell you," Dick insisted; "I will find where she has gone . . . because there are no secrets, and because I am a black-clad Yankee schoolteacher who has learned the heathen language . . . oh, the British laughed at that, too, and . . . George! George! . . . the cane? Good. I need it. Immediately." It came to Dick, as he rushed down the stairs without waiting to see who followed, that if his plan failed, he had no alternative.

The moon, as it had been the previous night, was bright and pale; there was again the sound of singing on the river. Bartlett walked to the gate which separated American and British factories, through it, and up to the columned entrance to the Hong of Tranquillity; he tapped at the door, and then struck it once with the handle of the cane. George Crowninshield was behind him, and Captain Forster, although Dick was not aware of either. The door opened, an inch, a foot. The door coolie bowed; his eyes lost their sneer when the white man, with one unexpected movement, seized him by the neck; the sword was out of its cane, the point between Dick's index and second finger, and touching the coolie's throat; the throbbing of the artery trembled into the steel.

"WHERE was your master taken in the chair?" Without releasing his grip, Dick added, "If you cry out one word, or do not answer truthfully, I will kill you." His lord, the coolie muttered, was asleep; he had gone nowhere. The point of Dick's blade pricked skin. "The truth," Bartlett said. The coolie would not lie; his master, he said, had business with their hong merchant. "Since when," Dick demanded, "do white men take women with them to transact business?" It was then, with the point pressing deeper, that the coolie sighed, and told what he had overheard. The tea-house name meant nothing to Dick; he needed directions as to how it was reached, and was given them. After all, to the coolie his life meant something, and vastly more than obedience to orders for silence, even if well paid for.

There was no sign of life save gleams through the chinks of the shutters. Each two minutes a watchman rapped on his hollow bamboo; the three white men crouched in a doorway until he passed, with loose paving-stones shaking under his tread. Signboards glittered in the moonlight as they reached the end of Hog Lane, some with grounds of black and blue, with scarlet letters, some silvery white with green characters; beneath them, shops were securely locked against night thieves. None of the three spoke, until, before a blank door, Richard Bartlett said, "Here," and, without hesitation, hammered on the door; the opening wicket showed black eyes peering out. "We come for the white man," Dick said in Cantonese; "Tell him that we are here."

The assurance in Dick's voice opened the door, something he had not expected; all he had wanted was to let Charles Warren know that men from the foreign settlement had arrived. There was a light in the hallway; incense burned in a container, and the rising lusterless fumes were very sweet and heavy, almost as if they were intended to conceal another odor. As was proper, a serving maid brought blue bowls and long-spouted white porcelain pots, and poured purple liquor; the bowl warmed in Dick's hand, and, looking into the surface of it, he supposed that the ripples came from his own unsteadiness. The incense continued to rise, but through it Dick detected the curious smell of burning pine-cones, such as he had noted from the gay river-boat; he wondered, as he stood there, if this might be opium.

IN THE house of entertainment, suddenly, shrilly, a man shouted in Cantonese; the white men heard, instantly, a howl of pain, and an ejaculation which must have been Charles Warren's. Ann's cry of fear followed. Dick was running down the hall before the echo blended into loud, savage sounds . . . the first door . . . an empty room . . . the second . . . empty . . . someone in the way, and hammered down, with old George pausing only long enough to kick the knife from the man's hand. . . .

DOUGHNUTS
SANDWICHES
Gregory d'Alessio

"Last night he said he knew the quaintest place for dinner, and he dragged me in here"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

There were black hangings in the room; against them Bartlett had one glimpse of Ann Forster, in the pale Chinese robe; between the girl and the three men were a dozen Chinese, pressing forward toward Charles Warren. The Englishman had grasped up a heavy tea stand; men were slashing at him, although he refused to give ground, and actually kept advancing to get at them; he called to the girl, "Can you run?" and, as Ann's hunted eyes tried to find a way of escape, a way of eluding the Cantonese who were already reaching for her, she saw Bartlett; through Dick, at the same moment, a flame passed, penetrating every fiber of his body.

He shouted, "Now!" and slashed out with the thin blade, not stabbing, China-fashion, but as if it were a cutlass; it snapped off at the first blow. The flame was burning hotter in him; he was glad that the thin steel had broken. A knife was above his head; he closed in under the stabbing arm . . . the eyes so close were tinged with red, insane, the shape of the Chinese's head like an old bird's . . . and like an old bird the assassin fell, as Dick's blow lifted him off the floor. Crowninshield was fighting in silence; Forster was roaring as his heavy hands throttled, struck, choked; blood was on Charles Warren's face.

What the men screamed slowly became intelligible to Dick as he weaved this way and that; this was a part of the secret society; they were inflamed with opium; they were at their game of ridding Canton of the whites. A lamp was knocked to the floor, and fire began to lick along the matting. Dick felt pain in his shoulder; he saw Ann against the wall, hand to mouth to keep down terror. Two, three Chinese were at him, but their very haste, and the opium they had smoked, protected him . . . he took one slash on the arm, seized a Cantonese, used him to hurl the other two back, where old George knocked their heads together. . . .

Fire crackled as it burned across the plaited straw and leaped up at the silken hangings; the heavy pungency of opium was replaced with the odor of seared flesh . . . someone screamed that these white men were devils, who feared neither death nor pain, and it would be well to attack them when the odds, almost even now, were better, and let them seize the female devil who was undoubtedly a fox-woman and had cast a spell over them . . . but it was Bartlett who reached her first, and Warren who came to help him; the two men fought a moment in silence, but when Crowninshield and Forster hurled themselves at the Cantonese . . . it was all over as suddenly as it began.

IT WAS George Crowninshield who said, "This has been a tonic for my leg," and, rubbing it gingerly, began to stamp out the fire, to tear down the blazing hangings. Outside, the watchman thumped his hollow bamboo, but, if he had heard anything, like a wise person, continued up the street.

Captain Forster said, "Well, sir?"

The East India factor carefully adjusted his laces. "It was for entertainment," he said, "Mistress Forster's, and mine because of her company . . . until the fiends broke in, she was entirely safe." He looked squarely at Dick. "That's the truth, sir. The truth." Dick, nodding, believed him. "The men were aroused by . . . opium. For that, for all of this, I am completely sorry." More to himself than to the others: "A bribed man is no man's man. I find parts of competition singularly unpleasing."

To Dick it was becoming clear: Warren had been able to take Ann here because opium had been purchased by the inn people, who would therefore never reveal the presence of a white man, after dark, nor a woman, lest the supply be stopped; more, the East India factors had aligned themselves, to drive the Americans out, with the anti-foreign society, and this bribing had been done with the poppy drug. If the society ever became really powerful, Dick believed that the company would suffer equally with those of other nations. He was also certain that opium had much to do with the lost chances of trades.

Without glancing at Ann he said, "Naturally, sir, nothing must be said to the mandarins concerning a forbidden woman at our hong. These men"—he touched one of the stirring Chinese with his foot—"will not speak of it, since the attack on us would mean death for them. I take it that the inn host can be kept silent . . . by you." To this Warren raised an eyebrow, and then bowed. "If your company brings up the matter, you only prove your own guilt in taking a white woman through the gates after dark . . . which is really two offenses, sir; to balance them with ours, you will not delay the arrival of our goods from Whampoa . . . nor the shipping of our tea?"

ANN'S voice, as she spoke for the first time, was uneven but clear, and her face was still as pale as the China robe; she might have been talking to her father, or to Dick, whom she had been watching uncertainly, a Dick she had not known before, as he stood very straight: "That is . . . why . . . how . . . I planned it," she said.

Charles Warren bowed a little ironically to her, and when she flushed, he smiled, and bowed again, but spoke to Dick: "It was a good fight, Mr. Bartlett . . . and with a lovely maid as reward. I vow, sir, you amazed me in it; I will not be so hasty with opinions again. Perhaps, tomorrow, you will try a bottle of our Madeira? And, for having ever considered you . . . ah . . . averse to fighting, I do apologize. I—"

Dick spoke through the East India factor's words; it came to him that the man was as he himself, working desperately for the success of his own venture, as were the Danes, the Dutch, the Swedes; what would be the outcome of it all, and what did the Chinese make of the spectacle of white men striving for wealth, employing every means, trickery, bribery, drugs . . . this was all jumbled in Dick's head, but as he spoke it vanished utterly. "Ann . . . you went tonight only because . . . that is, this venture . . . because of it . . . of . . ."

"La, sir," said Ann, "I went because I was bored, and because Mr. Warren was delightful. He had no difficulty in telling me those things which girls delight in hearing . . . you . . . you great zany, Dick."

Charles Warren laughed, but when he saw how Ann's eyes rose slowly to Dick's, and how, imperceptibly, she reached a hand toward the American, he sighed, flicked the lace of his cuff, torn and bloody, and said: "A good fighter, Mistress Forster, is always an excellent lover," and, sighing again, found his elegant snuff-box and offered it to the two older men with an equally elegant gesture. Mr. Bartlett, he saw, was at the moment uninterested in snuff.

To the MAN who doesn't want to wear *the shiny suit of failure* at 50

• *in just fifteen minutes a day you can lift yourself above other men who fritter away their time on trivialities*

EVERY day thousands of men reach the age of fifty — look back regretfully over the years — and wonder. Wonder why other men with whom they started at scratch, have so far outdistanced them. To you men in your twenties, your thirties, your forties — don't wait too long to get the answer to the question: *why do some men forge ahead while others just plod along year after year in shallow grooves?*

The answer is *not* that some men are so much smarter. The answer is *not* that some men are college educated. The answer is in the man himself — in you, for instance — and your answer to the question is: *are you willing to apply yourself for just fifteen minutes a day so that you can become bigger and broader than your fellows?*

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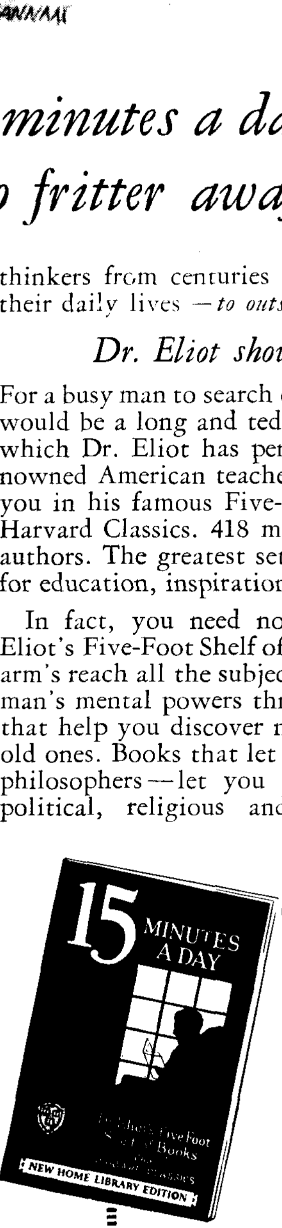

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On the Nose

Continued from page 9

When the grandstand at Marrowfield opened on the following afternoon, Horatio Sipple had already been standing in line for forty minutes. Eventually he located Alma Verrill and her hard-bitten chaperon in the paddock. She was petting a little roan, who lovingly nuzzled her hand. Something rose in Dr. Sipple's throat as he watched. The girl came over to him.

"Fit as a fiddle," said she. "But nervous as a deb. She's always nervous."

Old Barney drew Horatio aside. "Got anything on?"

"A wager? Not yet, Mr. Barney. But I propose to have."

"On the nose, Doc. On the nose. Play her straight, what I mean."

Having in mind the owner's expert opinion, Dr. Sipple ventured a qualifying question. "Would it not be more conservative to wager upon her taking second or even third place?"

"Don't be a piker, Doc," urged his friend. "If she's worth backin', she's worth backin'. What I mean, you can't do better'n win, can you, now?"

It was put with such appealing plausibility that the other weakened. His promise limited him to two dollars. But he handed a ten-spot to the grateful tipster to bet for himself.

Septronella came, dancing, to the post. She continued to dance, to the discomfiture of her competitors, until just before the barrier rose, when she paused to contemplate dreamily a fly on her rump. She was still absorbed in this relatively unimportant insect until the field was some five lengths on its way, when she realized that a race was in progress and responded to the frenzied remonstrances of her jockey by setting out after it. With impressive speed she cut down leader after leader, finishing gallantly only a neck back of Smithover, the winner.

"What'd I tell you!" shrieked Old Barney, hammering Dr. Sipple between the shoulders. "If she'd've started, she'd've spread-eagled her field. There wouldn't have been nothin' to it."

"But if I had wagered on second place, as I wished," protested Horatio, "I should have realized a profit."

Old Barney shook a pessimistic head over the contumacy of the amateur spirit.

SEPTRONELLA'S next test was in the second on Friday. Off to a promising start, she got into an argument with her jockey at the six-furlong mark and finished in the ruck. In her next start she exhibited symptoms of languor, not to say indifference, for two thirds of the course, then woke up and executed a sprint that brought her in third.

Meantime Dr. Sipple had been taking professional cognizance of the filly. He submitted his conclusions to Barney.

"I am of the opinion that Septronella is suffering from a specific neurosis."

"Oh, yeah?"

"My distinguished colleague, Dr. Huidekoper, before whom I have laid the case, is inclined to agree with me."

"What's he know about hosses?"

"Dr. Alexis Huidekoper," returned the other with an impressive frown, "is the leading American authority on hysteria. It is probable that Septronella is exhibiting some obscure form of that ailment."

Barney's skepticism began to waver. "What do we do about it?"

"A sharp shock of surprise is often efficacious in these cases."

Barney snorted. "You can't surprise that hoss."

"Nevertheless I am sure that a method could be devised."

"When you devise it," said the canny old sport, "you come to me. Don't say nothin' to the boss about it. If she knew you was figurin' to surprise her hoss, she might surprise *you*. She loves that filly like a sister, what I mean."

That was an enchanted evening for Horatio Sipple, since the "boss" graciously indicated that she would like to attend another of the convention sessions. It had a melancholy ending.

"Good night and goodby," said she at the hotel elevator. "We're off in the morning."

"Off?" he echoed blankly.

"To finish up the Coffee and Cakes circuit. Barney, Septronella and I. It's been pleasant meeting you."

"Is that all?" said the young man.

She laughed, flushing a little. "What does the man expect?"

"Nothing," he replied forlornly. "No. By no means. Why should I?"

"In that case," said she, relenting, "no; it isn't all. You're rather a dear and I hope we shall see you again."

"You will," he assured her as the elevator jealously snatched her aloft.

He sat down to wait for Barney, who usually came in late. To him he entrusted a roll of bills, with definite instructions; so much to be laid upon Septronella every time she came to the post, for place and to show. The two-dollar embargo no longer held.

"Gertie don't know the meaning of the word quit!" PERRY BARLOW

Barney looked pained. "On the nose, Doc," he protested. "What I mean—"

"Quite so. What you mean is that one cannot do better than win."

"You think the filly ain't a winnin' hoss?" challenged the offended sport. "Don't let the boss hear you say that."

"I won't. In her present condition of nerves, Septronella is unlikely to do her best. Whether she will ever do so depends upon the success of the treatment I have in mind."

"Spill it, Doc."

"It is not fully worked out as yet."

"MAKE it snappy, then," implored the old man. "We gotta do some winnin' on this next circuit."

"As soon as the treatment is determined I will advise you. Meantime you understand as to the wagers."

Barney began appealingly, "On the nose—"

"Kindly obey my instructions," cut in the doctor.

"Oh, all right; all right!" said the old man peevishly. "But I like a guy to have a little sportin' blood, what I mean."

Back home, Dr. Sipple devoted his spare time to an intensive study of racing form and records. From track to track he followed the course of Septronella, but it was not upon the filly that his mind most pertinaciously dwelt. The money which he had entrusted to Barney was in reality an offering of unspoken loyalty to Septronella's owner. In the fact that his bets were piling up into a snug increment he found a vaguely happy augury for the future, as he set down in his notebook the races in which his choice had "shown" several times and been placed once, though she had not yet won. More eagerly than this, however, he turned the leaves of his calendar upon which the Saratoga date was approaching.

THE opening day came at long last and found Horatio Sipple perhaps the most eager attendant at the track. In all that vast concourse he found Alma Verrill by some subtle instinct. The enchantment of her welcoming smile greeted him, and again his heart nearly burst.

"Septronella's running tomorrow," said she.

"I shall be glad to see her again. Exceedingly glad," said Dr. Sipple.

"In the fourth. It's a claiming race. Twelve-fifty purse, with a thousand added. I do hope she'll behave," she sighed.

"What is a claiming race?"

A faint line of trouble appeared between Alma's eyes. "You enter your horse at a price, and anyone having another entry can claim it after the race, at that price."

"Do I understand that Septronella might be purchased and taken from you without recourse?"

The girl bit her lip. "That's a chance I've got to take. It's high time that my little debutante brought in some real money."

Dr. Sipple fingered a small apothecary's box in his pocket. "Do you know, Miss Verrill," said he blithely, "I have an idea that Septronella is going to win that race."

"I hope so."

"Where is Mr. Barney?"

"You'll find him in the paddock. If he doesn't see you first," she added.

Mr. Barney did not see Dr. Sipple first. And from the expression on his face when that gentleman warmly greeted him, it was obvious that he would have been just as well pleased had he not seen him at all. The successful bettor consulted his notebook.

"If you will kindly deduct ten per cent for your commission, Mr. Barney, the sum due me, according to my computations, is precisely one hundred and sixty-four dollars."

The old fellow turned a face of haggard appeal to his friend and spread out deprecating hands with the gesture of a wounded duck. "Now, Doc," he began. "You know how it is, Doc."

"I know how *what* is?"

"This hoss racin', what I mean. If you believe in a hoss, why, you put your shirt on him, don't you? What I mean, you can't do better'n win. You know that, don't you, Doc?"

It struck home to Dr. Sipple's acute perceptions that there was a change in Mr. Barney.

"You laid your wagers upon Septronella—er—on the nose," he interpreted.

"Sure, Doc. How can you do better'n—"

"And my money, also."

"Now, Doc," exhorted Old Barney. "Be a pal."

"Doubtless Miss Verrill's, as well."

Barney groaned. "We gotta win that claimin' race for two-year-olds tomorrow, Doc. We gotta do it."

"Oh, well," said Dr. Sipple. "If the money's gone, it's gone."

"I knew you was a sport the first minute I set eyes on you," cried Barney fervently.

"Very well; very well," said the other impatiently. "We have more important matters to consider." Drawing the old man aside he spoke low and earnestly for several minutes. Barney's eyes emerged from their dark hollows and blinked.

"Say, it can't hurt the filly, can it?" he asked, beset by a dire misgiving. "The boss, she'd have my life if anything went wrong, what I mean."

"The method is perfectly harmless. I guarantee as much."

"Okay. But how you goin' to work it?"

"Inserted in the butt of the whip, I think. A small capsule will be enough."

TERRY, the jockey, was summoned. He listened with astonishment, distrust and, eventually, acquiescence as the physician's assured and expert manner impressed him. While they were still conferring, Alma Verrill appeared.

"What's all this about?" she demanded.

"Just talkin' it over, Boss."

"Dr. Sipple, how did you come out on the circuit?"

"Well, I—er—that is—"

"I thought so! Don't try to sneak away, Barney."

"Now, Boss, lay off me, will you?" begged the unhappy commissioner.

"You took Dr. Sipple's money and bet it on the nose instead of as he told you."

"Well, you can't do better'n win," pleaded the old man. "What I mean, if you like a hoss—"

"Be quiet! Dr. Sipple, how much would you have won?"

"I have no idea," nobly lied Horatio. "In any case, it was merely a slight misconception on Mr. Barney's part."

"That's it," croaked that gentleman.

"I insist on knowing," said the girl with heightened color. "I shall make myself responsible for this—this cheat's operations."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," retorted Dr Sipple with such unexpected spirit that the crushed sportsman rallied enough to emit a faint crow.

"Attaboy, Doc! Stand up to her."

"Every cent," insisted Alma Verrill. "Every last cent. As soon," she qualified in a less assured tone, "as I can."

Inspiration came to Horatio. "I have little doubt that Mr. Barney will recoup his losses sufficiently upon Septronella's coming victory to adjust his own affairs."

"He'd better," said the girl darkly. She scrutinized her henchman anew. "I believe you're up to something, you old devil."

"No, I ain't. Honest I ain't, Boss. You'd oughta know old Barney better'n that, what I mean." And in the same breath Dr. Sipple stimulated her suspicions by his too eager disclaimer:

"No; oh, no, Miss Verrill! By no means. Certainly not."

The great day dawned, clear and cool, with a fast track, the very conditions which best suited the filly.

Possibly the most fidgety spectator at the track as the horses lined up for the fourth event was the usually self-collected Dr. Horatio Sipple. His nerves were stretched to agony as Septronella began her customary and fatal fox trot at the barrier.

"Now," he muttered. "*Now!*"

OVERHEARING, Alma Verrill was about to ask about it when, with incredulous eyes, she saw Terry, the jockey, reverse his whip and, leaning forward, whack Septronella smartly over the nose, just as the barrier went up.

Barney had been wrong when he said that nothing could surprise the filly. She was extremely, even painfully surprised at the effects of that unexpected assault. She stood up on her hind legs and made oratorical gestures. Returning to Mother Earth, she proceeded to burn up the track with such a burst of speed as had not been exhibited in that place for many a day. Thus far Dr. Sipple's course of treatment was amply justified.

Unhappily, Septronella was in reverse. The weak point in her astounding and admirable pace was that it was exerted in the wrong direction. With invincible spirit she sped around the circle, meeting the rest of the field some halfway of the distance, head-on, and so completely wrecking it that Bug's Ear, an outsider at sixty-to-one, who was far enough back to side-step the melee neatly, won easily, to the stunned gratification of her owner and a tiny group of sucker-money bettors who always have a hopeful bet at the longest odds.

Amidst the wild hullabaloo of the crowd, one connoisseur had the useful idea of clocking Septronella's catastrophic performance. When she finished with Terry weeping upon her neck, nose-to-nose with the winner though still in the opposite direction, the expert tested his watch to see if it could possibly be accurate. Having satisfied himself, he went down and claimed Septronella at the formal price of $2,200.

At the moment when the filly's gears had reversed, Dr. Sipple clutched Mr. Barney convulsively by the shoulder. Upon reaching for that support again, when the midfield mix-up took place, his grasp met only the empty air. Mr. Barney was proceeding up the aisle on all fours. It seemed to his accomplice a good idea. He followed, though semi-erect. But not before hearing Alma Verrill's voice say, with an unwonted edge to it:

"I am going to have a talk with Terry."

THAT evening, an unspeakably dreary one for Dr. Sipple, they did not dine together. But, retired to a far and lonely corner of the restaurant, he was fearfully aware of her approach.

"I would like a word with you, Dr. Sipple."

"Yessum," quavered the miserable wretch, reverting to the boyhood form appropriate to his cowed feelings.

"I will wait for you outside."

Having no further appetite, he ambled reluctantly into the lobby. Alma Verrill wasted no time in polite preliminaries.

"You doped my filly," she charged in the measured accents of doom.

"Not doped," protested the accused. "Oh, no; I assure you, Miss Verrill. Not doped."

"What was it?" demanded the implacable voice.

"Spiritus ammoniae. Nothing else in the world, I assure you. Ordinary ammonia. Highly recommended for hysteria and like neuroses in man and beast," babbled the unnerved physician.

"You-doped-my-filly. They could put you in jail."

"Who cares!" cried Horatio, suddenly reckless. "Let 'em. What I can't bear is to see you disappointed."

"You—doped—Septronella," she repeated with the fixity of despair. "And she lost the race."

"But if she'd run that fast the other way," he pleaded, wildly seeking justification, "she'd have won."

"And I've lost her," said the girl. "I've lost my filly." A sob stuck in her throat. She covered her eyes with her sleeve.

"Oh, my dear Miss Verrill!" choked Horatio. "Oh, my dear Alma! I can't stand this. What can I do—"

"Nothing," she broke in fiercely. "I never want to see you again. I never want to speak to you again. You—you—you're the world's worst hoodoo."

Entering the side door of the hotel at eleven-fifty P. M. after a careful reconnoiter of the terrain, Old Barney sighted a limp form of collapse in a corner chair. He approached.

"She caught you, did she?"

"Yes."

"Me, too."

"She said I was a criminal and she never wanted to have anything to do with me again," said Horatio Sipple.

"Me, too."

"What shall we do now?"

"Get drunk."

"I never overindulge in intoxicants, Mr. Barney."

"Then this is the time to start. What else is there to do, what I mean?"

HE DRAGGED his companion into the bar and ordered two double whisky-sours. "This is goodby, fare-ye-well, and never-again, old pal," said he.

"How so?" queried the doctor with a sinking sensation at the pit of his stomach, which he hastily remedied by a long draught from his glass.

"We leave tomorrow at six o'clock A. M."

"For what destination?"

Barney sighed. "I wish I knew. As far as the cash-on-hand will take us."

"Do you mean," demanded the horrified doctor, "that that lovely and helpless young gi—that Miss Verrill is in—er—financial straits?"

"You said it, Doc. Filly gone. Bets gone. Not an onion in the house for breakfast."

Dr. Sipple slammed down his glass. He thrust a violent hand into his pocket and drew it forth again. Barney's eyes bulged.

"Wh—wh—what's that?"

"Money," returned the doctor somewhat superfluously, and ladled out another handful. "To take her—you—wherever you want to go."

"Gee! She wouldn't look at it. She'd murder me."

"Don't tell her."

"She'd wanta know how-come. You can't put anything over on the Boss, what I mean," said Old Barney with sorrowful conviction.

"Well, do something about it," snapped Horatio.

"But looka here, Doc," protested the old sport. "This is real money. How'd you—are you rich? You don't look it, what I mean."

"Yes. No. Not rich. Rich enough," answered Horatio Sipple staccato. He had taken another healthy gulp of the whisky-sour and a great idea sprang to life in his brain. "Six o'clock, did you say?"

"Yep. Say five forty-five from here."

"Good night, Mr. Barney," said Dr. Sipple abruptly and vanished into the darkness.

The morning dawned in storm. Storm was in the soul of Alma Verrill, too, as she threw wide her third-floor window, opening upon the street. Her eyes fixed themselves upon a slender roan filly, dancing nervously along the asphalt, and a drenched, black-clad figure, clinging nervously to the filly's neck. The girl did not wait for any elevator; she took the stairs in one continuous flight. Through the front door she darted and down the steps just as horse and rider pulled up. At sight of her Septronella gave a shiver and a quiver and a start of delight, shrugged Dr. Horatio Sipple off into the roadway, and ran to her ex-mistress. They clinched.

The pinched face of Old Barney appeared in the background.

"Hey!" he shouted. "What's the big idea, Doc? Where'd you get the hoss, what I mean?"

HORATIO SIPPLE rose damply to his feet to confront a pair of wide, bewildered eyes in a pale face.

"Yes," said Alma Verrill. "Where did you get Septronella?"

"I—er—acquired her," said Dr. Sipple.

"You mean you *stole* her?"

"No. Oh, no! Not at all. Quite otherwise. I acquired her by what I believe to be the accepted methods of such transactions."

"You bought her?"

"That is what I was attempting to convey."

"From that beast who claimed her?"

"Hardly a beast, I think. A very reasonable, if slightly alcoholic gentleman. His name is Epplestein. Sol, to me."

"My pal, the Doc!" interjected Old Barney almost tearfully.

"Horatio Sipple, answer me. How much did you pay for her?"

"Does that matter?" said he uneasily.

"Of course it matters. I may never be able to afford—but perhaps you intend to race her, yourself."

"Who? I? How could I race her? She's yours."

"Mine? Septronella? How?"

"Why, here she is. And here you are. It's perfectly simple."

The arms around the filly's neck tightened. "You mean that you're giving me back Septronella?"

"If you insist on putting it that way."

"Barney, pinch me. I must be asleep. *Ow!* You old devil! All right. I'm awake." There was a transfer of arms, and the brush of an angel's wing that tickled Horatio's ear. "I—I—I can't thank you," quavered Alma's voice.

"Barney, pinch *me*," gasped Horatio. "I'm the one that's asleep."

Old Barney roused himself to energy. "On the nose, Doc. On the nose."

And Horatio Sipple, so rattled that he was susceptible to any suggestion, frantically kissed Alma on the nose. Just to complete the morning's work he then kissed Septronella on the nose.

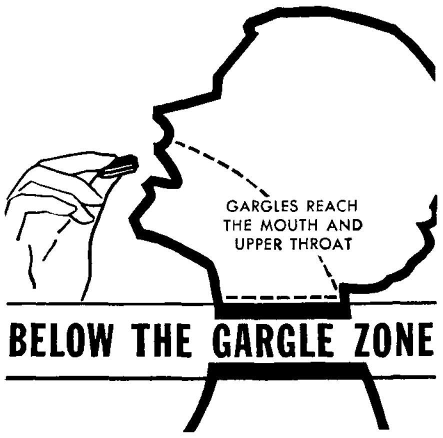
"Attaboy, Doc!" approved his mentor. "Play it straight, old pal, what I mean. Play it straight."

"I never harbored any other intention," retorted the young man with great dignity, misinterpreting, as usual, his accomplice's meaning. He drew a deep and desperate breath, shook the raindrops from his face and addressed the girl: "I d-d-don't know how this sort of thing is done. But would you mind if I—if I ventured—if I—in short, if I asked you to marry me?" He stopped, drooping and dripping, and gazed at her helplessly.

She smiled. And though the rain continued relentlessly to pour down, the sun came out.

"Well, Doc," said she, "you can't do better'n win."

NOW, FIGHT GERMS



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Play Something Simple

Continued from page 15

to his drawing-room. She sprawled lazily into the seat. "Upper berths are so poor-but-honest."

Tim lighted her cigarette.

"So look, Miss," he said. "To get down to these things I've got to tell you. I didn't seem to get around to them last night."

He stood over her, staring, and reached for his pipe.

"You're going to tell me you're married, aren't you," she said, "and why should you bother after all?"

His hand stopped halfway to his pocket.

"Engaged," he said finally. "And why shouldn't I bother?"

She shrugged. She ground out her cigarette and yawned just a little.

"Are *you* married or anything?" he asked at last.

"Just engaged," she replied softly. She held up her left hand, with the funny stubby nails, and with no sign of a ring. "Mother doesn't let me—ring at school, you know."

For a moment there was a pause. Then Tim smacked his right fist into his left palm.

"Wonderful," he fairly shouted. "It makes it all so much easier."

"Easier?"

"Now nobody can say anything—suspect my motives or anything."

She looked at him blankly.

"Here, listen. I sent this to my sister just now from Jacksonville:

"Dearest Carrie, stop," he read with satisfaction. "Bach, Brahms et al magnificent and wonderful for yacht stop am bringing young protégé down for piano debut stop be a darling and invite enough feelthy reech and music bigwigs to fill Crystal Room Whitecaps Hotel next Friday thirtieth stop her name is Francesca Devriot be bright about publicity stop don't be like that why the dickens parenthesis they won't permit the real word close parenthesis should I not be a patron of the arts after all stop love to you and Margot Tim."

His voice boomed to a contented period.

"So don't you see why it's easier, having us both engaged to everybody else on earth?" he demanded.

Francesca sat staring at him.

"You must know," she said after staring quite a lot more, "that of course I won't go."

"But you have to," he replied calmly. "Because look, I wired also to the papers there, on account I was afraid you'd say no, so I wired them about the debut and everything. It's probably on the press right now."

Francesca closed her eyes. She looked quite exhausted.

"Oh, I put it off a week," Tim said reassuringly. "I knew you'd say you were all out of practice. Well, you've got six whole days; you can practice like anything."

PALM BEACH would be *too* amused. Carrie and Margot said so and Carrie and Margot knew.

Tim didn't argue the point about Palm Beach's risibilities.

"A good laugh'll do the royal poincianas a powerful lot of good," he merely said. He was watching for Francesca, who had insisted on remaining aboard till the rites of welcome were properly over.

It was clear in the first moments that Margot minded less than Carrie. At first blush anyway. She laughed a lot and kissed him once.

"I brought the newspapers, idiot," she said, offering them.

"Look here, Tim." Carrie was dangerously calm. "I warn you, I'll have nothing, precisely nothing to do with—"

Tim stuck the papers in his pocket and went forward to meet Francesca.

Introductions. Luggage. The car. And all four settled into a small-talk ride to "Horizons," on the outskirts of Palm Beach, where Carrie put on a fairly creditable act of the affable hostess and took Francesca off herself to her rooms.

Margot turned to Tim.

"So what?"

"Don't be that way, Marg." His voice pleaded for reason, for maturity, for Bigness of Spirit.

"Sure not. Just have all Palm Beach laughing in its beer."

"Why does a sponsor always have to be some fine ancient fellow—"

"Okay, Tim," she said. "It's no hair in my shirt. And what if she's rotten next Friday?"

"Friday is Friday," he said. "How about a party or something tonight?"

Margot smiled. Very sweetly.

"Let's just go dancing. Foursome. You and I and your little genius and—"

"Swell. I'll dig up a—"

"No. Ottley. You know, 'Lord Ottley's Oxonians'? I've been dancing with him a lot."

Tim was frankly impressed with this bland statement. Everybody with a radio or phonograph had learned the name of Lord Oliver Ottley in the past year. Anglophile America had gone thoroughly mad about the young English peer who had outdone all American college orchestras with his flawlessly dressed, flawlessly mannered, Oxford-accented band, half of whose members were also lordships, or at the very least honorables. And here was Margot, copping off the hero. Tim looked at her with new attention.

"But I'm rushing out during lunch hour to get married!"

FRANK HANLEY

"Ottley, hey? You do all right, don't you, Marg?"

"Here comes Carrie."

"Avec hell-fire."

He pulled "The Floridian" out of his pocket and skimmed the piece. It stated the facts with admirable accuracy. Mr. T. Monning Millard, son of the late et cetera, would present in a piano recital et cetera Miss Francesca Devriot, eighteen-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. Francis Dewar Devriot of Fort Manon, Florida—

Carrie's voice sputtered across from the door:

"Senseless, but perfectly senseless. How do *I* know she can play?"

"She plays divinely; great talent."

"And how would *you* know?" Scorn on the heroic scale was in her voice. Tim took a step toward her.

"Listen, now, be a sport, sweet, and no monkey business either. She thinks I'm like that—" finger overlapped finger—"with Beethoven and the other guys. Don't spill beans all over about that, will you?"

Margot giggled.

"I promise nothing. She can stay at the house as my guest—I won't put her out. I've had a piano moved into her sitting room. But as for this fantastic debut—"

Tim lapsed into cheery, patient silence. You didn't head into storm-tossed sisters ten years older than you.

EVENINGS helped. Evenings and the brief hour on the beach when Francesca knocked off her endless practicing and came down to join him and Margot and their crowd on the sand for a swim.

On the beach the merest mention of a piano was taboo. Francesca adored the swimming, and Tim decided that he had never half appreciated Palm Beach before. Never had the air seemed so bright and shining, never the water so painfully blue, never the sun so hot and good.

But it was evenings that he looked forward to most eagerly. The tension of the day eased completely then, even for Francesca, and night after night all week he took her and Margot to the Ocean Yacht Club. There young Ottley, who scorned active batoning until just before midnight, always made a fourth. He quite casually regarded himself as extra man for Margot, the fiancée, not Francesca, the guest. And Margot ate it up, Tim reflected lazily. Funny he wasn't jealous or outraged-male.

He himself was crazy about dancing with Francesca, maybe that was why. She was a silent dancer, sure and smooth, silky motion in his arms.

BY THURSDAY night, he had decided that Francesca's idea of starting for Fort Manon on Saturday morning was the sheerest poppycock. Parents had the most possessive ideas about children's vacations anyway—just Victorian nonsense.

"This time tomorrow you'll be famous, Franch," he said, "and you'll deserve another week down here to enjoy it."

The orchestra slid to a vague stop and they started for their table. Margot looked flushed, Oliver faintly weary.

"Tim, let's go for a walk," Margot said. Her voice seemed a little tense.

He looked at her curiously.

"Why, sure, Marg—anything the matter?"

She laughed. "No—I—well—I have something I want to tell you."

They started off, and Francesca looked after them wonderingly. They made their way to the far end of the dance floor, and stopped by the balcony rail looking over the dark sea. Margot was talking rapidly, and then with a quick gesture she reached up and kissed Tim's chin gayly.

Arm in arm, laughing, they walked back. Carrie had just come in with her own party.

"News, Franch," Margot announced. "Carrie's buttonholed Orin Lester."

Francesca's face went taut.

"To hear me? Oh, no, I'm not good enough. Listen, won't *anybody* believe me?"

"He's the biggest thing there is in the way of critics," Tim explained to Oliver. "Carrie's gone softie and says so long as it's got this far, she's decided to nab Orin Lester."

"I—I—guess I'll have some brandy after all," Francesca said helplessly.

PROGRAMS fluttered whitely in the dimmed Crystal Room. It was nearly half an hour past the announced nine o'clock beginning, but groups were still drifting in lazily.

An air of casual expectancy filled the chatter of the big salon. Unmistakably, there was a collective inner smile at this odd idea, a collective though mythical lorgnette raised. Even a Millard, actually, could scarcely do this sort of thing. It was all too intriguing, every dinner table for a week had jested about it, so naturally one came to see. And hear. But it was all simply too strange.

To Tim, waiting with Francesca in a small anteroom, the audience looked like more people than the Yankee Stadium piled on top of the Rose Bowl, a horrid Pelion on a hostile Ossa. He looked at Francesca and winced for her. She refused to admit that she was nervous.

"Just dead inside," she said. "I went and died about eleven A. M. and so now it's a lot easier on my nerves. Don't worry any more."

She looked gorgeous. She was wearing the dress he liked her best in, black satin and shiny, very high and close in front, very low over her slim flat back. Smack under her chin were the cool white gardenias he had sent her. Coming over in the car with Margot and Oliver in the rumble, she had clutched at his arm, just once.

"Timmy," she had said, half whispering it, "I'm frightened for you too; you understand about that. They'll be so mean about you if I'm lousy—and—well, thanks awfully for wanting to take the chance, just for me."

"Skip it." He was sliding the car past the great cinder circle of the official parking space. "I'll park here so we can beat it before they stop applauding." His voice had been too hearty. "No waiting around handing out encores."

Now he felt that waiting around to begin was more than he could endure. *He.* What it must be like for Franch. . . .

And at last she was stepping away from him. Head up, face all solemn and quiet, she was walking across to the satin black piano. She was looking out at the faces; a few there, of the younger set that she had got to know, might seem friendly and rooting for her, but mostly she must have thought them grim. Go to it, darling, you show them—

She was playing. He wished, cursing, that he knew something about music, knew what it was that made audiences in Carnegie go hoarse with excitement, so that he might listen to Francesca now and know for himself. It sounded rather pretty, but it just didn't get to him. He found himself thinking of everything else under the sun, of how long a piece it was, of how the audience was beginning to look around.

Orin Lester sat motionless, his eyes staring ahead.

The first one was over. There was a

small cool ripple of applause. Tim's heart tightened.

Francesca looked as if she might be ill. She rubbed her hands together a bit, chafing them, before she started the second thing. A light small buzz of conversation began drifting about the room. Smiles showed on some faces, heads leaned toward heads, hands screened whispering mouths. And then Mrs. Henderson Jones rose and tiptoed politely out.

Murder, passionate and furious murder, filled Tim's heart. They didn't like Francesca, they didn't think she was good, they were torturing her in their socially impeccable way. Francesca played on.

At the intermission, he could see Oliver and Margot applauding vigorously. Jim Huntley and Reba and their crowd were pounding their palms together loyally. But dozens of small groups were rising, chatting, wandering casually out and away. Orin Lester strolled out a side exit. Francesca bowed twice, and turned toward the anteroom. Her eyes were glazed.

"Good girl, Franch," he greeted her. "You're wonderful, you—"

"Don't, darling," she looked away; "I'd rather you didn't."

THEY sat and stared at each other in silence. Never before had he wanted to take upon himself the pain somebody else was enduring, but now he swore savagely at his helplessness. He wanted, he didn't know precisely what, but everything in him wanted somehow to stop the look in the pale face before him.

"I'm glad it's happening, Tim," she said at last. He could scarcely hear her, and her voice came tumbling at him breathlessly. "I'm glad, I tell you. This is what you get for trying to be what you're really not; it's been hammering up at me inside for two years, but mothers *care* so; they keep believing in you so; they can't bear to admit you're nothing out of the ordinary. Sure I love to play all this, to study it. I even play it pretty well, but just for myself in my own house, not—not to get all this—this —tremendous acclaim of the multitude."

Her voice broke and she smiled up at him. Her eyes were bright with tears. "Back I go, the Success of the Season."

"Lord, you've got guts."

The words were wrung out of him, a modern paean of praise, a contemporary hymn of adoration.

The second half was interminable. Now Francesca was playing to a quarter-filled room, to people eager not to offend any Millard. She omitted nothing, the bouncy little Scarlatti, the pretty Mozart, the Brahms group. And then again, she was bowing. Again she was coming toward the anteroom.

"*That's* over," Tim said cheerily. "Here, you relax till Oliver and Marg show up." He pushed her into a chair. "Better yet, I'll go catch a waiter and order you a quick one. Then we'll all go on a bender and the hell with the Old Masters. I always thought they got too big a press myself."

He dashed off, delighted at action. He fairly ran to the lobby, collared a bellhop, then changed his mind and sprinted to the bar himself. Bearing two double Scotches, with a siphon of soda under his arm, he rushed back to the anteroom.

There was no one there. Francesca was gone. Her little silver wrap, her tiny silver bag, they were gone too.

He stared about him bewildered.

"Francesca—hey—" he called.

"What goes on?" Margot and Oliver were crossing the stage toward him. "We thought we'd hang back a few minutes so you two young people—why, where is she?"

Tim wheeled on them both wildly.

"You don't know either? She—come on, I'm going after her—"

The parking circle was flooded with moonlight. The car that he had parked outside the proper limits, for a quick getaway (without waiting for the encores) was not there. He had left the key in it. Francesca—that car would do ninety, a hundred. . . .

Fifteen minutes later, a taxi crunched to a cinder-flying stop at Horizons. Tim was out of it in a leap, Margot and Oliver after him. They flung open the door of the great dim house.

From somewhere came sound. Tim strode to the heavy closed doors at the right of the entrance hall. He threw them open, stopped.

Margot and Oliver stopped too.

At the far end of the great drawing room stood the magnificent period grand piano. Before it, her back to them, sat Francesca. From it—dark, angry, sultry—came jazz, Broadway's own music, new and old. From it came all the fury of hurt pride, came the beating turbulence of her rebellion, came sudden gentleness, brooding and sentimental. And swiftly again, Francesca's whole being seemed to grind into the piano with hot anger; she pounded it; she tore deep violent music out of it, primitive, throaty, tom-tom music.

It was Oliver who moved first.

"Oh, I say," he said weakly, and stepped toward her.

Francesca looked up. White-faced. Defiant. She pounded a few last chords, nasty, minor key, passionate chords. She stood up and leaned against the piano, silent.

"So that's it," Oliver said quietly.

Margot stared, wide-eyed.

Tim moved forward. He said precisely nothing.

"So you've had *this* all along," Lord Ottley was saying in his beautiful British voice, "and you, it's really amazing. You hid *this* under all that proper stuff —I simply can't understand—"

She turned on him, as if she were angry not only at the piano but at him, and everyone.

"I hid it, yes—I'd sneak it at school for the girls; I'd sneak it because this is what I really wanted to play, *could* play, kind of crazy, wild, tough music—"

"Contract," Lord Ottley said, very gently.

THERE was a great silence. Margot and Tim came forward till all four were very close.

"Year's contract. Any salary, in a way of speaking." Oliver smiled at her stricken face. "You're a sensation, you see. A damnable *sensation*. Here I've been combing through batches, and batches and batches—really, it's all very confusing."

Suddenly Francesca grabbed his arm. She banged on it, a few joyous frenzied bangs of her clenched fists.

"Say that again, Oliver." She was laughing, half-gasping. "Will you say that once more—I don't think I got that. Tim, did you hear it—"

She wheeled toward Tim, and he put out his hands toward hers. Then he changed his mind, and took her into his arms, right there, instantly.

"See you later, sweets," Margot said cheerily. "Tell her what I told you last night about me and Oliver when you get around to it, Tim."

A door closed, and Tim gathered her closer all at once as if something inside him made him determine to damn' well have her all to himself.

"And since we all hate women with careers," he said at last, "I should think about a year of being a sensation would satisfy the career department."

He lifted her hands and kissed the funny stubby-nailed fingers he adored.

"Because I said you were going to be Millard's protégée," he whispered, "and, by Pete, you're going to for the next sixty years right after."

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There's Always Finland

Continued from page 13

warmed in the Arctic night by the blood of men whom Finland will never forget. This square, where the line between the lampglow and the outer night is set off by a mixture of taxicabs and droshskies, once was cross-stitched by rifle fire; those great windows rattled in tune with machine guns—and that clock marked the last minutes of the victims that execution squads fetched here.

You are impressed at once by the Russian air of the droshskies, with their sleepy horses and good-natured drivers. Other reminders, too, make you wonder if you are still in Russia: bulbous steeples; young peasant soldiers in belted gray tunics and cossack boots of soft black leather; and the round cobbles, so distinctive of Russia, whereas in the squares and streets elsewhere in Europe they are oblong. And when you have decided that Finland is very Russian, you begin to notice the Swedish things: newspapers, billboards, the spoken language that comes to your ears, the type of student caps. But don't waste a lot of time trying to decide whether Finland is Russian or Swedish.

The Finns, racially persistent, nevertheless have been custom and culture borrowers. The Russian boots are useful in the long and gummy springtimes, when the mud would pull off mere shoes. The round cobbles make better winter going for man or beast. The prevalence of the Swedish language—well, that is a fight you'd better stay out of, because the Finns break heads in connection with it. Finland is Scandinavian—regardless of what you might have been thinking—*only* in the modern sense of geography. "We are not Swedes," one Finnish leader has said, "and we do not want to be Russians." The Finns, in truth, are a sort of mystery race; distinct in roots and still fiercely aloof from all the peoples they have been associated with since the time, many thousand years ago, when first they marched over a dim eastern horizon into the history of Northern Europe. Nomads, fighters, they came; a sturdy tide that flowed through generations over the steppes and into the black forests where the aurora painted the snow in the long nights and the ice sang—and the Finns gained the brooding secrets that you find in their eyes today.

You must look far to the south, with a passing side glance into Estonia, for the "cousins" of the Finns—to Hungary, where for centuries the flamboyant and picturesque Magyars have with terrible earnestness pursued ideals of racial purity and independence in the confused greasepot of Middle Europe. Four thousand years ago the Finns and Hungarians moved into the records of the Volga Basin—whence, no one is sure, although Turkish and even farther Asian origins are indicated. Later they split toward their modern homes.

A Baltic Football

Average Finns do not seem to relish speculation with regard to their possible Mongolian origin; but there are unmistakable physical telltales in their round heads, oblique, pale eyes, sparse hair, and thick, hardy limbs; temperamental signs in their stubbornness, taciturnity, conservativeness, and reserved but thorough politeness; and cultural traces in the ancestor worship and superstitions of their remoter literature and religious beliefs. Finland's honesty is the honesty of the better Orient, wherein written contracts were unknown until white traders came: it is the honesty of primitive nomads, who had no locks or strongboxes, whose property was in common, among whom thievery was unthinkable and a matter of capital punishment when it did occur.

Finnish habits of personal cleanliness, unexceeded in the world, may have come from the same root that causes the average Jap to boil himself alive daily: it owes a lot, too, of course, to the Swedish influences. It might be a little difficult for you to believe this, looking at the Finns today—eighty per cent of the girls blue-eyed, and sixty per cent of them blond — but originally the Finns were a swart and black-haired people. The change might be accounted for by romantic kindnesses to Aryans encountered in the long migration; the Finns are hospitable souls.

Those early Finns had little passion for organized government, and their warlike stirrings made them a nuisance to their Baltic neighbors; besides, Christianity was spreading then by spearhead persuasion. So the kings and bishops of Sweden came over in the Tenth Century and conquered and baptized the Finns. Well, maybe conquered is not the word. "Moved in," let us say. Through nine bloody centuries Finland was veritably a football kicked between Russia and Sweden; moreover, famine and pestilence rode, as always, in the wake of the many wars and desolated the country. Neither kings nor czars beat the Finns into surrender of libertarian principles; and in the end they emerged racially intact, culturally enriched, undismayed by the task of building economic order from the chaos left by age-long exploitation. It is an emergence unparalleled in history; far more remarkable than England's gradual absorption of her Norman conquerors in the two centuries after Senlac.

SPECIAL TODAY
Beef Stew 25¢
Tom Holloway

"He got on my nerves, that's all—wanting to do fisticuffs . . . whatever that is"

TOM HOLLOWAY

Finland's eventual freedom was foreshadowed by the conditions under which she was last ceded to Russia by Sweden in 1809, not as a subjugated province, but as a free Grand Duchy—with her own Constitution and laws. Russian bureaucracy clawed at Finnish liberty for another hundred years—with spies, exilings, terrorism, the knout, and suppression of newspapers. The indomitable opposition of the Finns to this persecution culminated in 1905 in a "national strike." For six days Finland was a dead land—not a foot was moved in business, not a hand was lifted. The Czar gave up; thenceforth until 1917 Finland's independence was actual if not down in letters. She refused to join Russia in the Great War. Finland saw the destiny of a wholly liberated Republic loom far more appealingly than any glib promise of Red dictatorship. But now she had to fight, and more desperately than ever before; Bolshevized Russia figured there would be more strategic meat in a subjected Finland than in a free buffer-state Finland. With some German aid, and the genius of the Finnish General Mannerheim, the Finns eventually smashed the Russian invaders and chased them home.

Finns are the most feared international sports contestants. In relation to population Finland has more athletes, holds more records, than any nation in the world. Wherever you go, in town or out, beach or woodland, javelins whiz past your ears, balls knock off your hat, young men in shorts rush grimly about, young women in shorts and uplifts—with creamy skins and substantial bodies and light hair—turn handsprings.

A disappointed athletic director in Stockholm told me how two Finns had trained for a meet there by running and walking from South Finland, up through Lapland, down into Sweden, hundreds of miles. They gained first in every match they entered; sat on the steps of the Stadthuset eating dried herring until it was time to go in and receive praise and medals from the Crown Prince; then calmly stuffed their pockets with more dried fish, and trotted back to Finland.

If war does not prevent next year's Olympics—as it did the last time those games were scheduled in Berlin—the Finns are expected to win all foot races from the mile to the marathon. Young people of Finland look upon Nurmi with a reverence that cannot be translated into words of the American-youth brand of hero worship. Policemen salute him; strangers raise their hats to him; while to the boys and girls he is, perhaps, what a composite of Babe Ruth, Lindbergh, Thomas Edison and Benjamin Franklin might be to our lads. Finland, despite romantic good-willers and despite all the delight you can give a Finn by telling him that his country has American ways, is not likely to make you say, "Isn't this just like home?" She is too far ahead of us in too many matters for us to see anything familiar except in her skirttails; her cities are too clean, her servant people too free of penny-grabbing, her buildings too modernistic, her per capita use of telephones and other utilities too much in excess of ours. But in overemphasis on sports we are kin.

Border Trouble

Finland even has a new game which is spreading like a drought-season brush fire. It is called "Pesäpallo," and based upon our own national sport. It makes you blink, for it is as baseball might be if played deeply under the influence of laughing gas. Finland probably will be licking our Tigers in a World's Series a decade hence. As yet, however, pesäpallo adepts are not followed in the streets; but Lehtinen, Iso-Hollo and Virtanen are. These are Nurmi's successors; and, Finns say, the men who are most apt to lower his records.

If international political wrangles were settled by foot races or wrestling bouts, instead of by poison gas and leaden slugs, the Finns would inherit the earth. Certainly the Russian bugaboo would be laid. Meanwhile, Finland guards one of the touchiest frontiers in the world and considers herself Scandinavia's first line of defense against the Reds. Finland shares the runt-boy complex of all the Scandinavian and Baltic little nations, which feel that they are living next door to a big, rough, shaggy, red-handed bully. There is a conviction, not only in the streets but in well-informed quarters throughout Scandinavia, that Russia wants an Atlantic port—Bergen, Norway, being the place always named—and that someday the Soviet Legions will march across Lapland and down into the west. Finland thus stares across daily into Soviet rifles; and sees them magnified.

There are frequent "incidents." The frontier, a thousand miles long, is vague in the Arctic, a swath through endless forests in some places, barbed wire largely. In wintertime the latter disappears. Last winter a Finnish ski-runner inadvertently went over the snow-hidden wire; Soviet guards darted from their woods, seized him, and he has not been heard from since. Things like that are told to you often in Helsinki cafés, while you watch dark and vivacious girls — obviously Russians — dancing with young Finn officers. Helsinki is the espionage headquarters of Northern Europe; seething with rumors of secret executions, mysterious arrests, scandals. Communism was making inroads until the government officially outlawed it.

All this is partly a heritage of the Revolution, when Finland was the sanctuary of the oppressed and many epic tales are related of escapes across Lake Ladoga, or the Gulf; even today there is a brisk sub rosa movement. The Finns are officially scrupulous about returning those fugitives who cannot prove Finnish descent; nevertheless, there is a constant and glamorous and dangerous bootlegging of humans. The Russian menace has steered Finland toward a continuation of the alliance with Germany through which she was enabled to win the War of Liberation. Finns admit that if war came today on the 1914 basis, Finland would doubtless have to line up with Germany against the Allies—thus the Central European alliance would extend from Italy to the Arctic Circle.

Germany, too, was the first nation to extend credit to Finland. But Finns in general are bitterly opposed to Hitlerism, and the moral drift from Germany is apparent in every conversation. Moreover, Great Britain and the United States have become Finland's largest creditors. German salesmen are still paramount in Finland; you meet them on every hand—on trains, on lake boats, in night clubs. England and the United States have been neglecting their grand chance to make hay in the sun of Finland's affection.

The head of one branch of Finland's great lumber industry told me: "Finland has proved her integrity to your country. You have advanced us further loans. And on account of the interest in Finland aroused in America through her debt relations with you thousands of tourists have been coming here from the United States these past two summers. Most of them, however, merely use Finland as an excuse to visit Russia. American businessmen who come here stay in Helsinki while canvassing the Russian situation; they seem to feel our capital is a good sort of lookout station.

Money in Friendship

"They are extraordinarily unaware of the opportunities at their feet. Finnish handwrought rugs are the most beautiful in the world, and have a longer history than your own hooked rugs. Finnish cut glass and crystalware are outstanding.

"Finnish liqueurs—well, I don't have to tell you about them; mesimarja, tapio, sorbino and others, many of them distilled from the wild berries of Lapland (correspondent's note: including boiled-down old Lapps), have the advantage of novelty, as well as finesse, and could be exploited in the United States. The point is, Americans seem a little slow to realize there should be money for them in the friendship of Finland!"

This was all disquieting to your home-loving and patriotic reporter, so I asked the Finns what they feel and think about us. They know how we feel about them; as you are bound to feel about a man who pays back the five dollars you lent him after your experience with others had led you to believe he never would. In the first place, Roosevelt gets into the Finnish newspapers more than any other ruler—more, even, than Hitler or Stalin. The progressive Finns see in him the first American leader who tried to introduce social betterment programs; whatever his purpose, however opportunistic he may be, they recognize that he is "trying to do something."

The Finns, themselves, gaited to a mechanical civilization, with the finest elevators and refrigerators and all such gadgets, admire our push-button civilization but cannot understand why it has been allowed to drown and throttle our social civilization. Because we do not care—except sporadically, and not as a matter of national law and conscience—for our illegitimate children, our helpless aged, our slums, our unemployment, they believe we are not very bright. Perhaps, even, a little greedy. Finland began its prohibition the same year we got ours; but they quit before we did, and that did not help America's reputation for governmental and social intelligence.

The Orient Express

Whatever things we have of social or political or economic good, Finland seems to have had them first. There has been a to-do in our country in recent years over coöperatives: our amateur liberals and other smart people have taken them up. But Finland is called "The Land of the Coöperatives"; and this form of sharing production and profits is the most important single factor in Finnish life today. It is a sort of practical Communism; and it makes you think what a power Russia might be if it had more efficiency and less dictation; fewer ideals and more ideas. Great, fine stores rise in every section of every city and throughout the countryside, employing thousands, dealing with all commodities from apartments to applesauce.

The Finns are industrious readers; their bookstores are outstanding and the use of the English language is now so common throughout Finland that it is no longer swank. Travel is cheap in Finland; you can go a thousand miles by rail for about eight dollars, in trains second in point of cleanliness and comfort only to our best air-conditioned services, and drawn by quaint wood-burning locomotives. It is the only country on earth wherein you can travel to the shores of the Arctic Ocean by automobile; to Petsamo, and on the way you will see a few of the 2,000 Lapps and their 100,000 reindeer. You need have no qualms about the climate, despite the persistent fallacy that Finland is pinned to the map by icicles. It has short winter days, and Lapland, indeed, has the wholly black twenty-four hours. But the summer is long enough for wheat and rye and sun-bathing, with more clear days than the southern continent.

It is an outdoor land, summer and winter; and there are official plans afoot to develop the interior's advantages for skiing and other winter sports. Winter, in fact, is the time to visit Finland; because it is the social time. In the summertime all the Finns are out sitting on the rocks, getting ultra-ray vitamins. You will like the social life; but remember to bow every time you take a drink. Moreover, Finland, at any season, is good for the nerves. The Finns are soothing, and live by their old proverb that "there is nothing so much as time"—and there are no automobile horns. In fact, the building departments in the large cities won't give permission for structures higher than eight stories because of the danger of traffic jams if everybody should come out at once.

You will find the night clubs a relief from the quiet—after you find the night clubs. Your Finnish friends will take you to garden cafés and other decorous places and you will have to thaw them down through several days of drinking and companionship; then, suddenly, one night at a quarter to twelve, their faces will sparkle and they will say, "Have you seen the Orient Express?" You say no, and they start you with Paris—which is on the Square across from the station. The Orient Express is a chain of night clubs—named, with liberal interpretation of geography, "Paris," "Nice," "Hawaii" and "Cairo." Here you will see through a maze of smoke and sailor's hats the prettiest young blond girls you have ever laid eyes on. Each table is placarded with a large numeral. You just take up the telephone on your table and call the number of the table whereat sits the girl you would like to buy a drink for—unless the fellow she is with looks too ornery, and your sisu may be a bit low.

But it is not in the Orient Express, not in debt payments, or athletics, or conquering the wilderness, that sisu is most typically present, in my opinion; but in the "sauna," or Finnish steam baths. Some authorities contend the sauna comes from the ancient Scythian practice of throwing hemp seeds on heated stones in order to produce steam. The Finns drip water from pipes, in elaborate baths, or throw pails of it, in country ones, on the stones. The latter are in the base of an oven, in the corner of a small, low-ceilinged room which has three benches, one higher than the other. The highest, just under the ceiling, where the effect and force of the live steam is most pronounced, is for the Finns. The second bench is for Swedes. The third bench, just above the floor, is for Americans and other sissies.

You must lie in this inferno for an hour or more. There is a basin of cold water beside you, and you lave your wrists and forehead whenever you feel that your end is near. I lay with my head in the basin. My Finnish scout, away up top lost in clouds of vapor, stretched his legs and padded his feet on the ceiling and said, "Come up here for the good effect, sir!" Finally you are as limp as a piece of twine. Then Maija picks you up and totes you into a small anteroom and throws you onto a hardwood slab. Your head is on a pillow improvised of birch leaves, from which comes a fragrance that is unbelievably refreshing. Your enjoyment of this is diluted, however, by Maija's activities. She reaches under your rubbing counter and pulls out bucket, sponge, brush and soap of the types familiar to everyone who has ever visited a livery stable or a wolfhound kennel.

Bathed and Beaten

Then Maija goes to work. How she gets that two-foot brush completely into each ear and between your toes, I don't know, but she does—and if you laugh and shout "quit tickling" when she is scrubbing the soles of your feet she will seize the bucket and empty it into your face. Gentle soul, Maija. When you have been wholly flayed, Maija points to a conventional bathtub, already filled, on the opposite side of the room. But I could see no point in another bath—then or ever again. So Maija let me off with a shower. Then she wraps you, still wet, into a towelling bathrobe and leads you to a secluded room. Here you lie on a reasonably soft cot, while Maija kneads and wrings you dry. You must lie quietly, now, and *silently*, for twenty minutes. That is the old custom. The time allowance might be long enough for the Finns; but your convalescence will be much slower. Meanwhile, Maija has gone off with your underwear and socks, which she washes, dries in a gas machine, and returns to you at the end of your ritualistic period of silence. She will let you dress yourself. For all these labors, Maija—in common with her sister rubbers—gets a customary tip of five Finnish marks; about ten cents, American. When the steam was first let into the sauna where I had gone, I thought it was a Communist plot and started to run, but Maija pushed me back.

In the city, apartment houses are let by the excellence of their saunas; and you can buy raisins, milk and beer while you are convalescing from the bath. In the country, the baths are primitive; usually small houses, either joined to or near by the dwelling. In America, the first gesture of hospitality is to pour you a drink; in Finland, it is to lead you into the sauna, with father and mother and sisters and brothers, all in the raw, and the lady of the family will beat you with the birch leaves.

In the great saunas combined with swimming halls, there are professional beaters—like Maija. Invariably women, usually from twenty-five to forty-five in age. The average career of a beater is ten years; they can't stand the hard work longer. They are picked for their muscle; and they have to drink water all day long, to compensate for continuous perspiration. It is a droll sight, one not easy for an inhibited Anglo-Saxon to endure, to see four or five naked Finn men lounging over a balcony, watching the swimming below, while a couple of women attendants stand chatting with them. I asked Maija if the sight of all this unadorned manhood disturbed her. She gave me a parting smack and said:

"I like to go by the American moving pictures, for to see the men have such nice clothes, no?"

ADVICE

What dentifrice do you suggest?

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Callingham's Girl

Continued from page 19

"Why didn't I tell you that I gave a party at the Garnet?"

"Well, why didn't you? I'd have been there. Bill, why did you rough up Callingham last night?"

"You find out everything in time, don't you? I suppose I got up out of bed this morning and helped Mrs. Marsten give Callingham the works." He puffed at a cigarette. "He was fresh to one of my artists. And you aren't interested in that."

Henderson smiled in wintry fashion. "You saw Marsten hit me and get away with it," he said.

"You *are* half-witted," said Cantavo. "I thought you were swell the way you acted. And you want to tell me that you're not afraid—"

"I want you to tell Marsten. I don't have to prove any cases with you, Bill, and I know it. But that young sap might get it in his head that he could push me around. Keep him off me, Bill. He was pretty tough today. I guess he thinks murder is all right if a Marsten does it."

"Don't be that way," said Cantavo soothingly. "How would you act if someone told you that your wife—"

"I haven't got a wife. And I'd have too much sense to strike a cop under any circumstances."

"I'll drill sense into Tim," promised Cantavo.

The colored valet appeared in the living-room and announced dinner. Henderson's eyebrows, that formed an almost unbroken line above his eyes and nose, lifted in surprise.

"Dinner? It's only six. What time does Nursey put you to bed?"

"I go to work at seven and play until nine-fifteen. Then I like to drop in at a show—if I'm not working myself at some local theater or putting on a benefit. If I'm going to get any dinner at all, I have to get it now. I work again from about eleven until three. How would you like to wrestle an Irish stew?"

"It sounds swell," said Henderson, "but I don't have any regular meal hours. I work, too."

"No? I thought you hung around until some bright newspaper lad pointed out the criminal."

Henderson shook his head.

"You've been going to the movies, eh?" He rose to his feet, looked reluctantly at the bottle of Scotch on the table, shook his head and started for the door. Cantavo looked at him, a faint smile on his lips.

"Jim, you didn't take time off just to tell me that you're game, and you can buy your own Scotch. Why the call?"

"Maybe I thought I'd find Mrs. Marsten here," said Henderson.

"Why would she be here?" asked Cantavo.

"She has to go somewhere," grinned Henderson, as he went through the door.

CANTAVO went into the dining-room and sat down at the table. For a moment he was unaware of the savory Irish stew in the bowl before him. Henderson had said that Mary Marsten had to go somewhere. Bill Cantavo had seen a lot of trouble in his life. He had seen people rise to Broadway fame and sink back into obscurity. But this tragedy in which he was slightly involved seemed more dreadful than any he had ever known.

Why had she done it? Why had she ever let herself get involved with a man like Callingham? He could find no answer to these questions. Yet she had fled the wedding reception exactly as one guilty of murder might have done. And she had known Callingham. That Cantavo knew. She had even lied about the acquaintance. He reached for the pile of afternoon newspapers beside his plate. Then he resolutely turned his eyes away from the screaming headlines. Irish stew was tricky. There were those who just thought it food; such people would tell the cook to heat it over, if it happened to get cold. True, reheated stew was superb, but no artist's copy of his own masterpiece could quite equal the original. Irish stew should be eaten at the very moment that the cook decided it was ready. He postponed reading the papers while he attacked the steaming, savory dish. But gratified at last, he leaned back in the comfortable chair and reached for the papers.

HE KNEW as much about the events of today as the reporters who had hastily written the stories. He knew all about the family history of Tim Marsten, too; knew that his father had died when the boy was sixteen and that the lad had already made a place for himself in the world of men who do things. He knew all about Marsten's clubs, his achievements in sport, and his steady rise to power in the Eastern and Western Railroad. There were plenty of people to say that Marsten was chairman of the board of directors of the great transportation line merely because of the stock he had inherited. But Cantavo knew other young capitalists who didn't work. Marsten worked hard and did his job well. Had he been born in poverty the lad would have achieved success.

"Look! They still got me rated D+2! Fifty to seventy-five thousand good"

JAY IRVING

But he knew less about Mary Byran's antecedents. He knew that she was an orphan and had assumed, because of the fact that she belonged to that group which is loosely denominated as society, that she was well-to-do. He knew that she was beautiful, charming—and that was about all. The newspapers added little to what he already knew. They told of her Junior League activities, and matters like that, but nothing that revealed anything of character. But one of the stories, hastily written by a society reporter, stated that Mary Byran had inherited the tiniest of incomes. Cantavo frowned at this. Tim had taken him to call upon his fiancée. And the apartment in which she had received them had not indicated straitened circumstances.

He read what was written about Walter Callingham. But all of this, except for unimportant details, he had known before. Callingham had inherited a considerable fortune upon the death of his parents a dozen years before. He belonged to the better-known clubs and was well-known on Broadway. The papers treated the dead man leniently. But Cantavo knew that Callingham's reputation was unsavory. He knew that Callingham was not welcome in the clubs to which he belonged. He knew that ugly rumors had floated around Broadway. He knew that Callingham had sold his stable because there had been nasty gossip about the performance of some of his horses and that he might have been ruled off the turf had he insisted on the right to run them.

He put down the papers with a sigh. He went into his bedroom, took off his clothes, got under a shower, and then permitted Sam to array him in evening clothes. He was about to leave the apartment when the telephone operator downstairs announced that Mr. Marcus Beeman was calling.

"Send him up," said Cantavo. He whistled softly, took off the heavy black overcoat which he had just donned, and waited curiously for the arrival of Beeman.

THAT gentleman proved to be a middle-aged man, medium-sized, undistinguished in any way except for a pair of deep-sunken eyes that seemed to hold more weariness than Cantavo had ever beheld.

"Mr. Cantavo?" Beeman brushed quickly by Sam, who had opened the door for him. He held out a plump, well-manicured hand. "That's a silly question. I've seen you scores of times. Some of the most delightful moments of my life have been spent listening to you, Mr. Cantavo."

"Thanks," said Cantavo.

His visitor dropped into a chair.

"I'm a lawyer," he said.

Cantavo smiled.

"Almost everyone knows that."

"I suppose they do," said Beeman. "It's an age of publicity and my firm gets a lot of it—mostly unpleasant. One would be justified in thinking that I spent all my time devising schemes whereby my rich and wicked clients can rob the poor."

"The penalty of fame," said Cantavo.

"Your fame has no penalties," said the lawyer. "Applause, admiration—"

"Thanks again," said Cantavo.

Beeman smiled. He glanced at the watch on his wrist.

"You are polite but a little puzzled, Mr. Cantavo. I know you are a very busy man and that you are due at the Monroe in twenty minutes. I won't keep you five. Some other time I hope you'll give me an hour or so. I know so little of music and want to know so much. But at the moment—Tim Marsten is my client."

Cantavo nodded.

"But my firm," went on Beeman, "has no criminal branch. I'm not sure that we are the best attorneys for Mrs. Marsten."

"Has she been found?" asked Cantavo eagerly.

Beeman shook his head.

"Not so far as I know." He sighed. "Silly of her to run away. Of course, she will be captured at any moment. And Mr. Cantavo, my client, her husband, suggested that I come to you. You know Broadway, Mr. Cantavo. You know a most interesting side of New York life with which I am, unfortunately, unacquainted. I want you to tell me who is best qualified to investigate the career of Walter Callingham. Also, I want your advice as to the best lawyer to undertake the defense of Mrs. Marsten."

"I DON'T know many lawyers," said Cantavo. "I mean, in a professional way."

Beeman nodded.

"Of course. But it happens that most of the best criminal lawyers in New York are men of wide acquaintance, men who are well-known in the world where you are best known, Mr. Cantavo. I—perhaps stupidly—have always held a somewhat snobbish—I admit it—attitude toward those gentlemen who practice criminal law. I understand thoroughly their great abilities, but of their characters I am not so certain. I have here a list of six men. I think they are all equally able. Which one of these men would you, if Mrs. Marsten were your wife, select as her attorney?"

From his waistcoat pocket he produced a slip of paper upon which were typewritten six names. Cantavo studied the list.

"If Mrs. Marsten were my wife and I knew she was innocent, I'd engage Harrington. If I thought she were guilty, I'd retain Penfold."

"Why?" asked Beeman.

"Because, guilty or not, I'd want my wife free. Penfold wouldn't stop at anything, Mr. Beeman, to save a client."

"You mean that he would perhaps indulge in matters frowned upon by the Bar Association?"

"I mean that he would try to bribe a bishop," said Cantavo, "and no one would ever pin anything on him."

"Then I think, the case looking rather desperate, Penfold will be our man," said Beeman. "And now about investigating Callingham."

Cantavo grinned.

"Leave that to Penfold," he advised. "What's the idea there?"

"Just a thought," said Beeman. "You know, if the record of the victim isn't too good—"

Cantavo grinned.

"With the proper training you might have made a good criminal lawyer yourself, Mr. Beeman."

"I'm not sure that's a compliment, Mr. Cantavo. But I won't resent it. Thanks, very much."

"It's little enough. Anything else I can do?"

"Tim is very fond of you. If you can spare him some time—"

"I'll try to," promised Cantavo. He glanced at his own wrist watch and Beeman took the hint. Together they descended in the elevator to the street, where they parted. Cantavo arrived at the great dining-room of the Monroe in time to lead his orchestra in the opening dinner number.

As he wielded his baton, his keen eyes took in everything.

Old man Franklin was here, as usual. One of these bright days the old boy would read all about himself in the morning papers. One of the little girls he loved to escort to dinner and theater and supper would pin a subpœna on his lapel. Sixty years and sixty millions shouldn't play with twenty years and twenty cents.

Willy Jernegan was here again tonight. Cantavo pursed his lips. Pretty early for Willy to be drinking champagne.

Graham sidled close to him.

"You haven't forgotten the nurses for tonight, Bill."

Cantavo frowned.

"Do you think it would be all right if I let Kinney lead? I want to see Tim, and if I play for the nurses I won't get a chance. Maybe if I showed up for a couple of minutes, that would do."

"Oh, forget it," said Graham.

"I might get sick sometime and they'd forget me," laughed Cantavo.

"You'd rather give it away than sell it," protested Graham.

"I think I would, at that," the leader replied.

The head of the broadcasting company for which he played every Monday night waved to him. He sat at a table of ten and he beamed upon the leader. Cantavo grinned amiably, although Graham read the boredom in his eyes. What was it, Cantavo thought, he had said to Beeman a little while ago? The penalty of fame. Wilkins, the radio man, would be hurt unless he could show his friends that he was intimate with Bill Cantavo. Cantavo turned the orchestra over to Kinney, the violinist, and joined Wilkins. He shook hands with everybody at the table, autographed menus, and after Rosie Reardon had finished singing her new number, Breakfast in Bed, he walked toward the bandstand.

ROSIE, flushed with pleasure at the applause that had greeted her song, met him at the edge of the platform.

"Bill, what are you doing about Mrs. Marsten?"

Cantavo stared at her.

"Who? Me? I'm Bill Cantavo, the old fiddler. Did you think I was the district attorney? What on earth can I do about her?"

"Bill, you're the wisest and the smartest man in the world. I know that. You know everybody and everything."

Cantavo nodded.

"Sure. Einstein studied under me."

"Don't joke. I've been out of my mind since I read the papers, Bill. That poor girl. And her poor husband. Bill, they're swell people. She wouldn't touch Callingham with a pole. Imagine the papers daring to say that she was friendly with him, hinting worse. A man like that."

"You didn't care for him, did you? He's dead, Rosie. Just because he threw pennies—"

"That! I'd have let that pass. It's *why* he threw them."

"Why did he?" asked Cantavo.

"Because I'd never dine with him, never go to his apartment for cocktails, never have anything to do with him."

"So? I didn't know Callingham had been making a play for you."

"Didn't you? You know everything that goes on, see everything that happens, except the things right under your nose. Sometimes I think you're the stupidest man in the world."

"This to your boss? And a minute ago I was wise and smart. But because I don't know which one of your thousands of admirers is making himself obnoxious at the moment, I'm suddenly dumb."

"It isn't that. It's just—Bill, you'll do something about the Marstens, won't you?"

Cantavo stared at her.

"Sure, I'll call up the district attorney and tell him that she's a friend of mine. And any friend of mine can do murder in this man's town. Everyone knows that. Get back to work, Baby."

HE STEPPED upon the platform and for two hours, leaving the platform only a couple of times, he directed his orchestra. At nine-fifteen the band ceased playing and its members began gathering up their instruments preparatory to dashing off to the dinner of the Nurses' Association. Cantavo spoke to the first violin.

"I'll show up, Kinney. But you take the band. Okay?"

Kinney nodded and Cantavo stepped from the platform. Willy Jernegan intercepted him.

"Bill, I want to talk to you."

Cantavo looked distastefully at the young millionaire. The musician had no objection to the playboys of Park Avenue who wandered over to Broadway. But Jernegan represented a type that Cantavo despised. He was purse-proud, insolent and conceited.

"No dice," said Cantavo. "I've got to go places."

"But, Bill, you've got to talk to me. Listen, Bill, I need help."

"Help?" Cantavo laughed. "What sort of help?"

"With Amy—Amy Martin."

"You don't say," said Cantavo. "I thought the great Willy Jernegan could get to first base all by himself."

"Don't ride me, Bill," said the young man. "I'm in earnest. Amy has walked out on me."

"On the level?"

The young man nodded.

"And I thought she was stupid!" said Cantavo.

He pushed Jernegan out of his thoughts as he stepped into his car and drove to the Nurses' dinner. The president of the Nurses' Association met him outside the ballroom of the hotel where they were having their party. She was an attractive blonde and she made eyes at Cantavo.

"I think you're just too sweet to come here, Mr. Cantavo," she said.

"I'm smart," he laughed. "One of these days I may be needing you or one of your gang. I don't want anyone to leave a pair of scissors in me just because I wouldn't play for your party."

Five hundred young men and women rose and cheered as the pretty president led him into the ballroom. Cantavo beamed expansively. Applause was part of the musician's life; the echoes of one outburst hardly died away before he could hear sounds of a new demonstration. But he still loved it and was still unspoiled enough to color. He led the band for a couple of numbers, and when he stepped down was instantly engulfed in a swarm of admirers. He autographed a score of menus, and then made his excuses to the president.

"I hope you send for me if you ever are sick," she said.

"I'd rather send for you when I'm well," he told her.

She sighed as he left the room. Bill Cantavo had a way with him. She wondered if it would do any good to discover the name of his doctor. Heaven knew he looked healthy enough, but even the tallest oak must fall sometime.

Quite unaware that he had set a romantic heart titillating, Cantavo made his way to a telephone. He called up Marsten's home. After a moment's delay Marsten spoke to him:

"Come on up, will you, Bill?"

"Be right up, Tim," said Cantavo. He arrived at the Marsten home on East Seventieth Street ten minutes later. Outside the house the curious moved up and down, kept in motion by two uniformed policemen. One of them greeted Cantavo.

"Hello, Bill."

Cantavo spoke to the man and mounted the steps. Crowds were no novelty to him, but he knew how Marsten must feel at the presence of these morbid people outside his house. A liveried man opened the door for him and took his hat and coat.

"Mr. Marsten is waiting for you in the library upstairs," he said.

Cantavo nodded and walked toward the stairs. Descending them was Penfold, the lawyer whom he had recommended to Beeman. Penfold extended a thin hand.

"Much obliged, Bill. I understand you chose me. I owe you plenty. This ought to be the biggest case of my career."

Cantavo eyed the lank length of the attorney. He noted the glitter in the slightly protruding eyes, the almost imperceptible twitch of Penfold's lower lip.

"Where are you going now?" he asked.

"To my office. Got to press the buttons and set the machinery moving," he replied.

Cantavo nodded grimly.

"I'm setting Bennie Malsted to work," he said. "He's going to live with you until this case is over. Get what I mean, Penfold? Eat and sleep with you. One drink and Bennie pins your ears right back. And you're not going to your office. You're going straight to Hybler's Turkish bath. Bennie will be there when you arrive, or shortly after. You get steamed out and in condition. Then you go to your office."

"WHAT'S the idea?" demanded Penfold.

"The idea is that you're the most brilliant criminal lawyer in this town and you love your liquor," said Cantavo. "You've started already. Don't lie to me. I know. You're one of these guys that have a reputation for being cleverer with drink than sober. You actually believe it yourself, but it isn't true about you or anyone else in this world. If you happen to fall down in this case through drinking I hate to think of what I'll do to you. Hybler's bath right away."

For a moment the two wills clashed; then the weaker gave way. Penfold grinned shakily.

"I guess you're right, Bill. Tell Bennie I'll be good."

"I don't have to tell Bennie. Everything will be under control," said Cantavo.

As he started up the stairs the liveried servant opened the front door to let Penfold out. A burly man brushed by the lean figure of the lawyer. It was Henderson and he called to Cantavo.

"The cop outside said you'd just come in," said the inspector. "Bill, you break it to him."

"Break what?" asked Cantavo.

"Mrs. Marsten has been found," said Henderson.

"Found?" Cantavo echoed.

Henderson nodded.

"Yes, dead," said Henderson.

(To be continued next week)

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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 24

watched them fade; and that, save for the blind operation of chance in a blind world, they would fade for her. He heard her voice lift to him, soft and whispered and urgent:

"Please."

He swung toward her, puzzled again. Her face was round and graphic in the smooth darkness. Her shoulders were turned to him and she was waiting wordlessly.

He said: "It wouldn't mean anything."

That murmured, begging word came again to him: "Please!"

"Don't make a mistake about this, Annette," he told her. He reached out and brought her forward with his long arms. Her face was there for him; and then the wild, primitive fire of this girl came through her lips and shook him more than he believed he could be shaken. There was shock in that troubled and passionate and desiring kiss. It woke something near to savagery in him. He pulled her solidly against him and felt the deep willingness of her response. He drew away and got to his feet, thoroughly disturbed.

He said gruffly: "I'm sorry."

She was up beside him, her cheeks were pale in the faint moonlight, her breathing very rapid. But he saw how she smiled, so wisely, so sadly—yet so shiningly tender. "Sorry! Oh, I'm not! It was like a world opening up for me! Don't be sorry!"

"A man's kiss?" he said, more and more disturbed.

She murmured, "No—not just any man's kiss, Buck." She came to him again and lifted on her toes and her lips brushed his cheek briefly and coolly. She was laughing in the darkness; she was happy. "That's my thanks to you."

He said: "It would be safer for you, Annette, if you knew more about men."

She walked away from him to her horse. "I know more about men than you dream. But you are not like other men—and that's why you've made me happy. This is one of the things I can remember a long time from now, like I told you. You shouldn't be sorry—and good night, my dear."

SHE was away in the darkness before he could answer. He got aboard his horse and took to the narrow ledge leading into the bottom of the canyon. He was remembering all this with a growing wonder; it rode with him across the gravelly ford. But, going down the dark river road toward the settlement, the tricky qualities of this night aroused his attention and pushed the recent scene to the back of his mind.

A hundred yards this side of the saloon he stopped to examine the settlement carefully. Two horses stood in front of the saloon and a broad beam of light ran across the road. One man loitered on Blackjack's porch. Elsewhere he could see no life. Not particularly satisfied, he advanced on the saloon, left his horse and went inside.

Blackjack Smith was behind the bar, idly polishing a glass. He looked at Surratt. His head turned and ducked toward the back room. "Go in there."

"Blackjack—"

The gross-bodied man shook his ponderous chin. "It's all right, Buck. I'm tellin' you."

Surratt walked to the rear room's door and opened it and stepped inside. He closed the door quickly. Judith Cameron was poised in a far corner, and he saw the worry in her eyes.

He said: "When I got your note I started riding."

Her voice lifted curiously: "Note?"

"Your note."

She said, "No, Buck. I wrote none. But—is this yours?"

He went across the room at a swift pace, suddenly aware of trouble. He looked down at the paper she held. A few words said: "Can you be at Carson's Ford about 7 tonight?" It was signed with his name.

"This," he said, "is a trick. I—"

THE door opened then and Bill Head walked in, his big shoulders rolling. Blackjack followed through and closed the door and moved over to a side of the room, his obscure eyes turned beady with a growing interest.

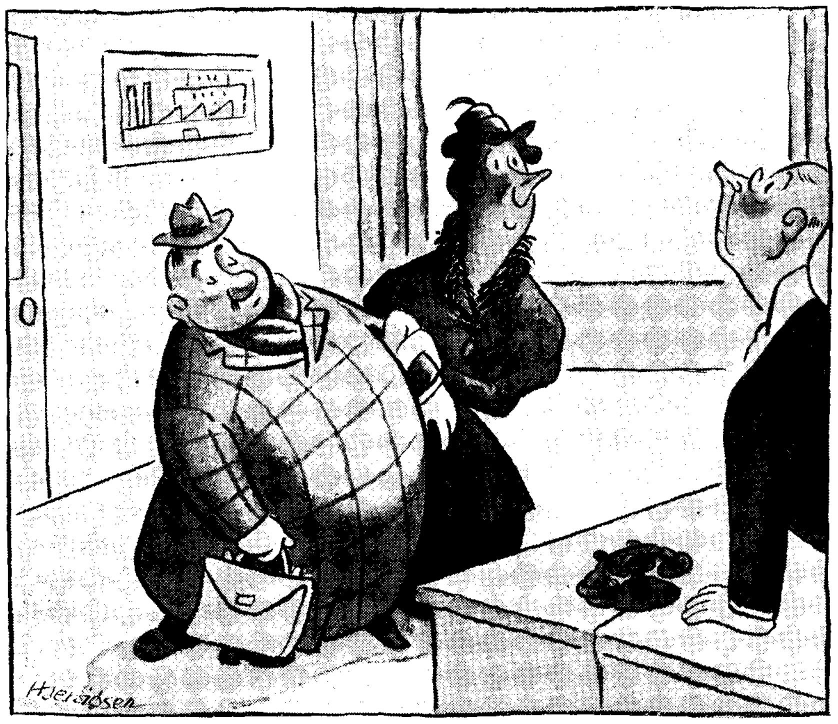
Bill Head slowly said: "I told you, Judith, I meant to get that glove from Surratt. You seemed to doubt I would. This is my way of showin' you. You got the glove, Surratt?"

Surratt was idly murmuring: "You're a smarter man than I thought. It is a mistake I made—to underestimate you."

"The glove," said Bill Head.

"No," replied Surratt, "I guess not."

"The glove," repeated Bill Head.



"I brought him along to keep his appointment, but don't wake him up; he's asleep" HARRY HAENIGSEN

Blackjack said: "Miss Cameron, you step outside a moment."

Judith's face swung around to Surratt, very pale. Yet it was calm and it was held by faith. Surratt nodded, his admiration for her deeper and deeper. He watched her walk across the room, unhurried and slowly graceful, and leave it.

Bill Head spoke: "Put your gun on him, Blackjack. I'll get the glove."

"Wait," ordered Blackjack. "Both you boys unbuckle your belts and drop 'em right where you stand."

Bill Head stared at the big outlaw, taciturnly surprised. "When did you get that idea? I've already told you what to do."

"You'll do it my way," responded Blackjack evenly. "Drop the belts."

Surratt's smile was long and thin and bitter-bright. He obeyed the order; the belt, with the gun in it, dropped. He kicked it aside. Bill Head still stared at Blackjack, a violent and mistrusting consideration in his hazel eyes. "If I thought you were fooling me, Blackjack—" But his massive shoulder rolled back and he unbuckled his belt and laid it on the center table. "Maybe," he said narrowly, "this is a better way. You been making some comments about my character. It will give me some satisfaction to change your mind, Surratt."

The man had the strength of a rock crusher. There was that immense impression of power in Head's ropy shoulder muscles, in the girth of his neck, in those thick wrists and fists which gave to his arms the appearance of heavy-knobbed clubs. He had a solidity and a massiveness, a body too vast to feel the hurt of blows; his temper burned sullen and steady.

Surratt murmured: "It is my hope you enjoyed the bonfire."

That malice-pointed phrase visibly jabbed the man. He lowered his shoulders and his knees bent from the pressure put on them and he threw himself across the room. One remote cell in Surratt's mind told him that he had made another mistake. Head wasn't slow, he wasn't clumsy. Surratt started out from the wall, but never got away from it. Bill Head slammed terrifically into him and threw him back against it. Surratt's skull struck the boards, his brain roared. Head's fists were like axes chopping into his temples. They drove daylight and memory out of him. Strength left his legs entirely and thus blinded and stunned and momentarily helpless he reached for Bill Head's waist and caught at it to weather through the storm.

HEAD rapidly retreated, avoiding that grip. "Oh, no," he grunted, and seemed to bear a respect for Surratt's tricks. He poised this way, breathing fast. It was a moment's respite; the mist cleared away from the room and Surratt saw the man teetering for another rush. He dropped to his knees as Head flung himself on. He caught Head like that, rolling his body into Head's legs and completely upsetting the big one. Head went crashing into the wall. The whole building shook.

Surratt rose and found himself steady again. He wheeled and waited. Blackjack Smith came forward swiftly and lifted the lamp from the table and carried it back to his corner. Once more posted there, he held it high over his head to illumine this scene.

Bill Head threw himself up from the floor, shaking his yellow poll. He was turning slowly, he was for one slim interval not quite on his guard. Waiting for that chance, Surratt plunged in. He beat aside a huge arm and smashed the man full in the mouth. His knuckles ripped across the other's lips as though they were scraping back wet paper; and the bones of his hand seemed to snap Head's teeth. He had his moment here and made use of it, driving solid, savage blows at Head's chin, at his temple, at his eyes, at his chin again—the dull and fleshy sound flatly horrid in the room. Blood came rolling through Head's lips; his eyes were afflood with a tawny rage. He cried out and steadied himself against the wall and threw himself at Surratt again. Surratt deflected one blow; but the next one, slashing through his defensive elbow, hurled him back against the table. He carried the table with him and went over with it, and under it.

PULLING around, he saw Head's feet walking forward. He threw the table aside. A foot lashed out at him. He seized it, and rolled, and brought Head down, that fall jarring all the building. Head crawled at him and drove his fist across Surratt's neck in the way he might have used a hammer. They were lunging and wrestling wickedly around this floor, striking and missing, and gutturally heaving up their hatred in bitter gusts, and striking again. Surratt tore free from the man and rolled and rose. He found Head slowly getting up. Crouched low then, he ran on and met Head in the center of the room. He felt Head's fist crack through his ribs with a pure agony. But he had forced Head backward and the man's face tipped higher and Surratt ripped one stiff blow to the shelving point of the exposed chin. Strangeness came all across Bill Head's features, turning them wide and alarmed and astonished. The will that held him up so hugely snapped like a tight-drawn wire. He went down on the floor and tried to crawl, his breath large and groaning and incomplete. He did not get up. Blood flowed along his cheeks freely; his body shook with some involuntary spasm. Then he was wholly still.

There was that troubled silence, with the panting of the two men springing through it. Surratt could find no room in his lungs for the air he needed. A thousand needles stung his fists and all his face seemed broken and pulpy. Enormous weariness flowed its cold way through his muscles. He hadn't the spirit to move; and so he stood and stared down at Bill Head, who was unconscious on the dirty boards.

The silence was a signal to those beyond the room. The door opened at a jerk and Judith Cameron came through. Turning toward her, Surratt saw the dread in her eyes for a moment before it changed to an inexpressible hurt. She cried: "My dear—my dear!" And ran over to him, and caught his arms and looked up at him. The reserve disappeared from her eyes, like the lifting of a curtain. It was for a moment only; when it came back he was stirred and shaken by what he had seen—and then ceased to be sure that he had seen it.

His lips were difficult to shape when he spoke. His words weren't clear. "I must look like the wrath of God. It's the way I feel."

Blackjack Smith moved from his corner and tried to lift the table. But its legs were broken and its top was splintered; and he stared down thoughtfully a moment, still holding the lamp in his hand. At the doorway Blackjack's men made a solid rank, all their cheeks dark with interest. Judith Cameron slipped an arm through Surratt's elbow and held her place beside him; her chin lifted and there was something flowing out of her that called his attention. Color had returned to her cheeks. She was proud then—and quietly defying the threat in the room.

Surratt stared at Blackjack. "You were in on this. There's your boss on the floor. You were the man that wasn't going to lift a hand against me."

"And I didn't," said Blackjack. "Sure was in on it. But I had a little idea of my own, like you heard Bill Head remark. You saw it didn't please him."

"What?"

BLACKJACK was shaking his vast, pear-shaped countenance in a bemused way. "I have known you a long while. Your way of fightin' is familiar to me. The tougher things are, the better you are. I have never known the man you couldn't whip. It was my desire for you to whip this one here. It is a thing he needed; it was a fight I wanted to see. Well, I'll remember it. You're a fellow that no man ever forgets."

"Blackjack," challenged Surratt, "where do you stand?"

"And now that's a funny thing," sighed Blackjack. "It has been the policy of my life to string along with the winnin' side. I never yet broke that rule. I have played with Head in this matter and made a comfortable thing of it. Nobody can say Blackjack's been a fool. Yet here I am, partin' company with the man and throwin' my meal ticket away. You're licked now and Sam Torveen's licked, but I said I never would lift my hand against you again and I never will. I guess I better start ridin' before Head sends his boys after me. I do not understand it."

"Blackjack," murmured the girl. "You are not so bad."

"And not so good either," reflected Blackjack, skeptically. "So I guess that makes me out just another sucker, which I never thought I'd come to be." But he stopped talking and looked at the girl. He put his lamp on the floor, going to the door. He turned there, his black eyes sharpening. He said to Surratt: "Understand this, friend Buck. Bill Head will come after you with a gun." He said only that, and closed the door.

Surratt turned across the room and bent over to pick up his belt. The top of his skull pounded and the drying sweat pulled at his skin and its saltiness stung the mashed edges of his lips. He had begun to stiffen up. Bill Head lay without motion, seemingly without breath; plunged deeply into a slugged slumber. Surratt considered him without anger, and turned toward Judith.

She had retreated to a wall. She stood against it, hands behind her. He saw a shadow of fear darkening the loveliness and the candor of her eyes. It had not been there before. Her voice whispered at him:

"I have to tell you this, Buck. The glove belongs to me."

He looked down at his belt. He buckled it on, his fingers very awkward. Afterwards he reached for his pipe and packed and lighted it. The smoke made a bland, pure relief in his lungs. He clenched the pipe between his teeth and felt the steady, asking weight of her glance on him. He pulled the glove out of his pocket—a small doeskin riding glove—and crossed the room and handed it to her.

She waited for him to speak. But he didn't. Long afterwards she broke the silence gently: "No questions?"

He shook his head. "There would never be a time when I'd ask you a question about that glove. There won't ever be a time, Judith, when I could bring myself to doubt you."

"Buck!" she called, almost crying.

She had a strength and a pride and a dignity. She had a womanliness that touched his senses like tremendous music; it turned all his past barren; it made him a hungry man now. But he looked down. He said casually: "I'd better ride. Sam's not much comfort to himself these days."

"You like him greatly."

"Yes." He looked at her and could not help asking what had been in his mind since his first entry into the hills. "You do, don't you?"

"Of course." He listened to the tone of her answer; he watched her eyes. But her answer was incomplete; he did not understand it. Elusiveness controlled that even, soft voice. He shrugged his shoulders and opened the door, observing that Blackjack and Blackjack's men had gone out to the porch. He walked with her that far and saw her climb into the saddle. She lifted her hand at him and said, "Good night," and galloped down the road. He went on to the rack, mounting with all his muscles in protest. "So-long, Blackjack," he said, and trotted away.

He crossed the ford, climbed the hill and struck down the dark trail. He had an hour's riding here, with time to revive the powerful sensations of all this night's action. But weariness grew greater in him and he was drained dry of feeling. So he rode through the sheep meadow almost stupidly and came into the Torveen yard. There were no lights burning.

He called out: "Hello," and got down. After that he wheeled with a quicker step across the yard, the strong surrounding shadows closing his throat to further sound. He went into the office and struck a match. By the bright glow of it he saw the room overturned and in confusion. It was for him a clear and dangerous warning, compelling him instantly to kill the match. He stepped back to the porch, crossed it to the bunkroom. He closed the door here and tried another match, cupping it in his palm. He let it burn only long enough for one brief and sufficient survey. Here too was a stripped room.

Going back to the porch, he noticed then that the corral gate was open, the horses gone.

POKEY came into the Head yard with a good deal of riding dust on him and went immediately to the house. This was morning, but Old Martin still lay in bed smoking a cigar. Pokey stood beside the bed, looking down at his boss with a plain concern. "You sick?"

"I get tired sittin' in that confounded chair," grumbled Old Martin. "You find out something about Surratt?"

"Yes," said Pokey. But he remained quiet a moment, the information he had gathered still a little strange to him. He didn't know that he could make it clear to Old Martin; it wasn't clear to himself. "I went over the desert to Thunder Butte. They knew him there, but it wasn't his town. So I crossed the hills to prairie country and stopped at a place called Crow. I sat me down in a poker game and kept my mouth shut. Well, that was his town all right."

"Crow," murmured Old Martin. "Ain't been there for fifteen years, which was when I ran down the Patton boys."

Pokey said: "Martin, he ain't no outlaw."

"I knew that before I sent you," retorted Old Martin. "I can still judge a man."

"This Surratt's dad ran a big horse ranch yonder. He was a tough one and he never stood back from anybody. The wild ones over that way were always aimin' for him. As I get it, this old man Surratt had his fun fightin' 'em, never asked no favors, and never asked no help. So, a couple years ago they finally dry-gulched him. It left this Buck Surratt under the gun. The way the story goes, he went out and found the fellow that did the killin'—and left him right where he found him. But there was always one more fellow to take up the trouble and come after Surratt." Pokey's eyes narrowed at the wall, visualizing what had happened. His voice was soft. "He had to meet and kill four men, Martin. Which settled that particular wild bunch for good. Like I said, I kept my mouth shut and played poker—but the man left his mark on that town, for they're still talkin' about those fights."

"But he didn't get any peace out of it," remarked Old Martin.

"How'd you know that?" inquired Pokey, puzzled.

"Go on," growled Old Martin.

"No, he didn't get any peace. Seems like his reputation for bein' fast on the draw spread with the wind. It was honey for the bees. Pretty soon a lot of tough ones came driftin' in to have a look at him. He had one more fight on the streets of Crow. Then he sold his horse ranch—and drifted out. That's how he got here."

Pokey quit talking for a moment. He shook his head. Then he said: "He's not the kind to run, Martin. What'd he do that for?"

"You don't understand, Pokey?"

"No," said Pokey, "I don't."

OLD Martin's eyes were black and bright behind the cigar smoke. "Never think the boy was runnin' from trouble. Never think it. He was runnin' from himself."

"What?"

Old Martin said quietly: "Surratt's smart. He saw the end of the trail. So he pulled out. Listen, Pokey. When a man starts the killin' trade it does something to his brain and it does something to his sleep. He becomes a maverick wolf, he's kicked out of the pack. He runs alone, with other maverick wolves huntin' him. He quits bein' civilized, there's no trust for him and no love—none of the things a man ought to live for. And some day he dies up in the hills in the way a maverick wolf always dies, miserable and tormented. Surratt knew that. He was runnin' from it."

Pokey said, faintly regretful: "Well, he found no peace here."

"No," growled Old Martin, "he didn't. It's the boy's fate. He could run to the end of the earth now and it would catch up with him. He knows it, too. I heard the sound of it in his talk the other night. Pokey, there's the kind of a boy I'd like to've had for a son."

These two men let the somber silence drift on. Pokey held his place by the bed, obediently waiting for Old Martin to speak as he had been doing for fifteen years. There wasn't much in this little man except that implicit, unquestioning loyalty to Martin Head. Old Martin burst out bitterly. "It's a hell of a thing to contemplate. Bill and Surratt are bound to meet. It can't be escaped, and neither will avoid it. One of 'em will die."

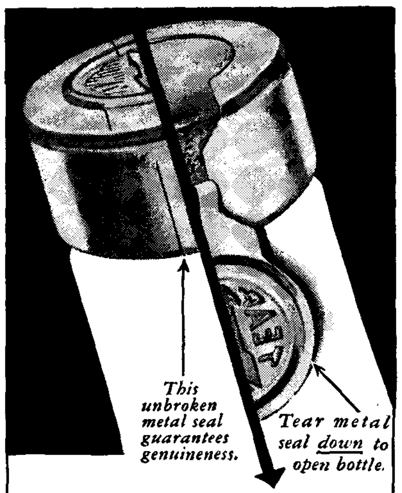
"Unless Surratt runs again," suggested Pokey hopefully.

Old Martin stared at his henchman. He shook his head. He was impatient. "You know he won't."

Pokey cleared his throat and showed diffidence. "There's another way, Martin. Stop this fight with Torveen altogether. I don't love sheep, not at all. But I saw sheep in yonder country. I guess sheep will come here, too. Not regardin' what we do."

"Pokey," said Old Martin, "I have got to tell you something you apparently ain't noticed yet. I own this ranch, but the runnin' of it has passed out of my hands. The crew takes orders from my son. And my son will not take my orders."

(To be continued next week)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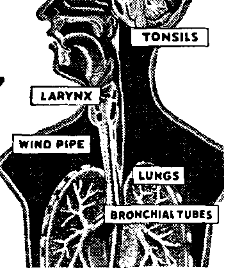

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Crane saw all sorts of ways that he might lose the setting trick. One of these was eliminated by the lead of the heart deuce, covered by the nine, queen and ace. There remained the problems of the diamond king, the club queen and, as it turned out, the trump suit itself. Analyzing the latter, he saw that a four-to-one trump split wouldn't bother him, that a five-to-nothing arrangement would beat him if West had the five, but that he could protect himself against a five-to-nothing break in case East had the five, by leading first to the dummy's queen. His small spade to the dummy's queen, showing West out, unmasked that menace.

Requiring three leads through East to shut him out of a trump trick, Mr. Crane saw that dummy had enough trumps for only two of these. He therefore had to try to place the lead in dummy for the next-to-last trick, so East would have to play to it before he did. To do this, he would have to keep East from ruffing prematurely and consequently would have to rip off a total of eleven tricks on which East would have to follow suit. This would necessitate having an exact count of East's distribution.

The club which West discarded on the first trump trick indicated that he probably had five of that suit, since the early cutting down of a four-card suit might build a thirteener for declarer. When to the third trick Mr. Crane led the spade six, East playing the eight and South the jack, he watched closely for West's discard. It being a second club, Mr. Crane was now convinced West had four-card lengths in the two red suits, which would place three each of these suits, plus two clubs, with East. He now was ready to sail along on the plan he made.

Successfully working the necessary finesse of the diamond jack, he brought through a third trump lead, East playing the nine and South the king. The club ace was cashed, then the diamond queen finessed and the ace hauled in, dealer discarding a club from his hand. The club king was played, next a heart to the jack and the ten returned to the heart king. East had been obliged to follow suit every time, and now had left only the ten and four of trumps, declarer having the ace and five over these. The last club was now led from dummy and East was helpless to take a trick.

The finish of that hand embodied the same principle involved in the climax of that spectacularly named play, the "grand coup." The only difference is in preparation for the play. In the latter, the declarer must get rid of some of his trumps by ruffing dummy's winners so that the dummy, and not himself, can be in the lead on the next-to-last trick. It works this way:

North
♡ A
◇ Q J 10

West
♡ 4
◇ 8 6 4

East
♠ J 5
♡ 7 5

South
♠ Q 10 2
♡ 3

With spades as trumps and the lead in the dummy, South has just one way to avoid losing a trick to East. East, of course, will not be so foolish as to trump a diamond lead, so he would discard a heart on it. If South then discards his heart, he will be obliged to win the next trick and then lead trumps to East. But if he trumps dummy's perfectly good diamond with his small spade, he executes a winning coup. He can then go to the dummy with the heart ace and lead another diamond. This compels East to trump before him and shuts East out of a trick.

Contract Labor

Continued from page 26

That device was employed by Philip Steiner of Cincinnati in a recent American Bridge League national championship to score seven clubs on this deal:

North
♠ Q 10 9 8 7 4
♡ A K
◇ A K 10
♣ 7 6

West
♠ 6 2
♡ J 8 7 4 3
◇ Q 9 8 7 6 5
♣ None

East
♠ 5 3
♡ Q 10 6 5
◇ 4 3
♣ J 9 5 4 3

South
♠ A K J
♡ 9 2
◇ J 2
♣ A K Q 10 8 2

After the heart lead to dummy's ace, and one trump lead to his ace, on which West discarded, he realized he would have to work a coup against East. Since he had one more trump than East, he would be bound to wind up leading trumps to the opponent unless he could get rid of one of his by ruffing. Setting the stage, he first cashed his two high spades, overtook his diamond jack with the king, pushed the six of clubs at East, who played the four, the eight winning, finessed the diamond ten, then laid down the diamond ace. East could not afford to ruff, so discarded a heart, whereupon Mr. Steiner dropped his jack of spades. Now on the spade queen East threw the ten of hearts, and Mr. Steiner trumped this absolutely good trick with his deuce of clubs. A heart went back to dummy's king and a spade was returned. East, with nothing but the jack, nine and five of trumps, had to play before South's king, queen and ten, so it was all over.

Combining the coup principle with good card-reading and psychology earned a bristling top for Lee Hazen in a duplicate game on Long Island recently. North had bid one diamond, East two clubs, South two spades, North two no trump, Mr. Hazen the extremely shaded suit of three hearts in the South, and North four hearts on this deal:

North
♠ Q
♡ A 10 7 2
◇ A 10 9 8 7
♣ A 6 4

West
♠ 10 6 3
♡ K Q 5 4
◇ 5 3 2
♣ 8 3 2

East
♠ A 4 2
♡ J
◇ Q 6 4
♣ K Q J 10 9 7

South
♠ K J 9 8 7 5
♡ 9 8 6 3
◇ K J
♣ 5

Apparently a spade and two hearts must be taken by the opposition, but they actually were limited to two tricks. The club lead was won by dummy's ace, the spade queen led to East's ace and the club king returned for a ruff by South. Counting East for a goodly bunch of clubs with West therefore more likely to have heart length, Mr. Hazen played for the possibility of finding a singleton honor in East's hand and accordingly the chance of two honors dropping on a trick. He led the heart nine to induce a cover by West, who succumbed to the bait by covering with his queen. The deuce was played from the dummy and the jack fell. A diamond was returned to the queen and king, and the heart eight led, West playing low and dummy underplaying the seven to let the eight hold. Now the diamond jack was led to the ace and dummy's last club ruffed with the six, declarer's last trump. He was now able to keep the lead in his own hand, leading two high spades, on which West had to follow suit, dummy discarding diamonds, then another spade to the eleventh trick. West, with his king-five of trumps and his little diamond, found the dummy sitting over him with the ace-ten of trumps and a high diamond, so could not get another trick.

Lead-throwing maneuvers are often the only remedy for a bad trump situation. One of these was used effectively by W. Foster Hopkins of Cincinnati on this deal:

North
♠ A 9
♡ 10 9 4 2
◇ A Q J 9
♣ A 8 4

West
♠ K 5 2
♡ J 8 5 3
◇ K 3 2
♣ 10 9 3

East
♠ J 10 7 6 4
♡ None
◇ 10 8 7 5
♣ Q 6 5 2

South
♠ Q 8 3
♡ A K Q 7 6
◇ 6 4
♣ K J 7

The six-heart contract looks impossible, with West apparently sure of a trump trick as well as a spade trick for his side, but after the club lead Mr. Hopkins held them to one trick. When the heart ace trick disclosed the trump bunch, he took a diamond finesse, returned with the heart king and also cashed the queen, took a second diamond finesse, finished up the clubs, discarded a spade on the diamond ace and ruffed the nine of diamonds. West had to overruff with the jack and then lead a spade away from his king into the declarer's combination tenace.

A similar play makes an opponent return trumps at the expense of an otherwise certain trick. Sometimes this is done to East, sometimes to West. Here is a case where Ellis Butt, bridge nabob of Norfolk, Virginia, did it to the adversary at his right:

North
♠ Q 10
♡ 8
◇ K 5
♣ K J 10 9 7 5 4 2

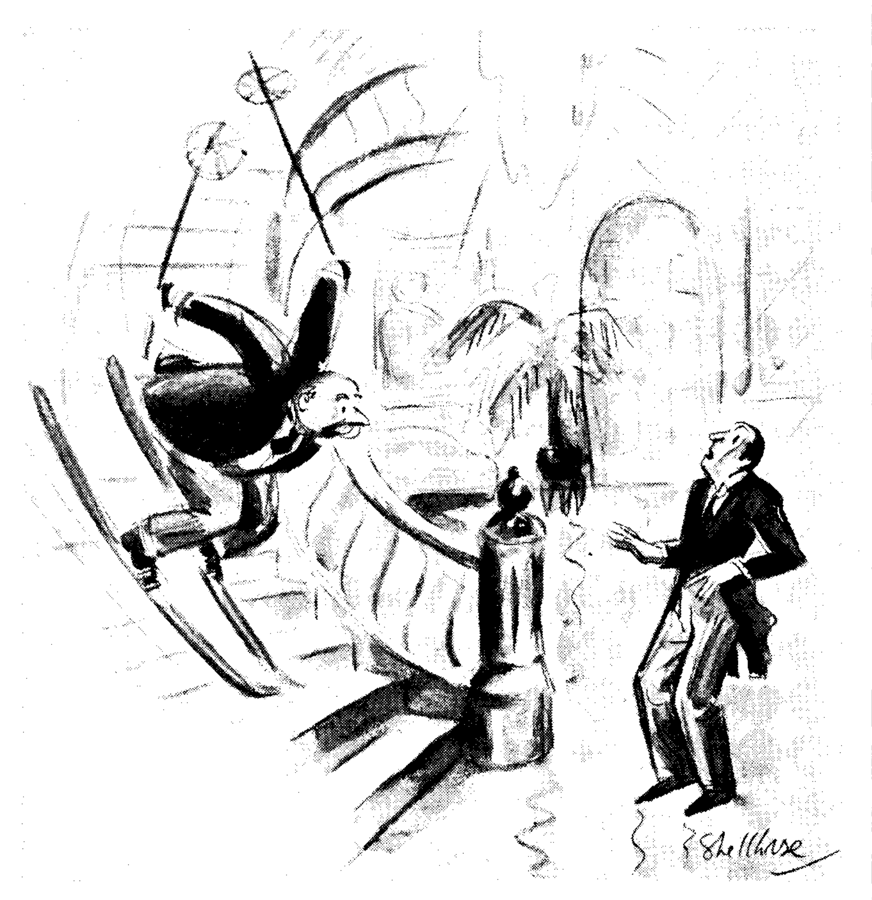
West
♠ A K 9 8 7 6 5 2
♡ None
◇ 10 8 7 3
♣ Q

East
♠ 4 3
♡ J 9 6 4 3 2
◇ Q 6 4
♣ 8 6

South
♠ J
♡ A K Q 10 7 5
◇ A J 9 2
♣ A 3

Mr. Butt bid and played his South hand spectacularly. West having opened with a spade, which North overcalled with two clubs, he decided to go after a slam in hearts. After East passed, he jumped to three hearts to proclaim game strength; West bid three spades, which passed around to South, and he now endeavored to head off a spade lead by bidding four spades. West, as a mere formality, doubled this, North called five clubs and then Mr. Butt six hearts.

A spade lead being scared away by the void-showing bid of the suit, West opened with the diamond three. The queen was played, covered by the ace, a small diamond led to the king, a small club to the ace, then the trump ace showed West void. The declarer next cashed the diamond jack, led a club to dummy's king and then kept offering clubs. When East discarded a spade on the club jack instead of ruffing—bad play—South shed his only spade. When on the club ten East dropped his other spade, South threw off his diamond nine. On the next lead East, having only trumps, had to ruff, using his three. South overruffed with his five. The king of trumps was laid down, then the seven led. East had to use his nine to win it. Then he had to lead right into South's queen-ten.



"How about the living-room, Sims; has the floor been waxed in there too?"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

Glamor to Music

Continued from page 10

Veloz. Suddenly, dancing took on a new meaning to her. Not merely rhythmic compliance with music, a unity of steps, but an emotion she had never felt before—a something physical, yet unworldly. She feels it today, dancing with Veloz, she says. Perhaps this is the explanation of the unique atmosphere these two dancers create the moment they appear.

But Veloz, as he circled the room with Yolanda, was busy thinking. He was asking himself, in time to the music, "Can two really live as cheaply as one on $37.50 a week?"

Before they parted that night they had arranged to dance together often. Cleverly Veloz had already begun to plan their future. He figured that before he could ask Yolanda to marry him, he must have money in the bank. As he worked all day he knew of only one way to make money after office hours: by winning dance contests that offered cash prizes—he had won eleven that season, each with a different partner. . . .

"We practiced evenings, Saturday afternoons, Sundays," continued Veloz. "We entered our first contest cocksure of ourselves, and—another couple danced off with the prize! We nearly died of disappointment . . . couldn't dance for days.

"But we snapped out of that pretty quickly, because really we were crazy about dancing together! Next contest we did take second prize—no money—but for weeks after that, nothing. Suddenly we began to win. Forty contests—imagine!—one after another, and finally the state championship. This mythical honor nearly finished us, as it automatically ruled us out altogether. We didn't dance like amateurs any more, the judges said. That opened my eyes. If we weren't dancing like amateurs, then what? Why, we must be dancing like professionals!"

About this time Veloz heard that a night club, the Palais d'Or, needed a dance team. He gave up his job and with Yolanda applied for the position. To their surprise they were given a week's tryout at $120. They were frightened but accepted it. In fact, they were practically numb with fear all that week. And one night, in some inexplicable manner, they fell flat on their backs in the middle of a dance. (They still have bad dreams about that week.)

Architect's Error

But, undisciplined as they were, one man, a small-time producer, saw their possibilities. He proved the one bright spot of that terrible week. They did not know what to believe when he offered to take them to a small, musty rehearsal hall, but they went without question. There, with a phonograph and plenty of dance records, he told them to go through their routine. They looked at him questioningly. They had never heard of a dance routine!

Now they began rehearsing seriously, day in, day out. He made no effort to teach them anything about dancing. He cleverly implied they had everything but polish, finesse. They could not see themselves, he said. Merely as a spectator he criticized their dances, told them where to lengthen one, or cut another; directed them how to come onto the floor and when to bow and when to look into each other's eyes. They rehearsed with him day and night for weeks. When he announced he had booked them with a club in the swank East Fifties, they felt confident of success.

Indirectly, it was an architect's error that made them the night-club sensation of 1928. When Veloz saw the club floor his heart sank. Posts at either end limited the dancing space, so a new routine had to be figured out quickly. For twenty weeks—their original engagement was two—audiences were nightly shocked when Yolanda, at terrific speed, leaped from her partner's arms and seemed to aim, head first, for a post. Gasps of relief followed her sudden swerve past it, back to Veloz, without having lost a single beat of the music.

"It was agony for me," Veloz said, "because I realized that one *faux pas*, in the literal sense, and Yolanda might have been badly hurt. Neither acrobatics nor dancing, it was something in between, which, strangely enough, echoed west to Broadway and got us an offer from the Shuberts to appear in The Love Call.

It Takes Clothes

"On the money I had saved, plus $175 weekly, we at last got married. After our marriage we seemed to become hypercritical about our career as dancers. Something was wrong. What? It took another dancer, a man long established and popular, to set us right—and it had nothing to do with dancing!"

Up to this time Veloz and Yolanda had concentrated upon dancing. They had given little thought to their appearance. Veloz, dark, curly-headed, with a fine physique, had never had much money to spend on clothes; Yolanda always looked pretty in the inexpensive frocks she bought in small Broadway shops. Most of the time they danced in theatrical costumes.

So it was of clothes that their colleague talked. "You are grand dancers," he said, "but you lack chic."

"I remember that I looked at Frank, at his wild, curly hair, and he still looked good to me," related Yolanda with a smile. "I could also see myself in the mirror, and I wasn't exactly unbearable. Then he told Frank to get a haircut! Told us both to throw away our costumes and to buy some real clothes. 'Go to the finest dressmaker, the best tailor,' he said. 'Appear better groomed than the most famous beauty in your audience, the best-dressed man! Spend a small fortune on your clothes, and you'll find you're made!'"

Yolanda paid $700 for a sapphire-blue velvet frock. It was the beginning of a spectacularly lovely wardrobe. Evening clothes were "built" for Veloz at $250, an outfit by a fashionable but conservative Fifth Avenue tailor. Their Latin sense of economy was outraged—but only for a short time, because the change in their appearance had an immediate effect upon their audiences. In their startling clothes they danced as never before, with new authority, dignity and distinction. And almost immediately offers began to pour in. They found themselves in demand at their own price, in the most fashionable clubs everywhere.

At the St. Regis Roof they danced thirty-two weeks, at the Central Park Casino sixty-five—an all-time record. London's Kit Kat Club and Café de Paris took them for as long as they would stay. In 1930 they appeared nightly for twelve weeks at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood.

They are exceedingly congenial off the dance floor, which, if you know dance teams, is not always the case. They avoid parties, and they aren't athletic. They enjoy backgammon. They have never employed a press agent. In fact, Veloz remains a little shy and Yolanda's family still consider her antisocial. These very qualities draw the crowds to them.

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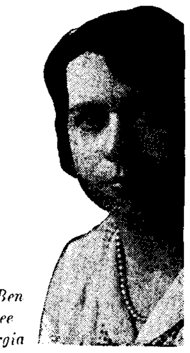

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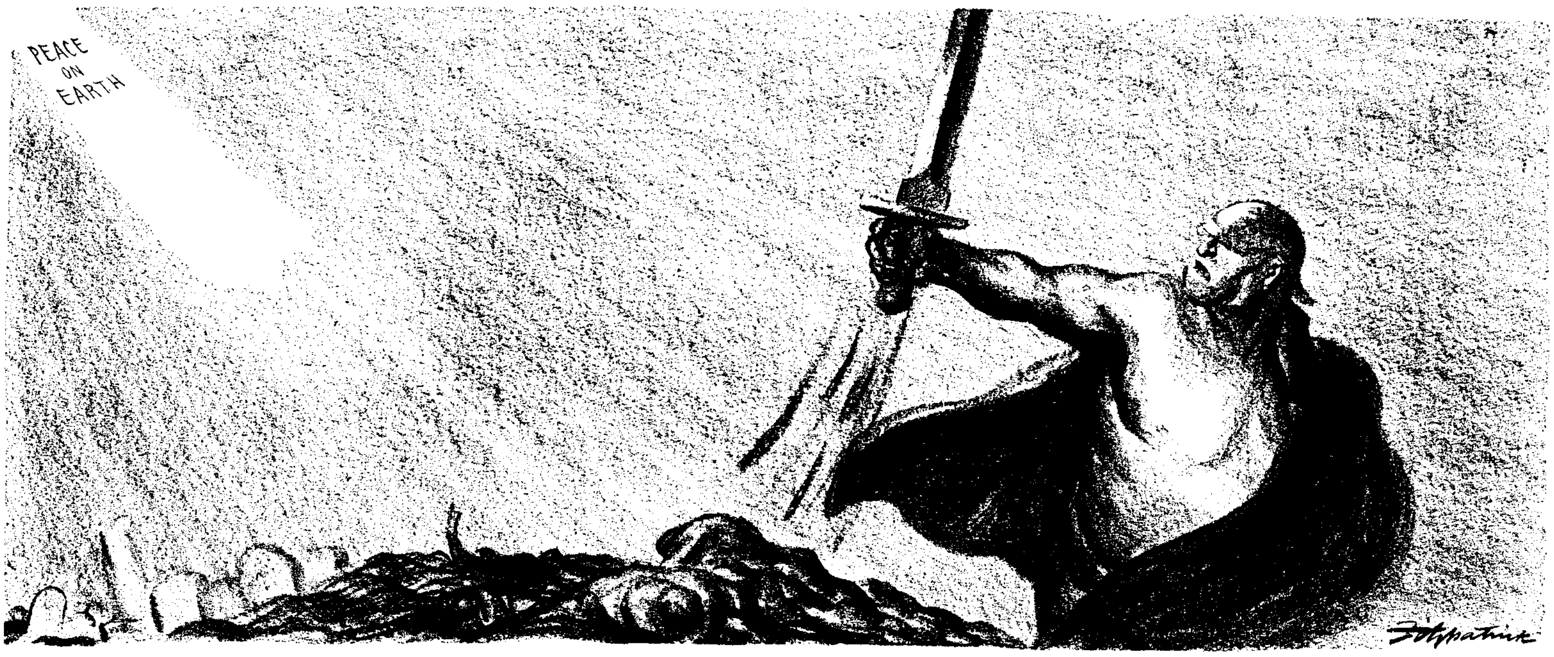


Peace Will Prevail

TO THE Ethiopian tribesman observing the engines of destruction and sudden death brought to his home by Mussolini's invaders, the Christian doctrine of "peace on earth, good will toward men" must be bewildering in this year of grace. Ethiopians have experienced little enough of peace and good will during recent months. Italy is counted a great Christian nation, but Christian teachings, despite the effort of the Pope, have had little place in Rome's policy toward Ethiopia.

The millions of Chinese in the Northern provinces who hear the threatening tread of the Japanese armies have found little peace and less good will in their relationship with the invader. To the victims of aggression in Africa and Asia and elsewhere throughout the world, the promise of peace and good will is still to be redeemed.

The bitter truth is that the ideals held aloft by the preachers of Christianity during two thousand years are very lightly regarded by the political heads of many powerful governments. Mussolini has not disguised his contempt for Christian principles. Mussolini extols war and scorns peace. Mussolini makes a virtue of unprovoked conquest. Acts which privately committed are everywhere defined as incendiarism, robbery and murder are counted patriotic deeds and contributions to national grandeur in his preachments.

So, too, in Germany, the very home of the traditional Christmas celebration, a powerful government teaches hatred between races and contemplates war as a means of saving the souls of its people. Not for centuries, in truth, have the teachings of Christianity been so savagely attacked by the ruling classes of so many populous nations. Russia, Germany, Italy, even old Mexico, have, so far as the existing governments are concerned, repudiated the doctrines to which during hundreds of years their peoples offered at least lip service.

Wars, of course, are not new and every nation has at frequent intervals resorted to conflict as a means of settling its difficulties or satisfying its ambitions. We, too, have had our wars. Up to now, however, governments which undertook warfare have commonly announced their loyalty to peace. Even a Bismarck would seek to cloak his aggression in a mantle of self-defense. The ideals of peace and of good will have not been openly challenged by the heads of governments during hundreds of years.

The human race lived a long time, suffered much and accomplished many things before the young son of a carpenter's wife put into deathless words the ideals of good conduct for which the wise men of all nations had been groping. Not two thousand years have passed since Jesus walked the earth. How many tens of thousands of years men had struggled upward before Christianity was born not even the most expert scientists can estimate precisely. We know certainly only that the Christian Era is vastly brief in comparison with the time which went before.

On the pages of history none of the great of the earth has been able long to stand against that humble man of Nazareth. Julius Caesar and the emperor Augustus had at their command all of the organized forces of the Western world. Julius Caesar, Augustus and all the other emperors of ancient Rome are as nothing in the memory of mankind when weighed against Jesus.

It is inconceivable that Mussolini or Hitler or any of the petty breed of those who have dared contradict the essential teachings of Jesus can succeed over any considerable period of time. Peace and good will were accepted as ideals because men recognized in their hearts that these principles were right and true.

Hate never brought satisfaction to any man. Robbery and murder never brought happiness. All the wisdom of all people who have advanced far beyond the stage of animal savagery has condemned hatred, covetousness, violence and denounced as criminal the acts which expressed these evil emotions.

As a race we are not going to abandon our best possessions. The teachings of Jesus, focused in the ideal of peace and good will toward men in the celebration of Christmas, are in reality the best possessions of mankind. No material possession, no sense of power, is comparable in value.

No force is needed to persuade men that peace and good will are best. The experience of thousands of years is crystallized in the still, small voice of conscience. If we are normal human beings, and not paranoiacs, we know that happiness and enduring satisfaction come only from a sense of right.

So, despite the tumults and the wars, we can find assurance. Christianity will not die. In the long run peace must prevail if men are to continue to inhabit the earth. Hate and prejudice must give way to good will and honorable dealing if happiness is to be found.

In America we are fortunate. We are too remote and too strong to be invaded by any aggressor. For our own part we have renounced aggressive war. Americans do actually believe in peace.

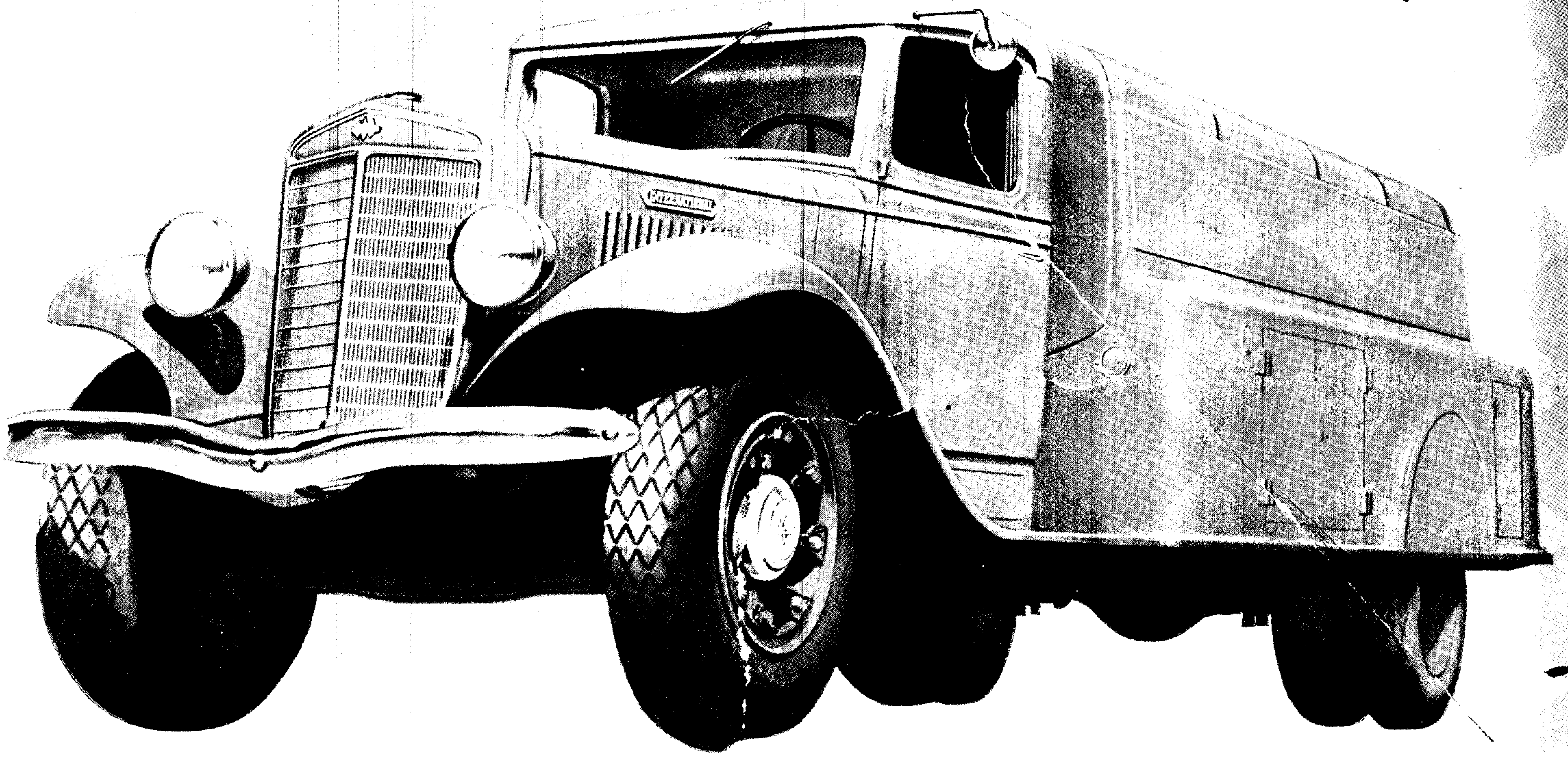
We also believe in good will, even though we lapse occasionally into prejudice and suspicion. We generally remain convinced that friendship is the best national policy because in our minds the government is merely the collective expression of the popular will, and the popular will is directed toward peace.

As individuals, three or four out of every five of us are materially better off and easier in our minds than we have been at any time during recent years. Christmas is an excellent time to share the good things which a majority of us have received. To express good will toward others in tangible ways is the surest road to happiness.

So we can welcome Christmas this year, remembering that we have retained both our ideals and our material possessions. We are fortunate above many other people. Safe ourselves, we can wish others well. There is no greater gift.

While the Entire Truck Industry Gains 29%

International Trucks Register Remarkable Gain of 73%



As this announcement goes to press R. L. Polk & Company, official statisticians of the automotive industry, provide U. S. new-truck registration data for the first nine months in 1935 against the same period in 1934. International advances 73.3% – all trucks together advance 28.6%. No other leading truck, *regardless of size or price*, equals the gain made by International.

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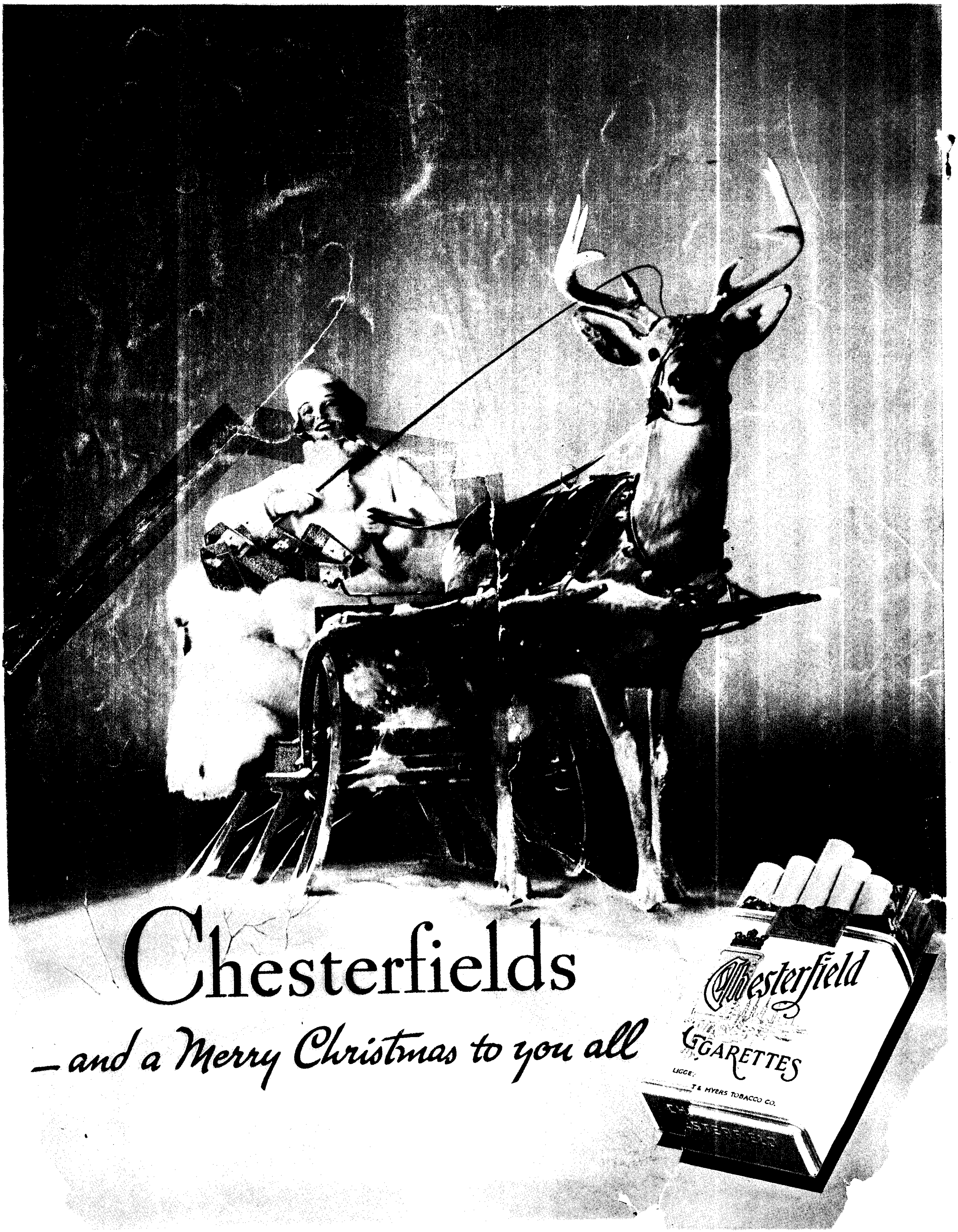
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